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REAR PLATFORM IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST

By Lawrence Perry

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TESTIMONY as to the Southwest comes to the prospective tourist in various forms even before he leaves the East; the result, a net impression that the journey has been delayed until practically all that the region once signified in terms of romance has passed into the pages of history, of popular fiction, or the cinema.

So much, as I found, depends upon the point of view—even in the Southwest. One might almost say that one finds what one seeks, although in the present instance this hardly applies, since a preconceived impression has degenerated into a state of doubt about the passing of the wild West which even at this writing has not been resolved.

"Neighbor," said the rear brakeman, who boarded the observation-car at Kansas City, "it all depends upon what you expect. Cow-punchers don't come up and shoot the windows out the cars; but then I don't know that they ever did. I used to be a cow-puncher in Arizona, and I never did; never saw it done. Of course, things are a little milder now that the State is dry. But even so, I wouldn't go 'round promiscuous lookin' for trouble if I was you."

There was the suspicion that this kindly railroad man was bent upon constructing an impression agreeable to the less than half-hearted aspirations not difficult to read in the mood of the tenderfoot at his side, a suspicion strengthened later when a man, obviously a type, drifted upon the rear platform.

He wore a sombrero, was sallow, lean-jawed—a mining-camp barber, the spur of whose migrations from mine to mine was a wanderlust which, high and low, is one of the dominating traits of the mining fraternity of the Southwest.

"I was born and raised in this country, the Big Blue," he said, sweeping his hand toward the Missouri River. "Thought I'd come up to Kansas City and see if the old home still stood. It does. But I didn't know any one; nobody knew me. So I only stayed around a day or two. I'm going back to Arizona to stay."

"Don't like civilization, eh?"

"Neighbor"—he gestured pathetically—"if you *knew* Arizona you wouldn't say that. What hasn't it got that any other place you can name has? All the comforts? Sure. Civilized! Why, you can go out alone with a bag of gold anywhere, night or day, and be as safe as you are in this car. It's a mild country, neighbor, and that's a fact. You'll find good English spoken, and spoken soft. There ain't four men in all Yavapai County that would make a mouthful for one bad man from Kansas City. They're too mild; that's what I hold against 'em; too mild."

Obviously a point of view at variance with that of the railroad brakeman. And yet—and yet question arose why one so guileless and sincere and simple and so steeped in conviction should have deemed it necessary to carry a gun, the butt of which I noted when he changed his coat in the sleeping-car. The thought occurred as I was about to dismiss his testimony

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as designedly misleading and maliciously unreliable that the hidden weapon might have been part of his precautions against the Kansas City sojourn.

From the standpoint of an Easterner there was something alluring in the thought of an Arizonian enlisting the companionship of a deadly forty-four as the bulwark of a visit to Kansas City.

That concealed gun, however, persisted as an anachronism, at least until we passed Emporia, leaving behind leagues of waving corn as the familiar East began to merge into a domain which was at least unfamiliar. Here were Mexicans—track workers—and their families living picturesquely in freight-cars and unending acres of Kaffir-corn and sage and irrigation ditches.

"Well," smiled the barber, "you might be in Illinois or Indiana, eh?"

"You might be," I admitted, "but somehow there's the feeling that I'm not. It's different—different. Out there, right now, for instance, is a herd of cattle. To be sure the men driving them look like farmers, except for their black sombreros. . . . Are they cowboys?"

"You may call 'em so; they're shipping cattle up here from New Mexico and Arizona because of the drought. Yes, you may call 'em cowboys—might make 'em feel good."

The significance of this cryptic remark was remembered and appreciated later. Even at the time it would have evoked a query had not a jovial copper magnate with fighting blue eyes, who takes riches from the ground in Arizona and spends them in New York, appeared in the doorway.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there is one of the finest mirages I have ever seen in the West."

A mirage! We piled out on the platform, and there, sure enough, was the mirage—a vague agglomeration of shapes hanging upon the evening sky in the midst of inscrutable desolation. We watched it in silence until it faded in the dark, while to at least one mind there came out of the limbo of things forgotten many a boyhood story of wagon-trains wandering from the old historic trail, still to be discerned by the track side, to their doom.

That night I bade farewell to the rear brakeman, a veritable guide and friend whose route ended at La Junta, Colorado. I wouldn't miss much in the night, he said, as this section of Colorado was uninteresting.

"In the morning, though," he added, "you'll be going over the Raton Range of the Rockies. Be up early, for it will be about as much of the West as you get anywhere."

So indeed it proved. Las Vegas was a few hours behind when I sought the observation platform, the train at the time toiling its weary way up to a 7,000-foot level. The terrain seemed to resolve itself into a series of immense basins of brownish-gray grass dotted with clumps of green sage or stunted cedar, with surrounding mountains, gaunt and gray, sparsely clad with pines, sleeping in an alluring purple haze. Here began the region of adobe houses. You would descry them nestling under some rocky hill—always a dull leaden gray, very difficult to be distinguished from the background.

Or there would be ruins of adobe villages, some of them centuries old, all buildings, whether of past or present, so low and inconspicuous in color and architecture as to give no impression which might temper the sense of vast desolation.

Beyond Lamy, New Mexico, as the train crawled into a vast plateau bounded by distant mountain peaks, a cloud of dust appeared down a trail faintly marked on the mesa. As the cloud drew nearer two horsemen broke from its shelter, rode close to the platform of the slowly moving observation-car, emitted two or three ki-yis, and then, wheeling suddenly, clattered off on their course.

They were attired in black sombreros, gray shirts with red kerchiefs, chaps, lariats, and, in fact, all the paraphernalia of the cowboy of song and story.

"Is it," I asked of the copper magnate, who was passing expensive cigars about the platform, "some moving-picture show?"

"Movie show?" He regarded me curiously.

"I mean those alleged cowboys."

"Movie cowboys! No. They come, I suppose, from the San Cristobal or Pankey ranches, which are somewhere hereabouts."

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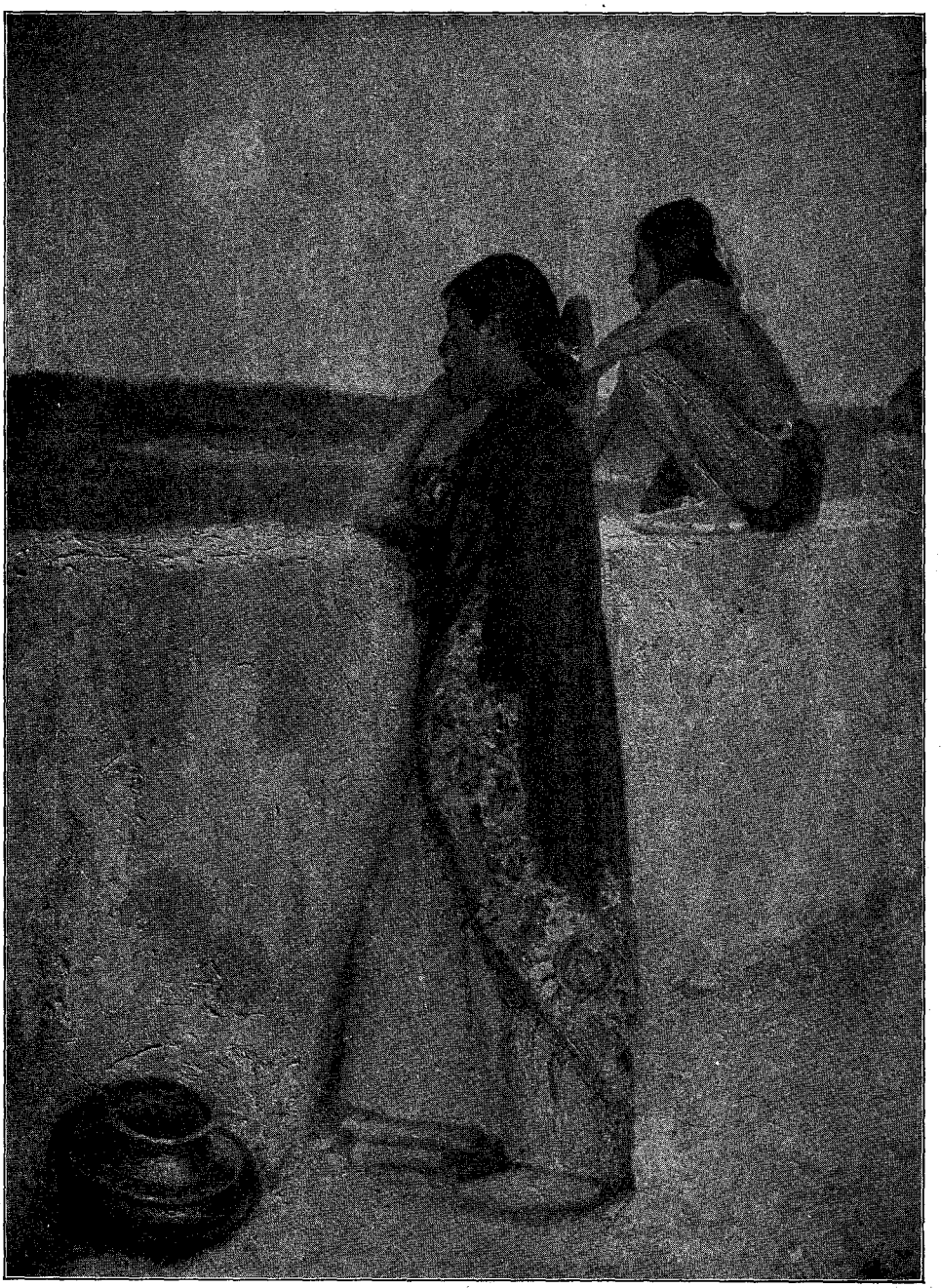

Twilight, Taos Pueblo. By E. Irving Couse, N.A.

This painting was awarded a silver medal at the San Francisco Exposition.

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"You mean to say," I began, "that there are still real cow—" But as smiles were beginning to pass about the platform I desisted, realization beginning to dawn why the barber said that the men we had seen driving cattle back in Kansas would be pleased to have been called cow-punchers.

The trip at once began to assume a new interest, and when the mine barber came back on the platform I eyed him with something of that reserve with which one contemplates a deceitful man. But nothing could penetrate his drawling sang-froid.

At a tank station farther along there was opportunity to stretch our legs; opportunity, also, to observe at close range a bronzed, dark-haired cow-puncher who had paused on his mustang to observe the train. The barber approached him confidently.

"Neighbor," he said, "I bought a gun up in K. C., Mizzoo. What do you think of it?"

The puncher took the wicked 44, balanced it in the palm of his hand, twirled it around on his forefinger, and then brought it to bear upon a tin can lying in the road about twenty feet away. Bang! The can leaped into the air. Bang! It rolled five feet farther along. Bang! Again it flew into the air and rolled. Bang! It rolled again. Bang! The can disappeared in the dust.

"It's a good gun," said the puncher, handing it back, "only it shoots a little high."

A little high! Rather a nice criticism, I thought. The barber snapped out the cylinder, reloaded the weapon, and passed silently into the background. My impression was that he was avoiding some questions on my part relative to Kansas City bad men; but I may have been wrong.

We began to fly through level ground, perspectives on all sides dotted with peaks upon which clouds rested. Suddenly along the trail appeared an altogether amazing, unlooked for, almost unbelievable spectacle—two Indians jogging along on horseback, wearing moccasins, wide black trousers, red or pink shirts, their black hair secured by scarlet bands about their foreheads. Thoughts of optical illusion vanished a few minutes later when a squaw trudging along with a pappoose upon her back came into view—Navajos, they told me. Then more Indians, afoot or on horseback. I am looking for the man who convinced me that Indians were no longer picturesque. Most certainly those fulfilled everything that imagination had pictured concerning them—quite the most eye-filling redskins I ever saw in book or magazine.

Memories of this section of the journey hold a vivid picture of a buck riding down the mountainside into Gallup, N. M., a veritable Remington conception. He wore a black sombrero trimmed with red; a red-and-gray blanket was wrapped closely about him, shielding him from a light rain and covering him to the knees. He looked as grim and inscrutable as the rocks which formed his background.

This came some hours after we had passed an Indian pueblo near Albuquerque, a community bordering upon the Rio Grande which left nothing at all to the imagination, the buildings always flat, of gray adobe, with relieving high lights contributed by festoons of scarlet peppers, or pimiento, hung upon the walls or spread upon the roof-tops.

The train lay an hour at Albuquerque, giving opportunity for rather extended observation. It is a city of some twenty-five thousand and suggests any other community of its size, East or West—trolley-cars, motor-cars, business buildings, department stores and the like. The only exotic notes were the Mexicans in their picturesque garb—usually half intoxicated—standing on the street corners, or cow-punchers threading through the traffic, or Indians in their native garb wandering about. They all seemed as anomalous and out of place as they would in Yonkers, N. Y., Montclair, N. J., or South Bend, Ind. It should be recorded, however, that the golfing clothes worn by the present scribe were equally anomalous and attracted a great deal more attention. I think my firm friendship with the copper magnate began when a swarthy cowboy, emerging from a saloon, saluted me with the suggestion, "Oh, take 'em off."

Beyond Albuquerque we rolled into a volcanic country filled with brown lava-

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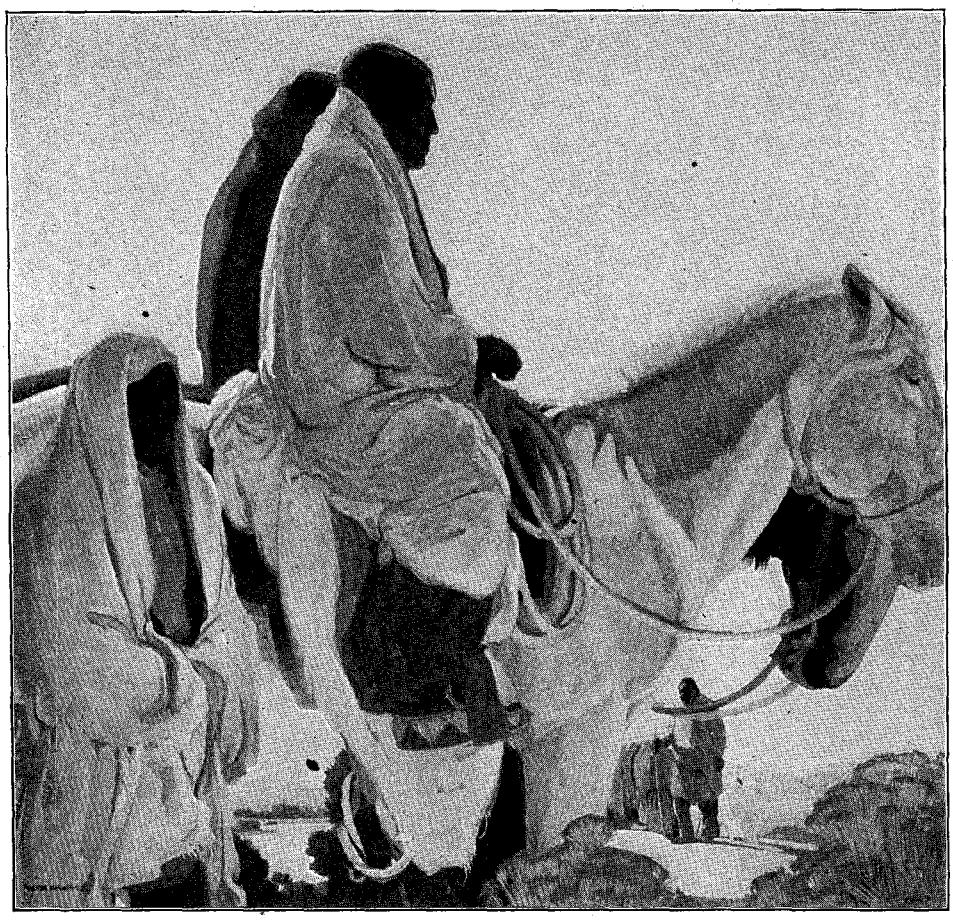
beds and towering hills formed like the Palisades of the Hudson, but streaked and lined with bands of red (sandstone), gray, and brown—beautiful to behold, especially at sunset.

This New Mexican country, as later I found the Arizona country outside the deserts, is not the vivid gray one expects to find; not the vivid gray of Newport gorse lands, but brown, always brown, with purple sage, green scrub-oak, mesquite, cactus, and hardy grasses. And so lonely!

There was nothing, in fact, to suggest the advance of civilization except an occasional motor-car plunging along in the midst of unvarying desolation. And even this vehicle of modernity does not always triumph over the desert land, as the story of a resident of Las Vegas and his family, touring from that city to Caliente, shows. It appeared in a New Mexico newspaper which I picked up on the train and relates how the driver took the wrong pass through the mountains, and after motoring seventy-five miles discovered his mistake. The gas in the tank was getting low. There was but a quart of water to go among the five members of the party, a small can of beans, and a few crackers. The owner of the car took a small supply of water and started to walk seventy-five miles to the nearest settlement for help. This at 3.30 on the afternoon of August



Fiesta Day. By Victor Higgins.
This painting was awarded the first Altman prize at the National Academy, 1918.

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17. After walking twenty-eight hours, most of the time without water and with no food at all he reached a village in pitiable condition. An excerpt from the newspaper account follows:

"The little party left in the car suffered severely from lack of water and food, and as the weary hours of waiting in the heat of day and chill of night dragged on, they became convinced that Doctor Martin had failed to reach assistance, and that all must perish. Miss Lewis determined to seek water in the desolate sink of the river, which appeared to have clumps of greenery in it, and walked nine miles away from the car in the search. She failed to find water, as there was none in that section, and, after being terrified by two coyotes which were slinking nearer, managed to return to the car, exhausted by her terrible walk of eighteen miles."

The party were eventually rescued, but there is enough of the wild West in this, certainly.

The Goat-Herder. By Robert Henri.

At Prescott, Arizona, the following morning, the copper magnate made a proposal which could not have been more opportune or more welcome.

"I'm getting off here with my party," he said, "to inspect one of my mines. The only way to know the West is to get out of this train and live in it for a while. Come along." All of which resulted in many alluring things, primarily a luncheon at the Yavapai Club where the visit of the magnate had been awaited by many eminent citizens with

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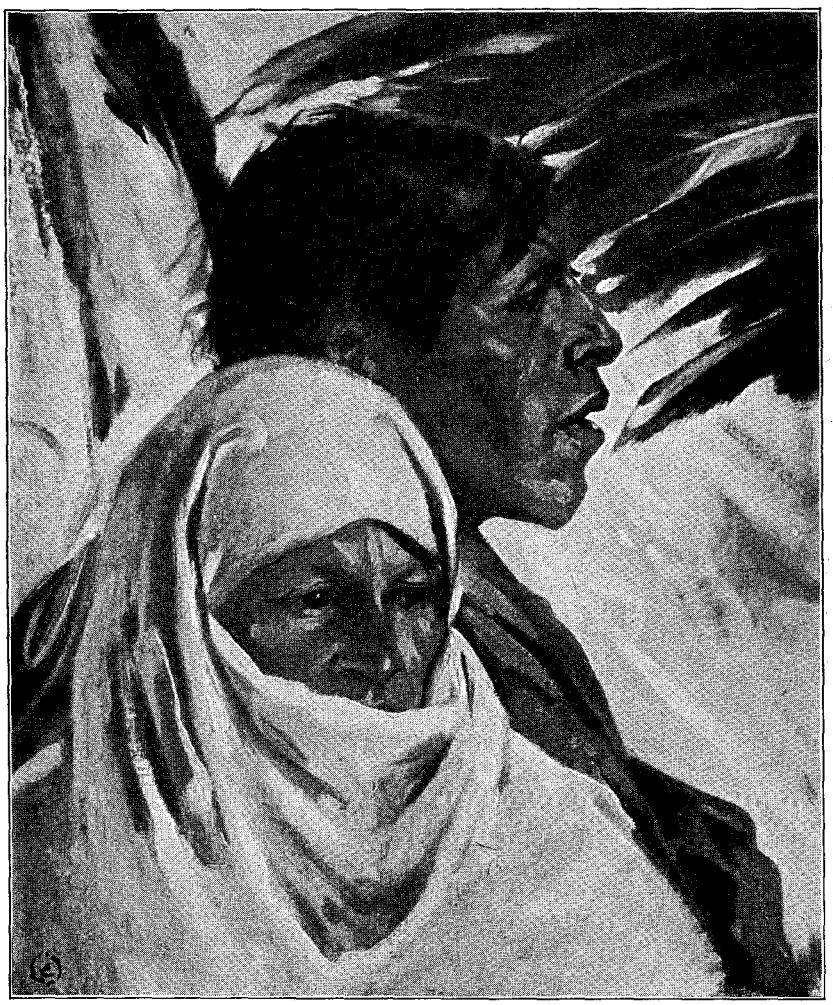
exalted emotions. This being a purely American community—and a very attractive one with its modern buildings, its surrounding mountain peaks, and bare-boned buttes—the luncheon was characterized by the purest of American oratory, a tendency noted in the earlier courses.

"You of the East," stated a learned and silver-tongued advocate, "come among us as though to a foreign country. But let me advise you, ladies and gentlemen, that this *is* America, pure, unadulterated. Here is law, here is order, here, I may say, are all those advanced——"

At the moment a man of official mien entered the room and conferred hastily with a diner, who nodded and then arose.

"I just have a report," he said, "that a highwayman last evening killed a prospector out near Stoddard—shot him from behind with a Winchester which he took from a cowboy. There's a posse wanted."

Aside from the drifting out of the room of several tall, clear-eyed young men the incident created little, if any, interest. Posses, as a matter of fact, have not at least the thrill of novelty out here.



Copyright by Julius Rolshoven.

"Deer Track" and "War Cloud," Indians of Taos, New Mexico. By Julius Rolshoven.

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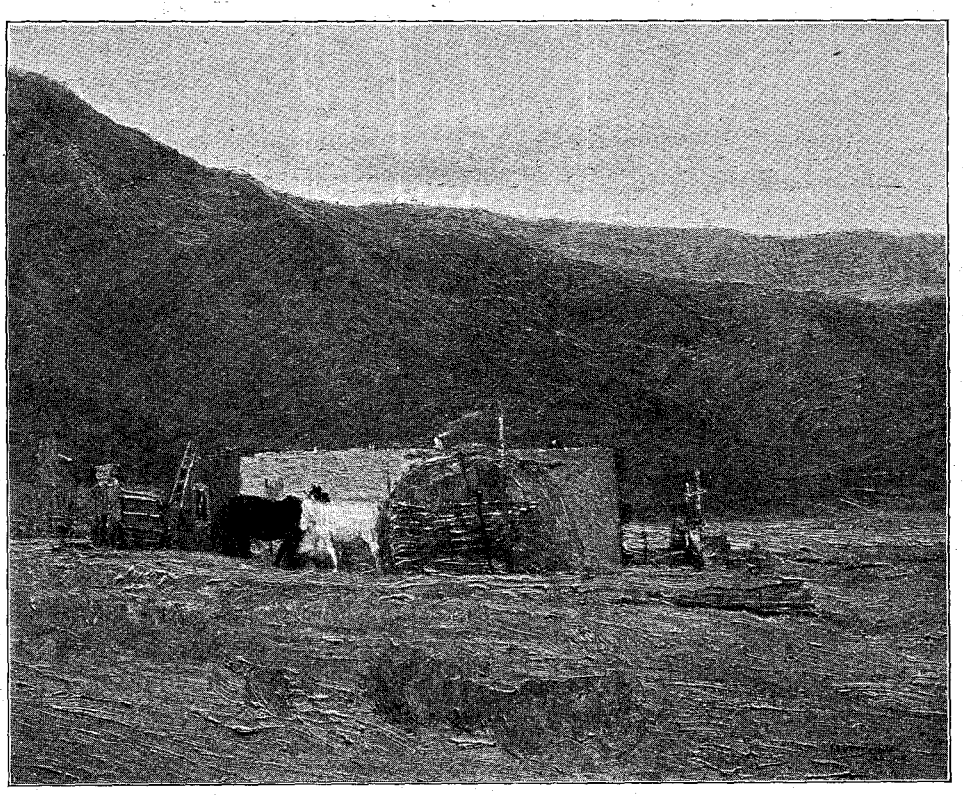
"We don't get many convictions for shooting affairs," confided a metallurgist at my left, "but we're progressing. Some time ago in Prescott a father and son came down to a store. While the son went inside and shot up his victim the father, with his Winchester, stood guard outside and prevented all efforts at assistance. It was rather cold-blooded, and there'll be convictions if we bust."



A Mood of the Mountain. By O. E. Berninghaus.

"I lost one of the stockholders of my mine last spring near Mayer about in that manner," observed the copper magnate. "He was a valuable man."

"Did I hear something about law and order," said I sotto voce to the metallurgist.

"Sure you did," was the solemn reply; "but—but, well, you know, this is only *shooting*. Now you get caught with a bottle of whiskey on you, and you see what'll happen."

"Of course," said a neighbor, "there's shooting—and shooting. Now a few months ago a travelling salesman, driving from town to town through the State with his wife, was held up and shot on the mesa near Humbolt. The woman's screams later attracted the attention of a bunch of punchers who happened to be riding along. They caught the man, put one of their lariats about his neck, attached the other end to the Ford, and then ran the car along the trail at forty miles an hour or more. That was the way they fixed *that* coyote."

"What they've got to get out of the minds of these people," whispered the copper magnate, "is that when you've made an enemy, if you don't get him first he'll get you first. That's the cause of all the trouble."

"But I thought—I understood—they had become effete in this country, that—well—you just heard that speech about Prescott and New York——"

"Well," was the withering reply, "do

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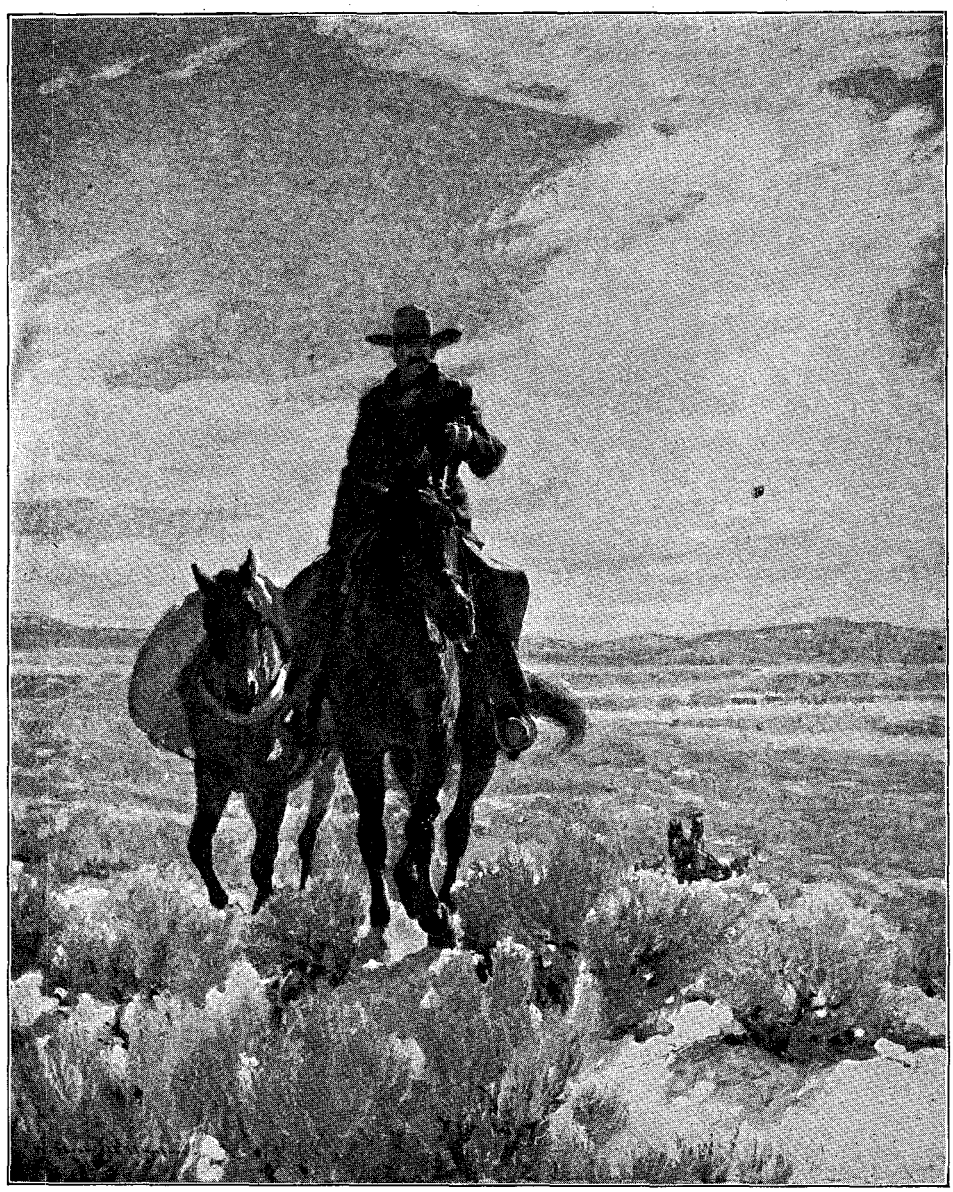
you ever hear of gun-play in New York City? Seems to me I have."

There was no answer to that, of course, even were one inclined to argue with a man who was to be one's host on a motor trip into the mining country some forty miles out of Prescott.

None the less, be it in all justice recorded that, while the packing of a gun is not unlikely to be the corollary of a difference of opinion, it is by no means the rule. Arizona, theoretically and conversationally—especially with strangers—holds no brief for gun-play. Rather she is given to extolling the possibilities of the State not only in the province of



The Start for the Hills. By W. Herbert Dunton.

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ore production but in making things grow.

They took us from the club to the Chamber of Commerce in the splendid new court-house, where the display of peaches, casaba melons, grapes, pears, fancy apples, and, in fact, fruits of almost every sort afforded extraordinary evidence of the opportunities which this benign climate offers.

Followed a quest for motor-cars, which because of the demands of primary day were few enough. However, they were eventually obtained, and men to drive them recruited from various unprofessional quarters. The driver of my car, in sooth, was a cow-puncher, who, riding in from the range at noon, had been lured by promise of dollars into service by the garage man. The boon of a seat at the side of a moving-picture type who knew the country intelligently was hardly, for my part, to be estimated in dollars.

So we drove away while our hosts of the Yavapai Club—most delightful of institutions, where lawgivers, mine-owners, ranchmen, metallurgists, engineers, and cattle-raisers and businessmen foregather in delightful relationship—waved God-speed.

The highway—the Dewey-Humbolt-Mayer Road—led through country such as an Easterner beholds only in dreams, passing, as it does, among the fastnesses of the Bradshaw Range—mountains shoulder-high into the heavens on either side. Sharp, precarious turns in those sections of the narrow road which have been hewn out of the mountainside revealed an interminable perspective of hills, one overtopping the other until it seemed in very truth as though the Creator had selected this section of Arizona as a relief-map of his inexorable majesty.

And there was the most intimate sort of feeling about the sky, nowhere so blue and the clouds nowhere so near. As we dipped into a ravine the cowboy turned his head from the road.

"This used to be a great place for Apaches to attack the stage-coaches," he said. "That fellow down there wouldn't be placer-mining so pleasantly twenty-five or thirty years ago."

Placer-mining! The gold-miner and his family—wife and two little towheads—lived in the prairie-schooner at rest near the roadside; the mules that belonged to it were grazing near by. The wife was cooking over a log-fire, the children were playing together, and the miner was operating a steam-scoop which ran along the bed of a dried river.

"If I was in fifty-fifty with that fellow," observed the copper magnate, leanning forward, "I'd make about $7.50 a day—when luck was good. Copper is better; more of it—if you happen to have a real mine."

Leaving the ravine, an opening in the mountains afforded view of a plateau stretching away a hundred miles, with mountains in the middle ground forty miles away which were mere blue-black hummocks. It was like gazing upon a domain leading to heaven.

I was surprised at the coloring of this country. Expectations had involved a gray monotone with relieving touches of green cactus; mountains rising stark and gray. This is not at all the prevailing scheme, at least of northern Arizona, nor any part of Arizona outside the deserts. The mountains are brown, dotted with vivid green scrub-oak, while the mesa is also brown and covered with green cactus of the prickly-pear variety, bear-grass, and broomweed, which has a small yellow flower. The soil is alkaline, and alkali dust is brown, not white or gray dust as I had believed.

We stopped at Humbolt—for ice-cream! This town, a few years ago, had the reputation of being the wickedest community in Arizona. Then the streets of one-story buildings, with the inevitable covered verandas extending out in front, were for the most part saloons and gambling-halls. Now they are dry-goods stores, drug-stores, or mere vacant shells. Strange it was to gaze upon Humbolt of the reformation; all the physical properties of the old "bad town" remain; mustangs still stand by the door-posts, cowboys loafing on the verandas; half-effaced signs and legends, indicative of the days that are passed, are still in evidence. And yet the fluid inspiration and the aleatory curse which accompanied it have gone, and with it a host of vices and crimes which seem vastly more alluring

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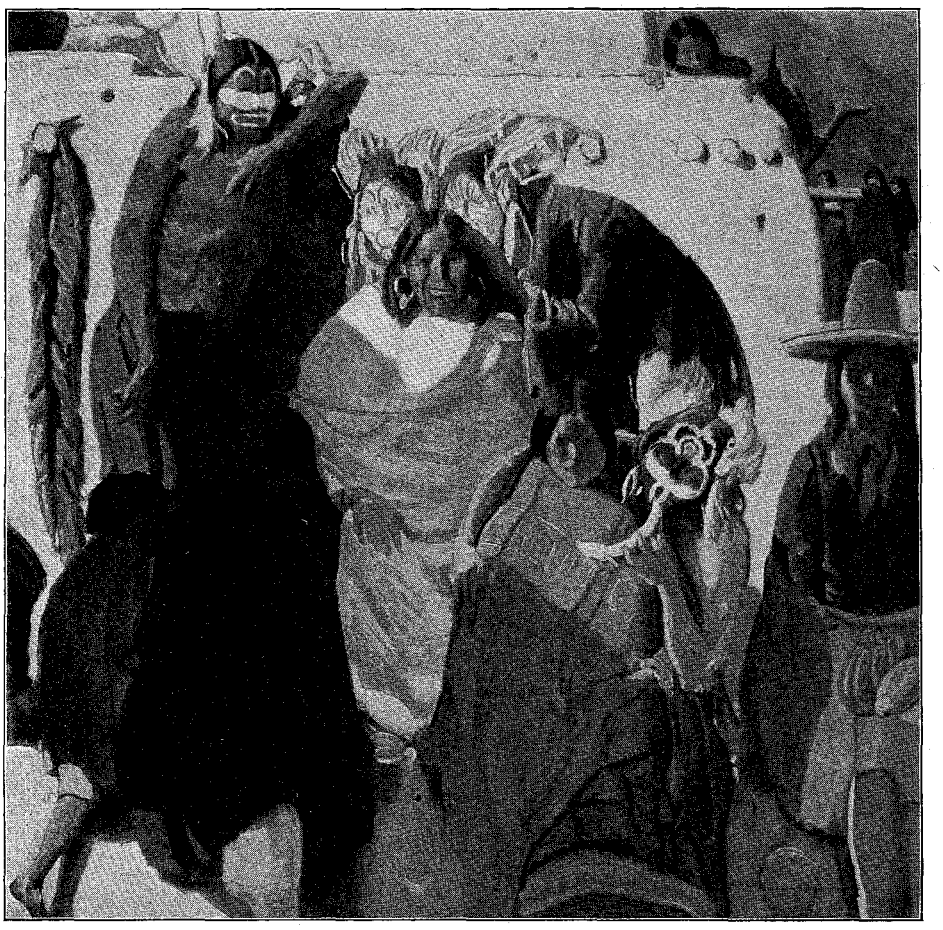
in fiction and on the film than they were in real life.

"But," said the cowboy chauffeur, "there used to be a lot more money in the country when they had rum and lots more doin'. A Saturday afternoon in Humbolt or Mayer now is no better than a funeral."



The Delight-Makers of Taos. By Ernest L. Blumenschein.

As we stood talking at the soda counter four cowboys cantered up, twirling the ends of their lariats negligently, as gallant equestrian pictures as one whose ideas of Western life were based upon the cinema could wish to see.

"Look at 'em," grumbled my cowboy, "with their four-quart Texas hats. Nobody in this country wore 'em until the movies came. Makes you sick seein' the punchers imitatin' the movies, the young punchers especially. They've even taken to wearin' the three-yard chaps when they ride and actin' up to the stuff they see in the pictures. It sure does get your goat."

As testimony to the potency of the Western film drama in the land, and among the men it seeks to represent, this may be regarded as not uninteresting.

He said, however, that most of the young cowboys had gone to the war.

"They weren't locoed about the idea of war at first on account of the ocean trip. But later, when we all got riled up, there wasn't any trouble. Uncle Sam don't want me because I got hurt internally when a horse fell on me last year.

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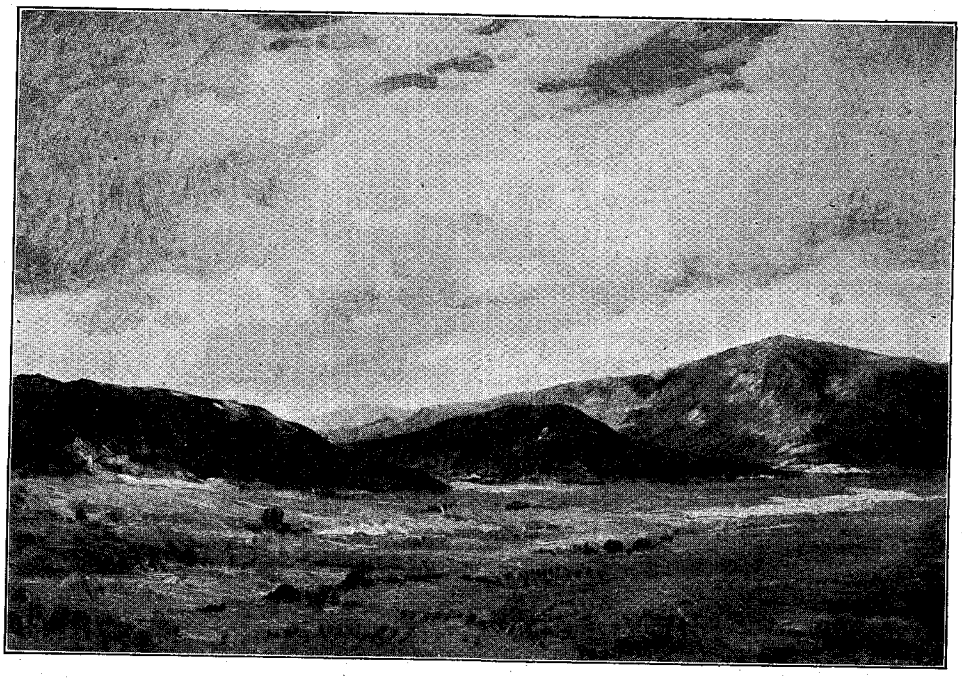

View from the Studio of the Copper Bell, Taos, New Mexico. By J. H. Sharp.

But at that I reckon I could take care of a couple of Huns."

I looked at him, and reckoned that he could.

Between Humbolt and Mayer we hailed a man who was making camp on the mesa, his prairie-wagon near by, the mules turned loose to graze. He had a wolfish face, steel-gray eyes, and long, pointed beard.

"He's a trapper," said the driver as we went on. "Picks up a pretty good living with coyotes, skunks, mink, and things. He'll be going down to the Mohave Desert in a month or two to pass out the winter."

My idea had been that trappers in this region were as rare as grizzly bears. But not so; there are plenty of them. One of this guild had captured a mountain-lion cub in the mountains, and was bringing him into Mayer as we arrived. It was a beautiful little animal, about two and a half feet long and playful as a kitten. He hoped, the trapper said, to make a life-long pet out of the animal.

From Mayer onward we came into the region of mesquite, celebrated in song and story; the sun was setting, the mountains turning blood-red, and the mesa melting into pinks and purples and mauves beautiful beyond words. Occasionally we would dip into an arroyo, whereat the cowboy chauffeur would look fearfully at a dark cloud arising to the eastward, and urge his car at top speed until we had regained higher ground.

The traveller, whether afoot, on horseback, or in a car, has no greater enemy in this country, as I afterward learned, than a sudden cloudburst. The arroyos fill with from four to ten feet of water as though by magic and woe betide those caught in the arroyo section of a trail at such times, or indeed in a canyon. Early last summer two officers detailed by the French army for instruction in an Arizona cantonment were overtaken in an arroyo by a cloudburst; their bodies and their car were eventually found some eight miles down the valley. A suddenly arising dark cloud is a signal to take high ground which only tenderfeet ignore.

Diving into a bottom-land filled with cottonwoods and watered in the spring by a small river in whose dried bed, some miles farther down, a year ago was found the body of a prospector who had died of

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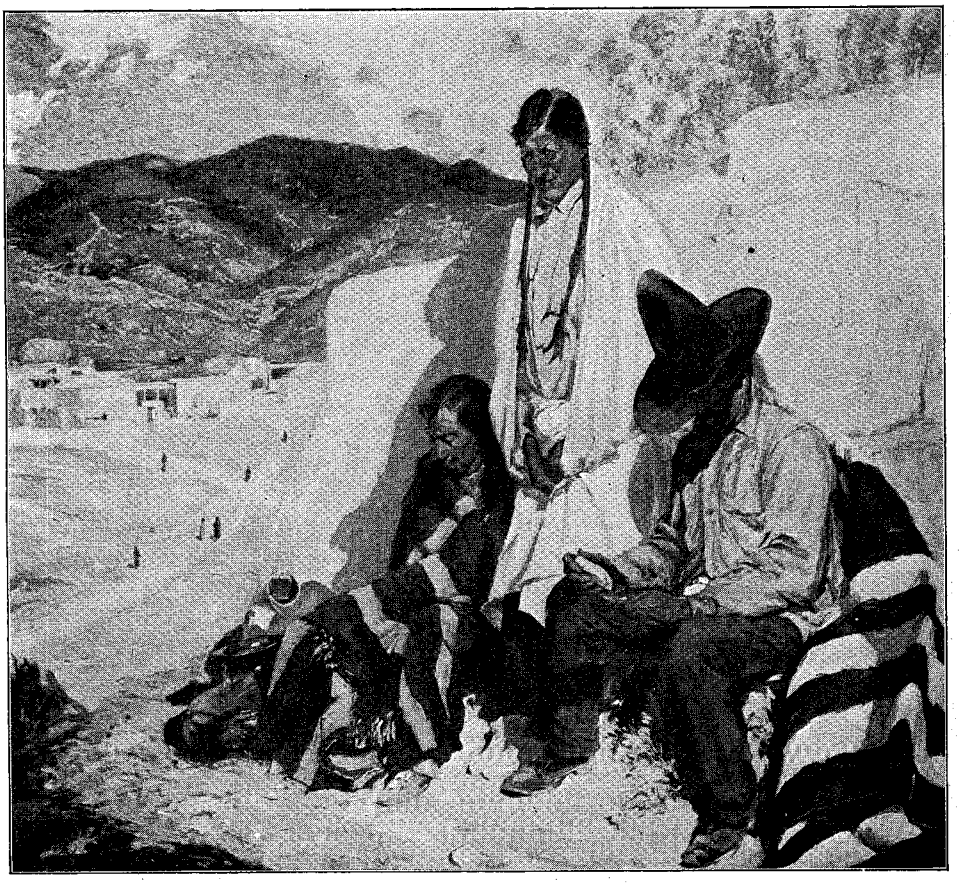
starvation and thirst—this phase of Western life has by no means vanished—we emerged from the trees, turned sharply to the right, and were confronted by the mining-camp. It consisted of a row of one-story buildings, which included the company's offices, a general store, barber-



In the Land of Manona. By Walter Ufer.
This painting received the Frank Logan medal at the Chicago Society of Artists, 1917.

shop, post-office—all with the inevitable projecting verandas and sloping roofs. In the rear, the homes of the shift bosses, mucker men, mill-workers, and the like were scattered up the mountainside, with the mine-shaft flotation-mill and other buildings crowning the summit. Upon the crest of a peak, nestling under the mine proper, was the club-house which was to be our home.

With that abode are associated many delightful memories; but the most vivid, I think, relates itself to those wonderful Arizona nights when we sat on the veranda smoking, listening to Francis Viele's stories of applied power in the wilderness, to wit, electricity, or the copper magnate's early prospecting experiences, while the electric lights from the mine above pierced the velvet black; the stars brightening and drawing ever nearer until it seemed as though you might touch them; songs and the music of stringed instruments arising from the Mexican settlement in the valley, and all around the rustling of breezes, which filled you with a vast peace and yet with an untold impulse.

Memory recalls, too, a drop down a narrow ore-shaft into the bowels of the mountain and subsequent wanderings

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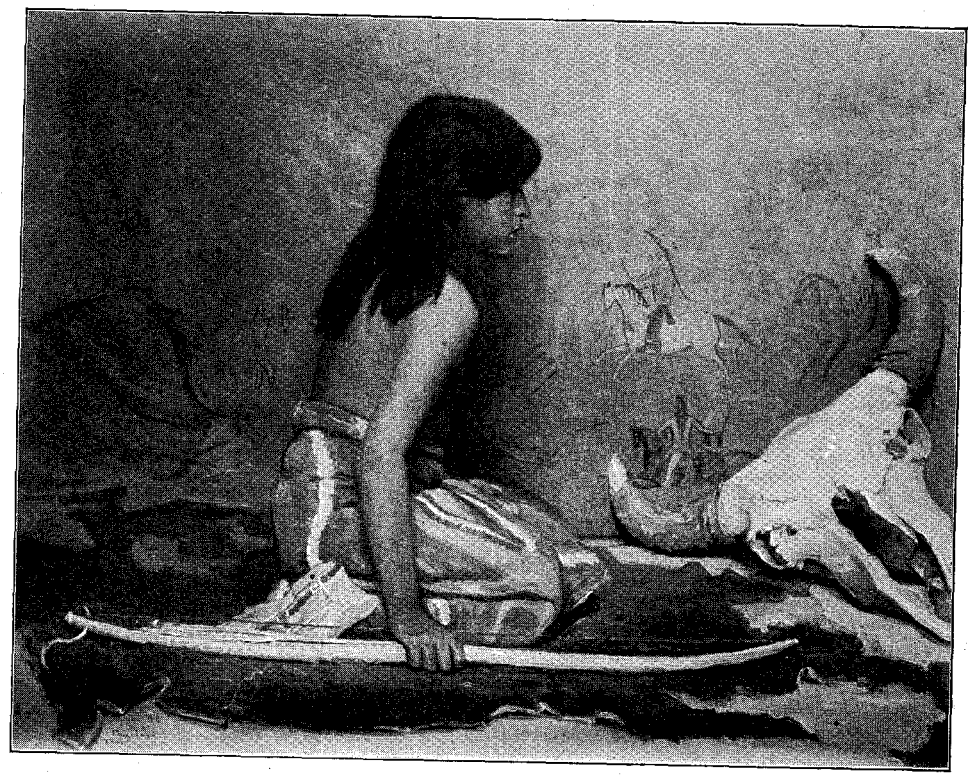
through dripping levels while George Johnson and Sam Chaney, masters of subterranean lore, their faces lighted wanly by acetylene torches, descanted upon various sorts of ore, of stopes and rises, and the like.

Next afternoon saw a reluctant de-



Looking Backward: Indian Boy of Taos. By Bert G. Phillips.

parture via mail-stage from this mining-camp, so faithful in its reproduction of every phase of frontier society. Mayer, a typical Arizona mining and cattle town, offered sufficient allurement of novelty to spend at least half a day there. The cowboys and miners were coming in to register for the draft, their mustangs and wagons congested in front of the principal saloon, where now only soft drinks are sold.

I talked to the barkeeper, a shirt-sleeved type, who said that his patrons did not take kindly to lemon soda and ginger pop.

"But they have to drink it," he added, "or go dry. The roulette and three-card monte and all the other attractions are gone too." He gazed sadly toward a group of punchers who were engaged in a sort of lottery, wherein for two bits a man is entitled to stick a pin in any one of a myriad holes and receives the sum of money printed on the back of the paper covering the hole. He may win a check for one hundred and fifty dollars—and then again he may not.

"It's a popular game and so are the nickel-guessing machines," the man said. "I don't know how long they will last; the State has kept hands off so far."

"What's going to happen," said a man in broadcloth who has the reputation of six notches in his gun, "is that every one will get out of this country if it's dry after the war—as it will be—and go where they can get a drink once in a while. The country will go back to the Indians—that's what'll happen. You'll see the old frontier days."

As for the future of prohibition in Arizona, it is the testimony of the mining men that absence of drinking accounts

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for two hours more work a day on the part of the miners, and that while they like a drink themselves they wouldn't vote for the return of liquor under any consideration. And Arizona's mining interests speak even louder than her cattle interests. In fact, I found no good citizen, whatever his personal leanings, who was willing to say that he would ever vote against the continuance of prohibition.

In the Mohave Desert were the grays and the whites, the pitiless sunlight, and the choking dust-clouds and the infinite, not to say grotesque, forms of cactus which I had regarded as characteristic of Arizona, but which are not. For Arizona, or at least a major part of it, is infinite in its color and in its charm benign.

Of the Southwest of romance and story the vast, inscrutable mountains, the desolate open spaces remain; the cowboy still herds his cattle on the mesa, and rides gallantly into a settlement to pass a week-end; hard-eyed prospectors seek hidden gold and silver among the mountains; grizzled frontiersmen trap animals for their fur; in short, I begin to feel it is still the storied Southwest, sans hostile Indians whose places have been taken in some small degree by bad Mexicans who do things that necessitate not infrequent man-hunts—and sans alcohol.

HER TEARS—AND MINE!

By Edith M. Thomas

I HAVE a truth for women's ears:
So listen! There be tears—and tears!

As orient pearls her tears arise,
To make more beauty of her eyes—
As orient pearls, and sooth as they;
And of such price (so he doth say)
That never one hath been forgot!
Her tears are sooth, but mine are not:
With scalding of the heart they run—
As geysers, leaping to the sun,
In lands adust, untrod by men;
And all their drops sink back again,
To nourish but the flowers of fire,
Sprung from consuming, Vain Desire!

What are such tears save torture-bath?—
For mine have brought me but his wrath,
Whether it wear a smile or frown;
And I, am fain to drink them down
To that deep well where they were bred. . .
But all as pearls her tears are shed,
And make one beauty of both eyes
That, then, are as his very skies,
Wherefrom both rain and light divine
Are his—and every heavenly sign:
Ay, Love, with crystal grail, stands near,
To catch and hoard each easeful tear.
But mine?—Hate flings a hair-cloth rough,
To dry mine eyes, and chides, "Enough!"
Oh, there be tears—her tears—and mine;
And both be of the bitter brine;
But hers be changed to sweetness—yea!
For such I with my life would pay!

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THE QUEEN

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

THE old fat, cross Queen stared gloomily from the window of a room cluttered with expensive ugliness. She stared at a radiant landscape; it was May, and deer glided, tame as sheep, across the park, through shadows dappled with sunlight, over lawns by a river. The old Queen stared gloomily at the shining, historic river, at the groomed landscape, masses of rhododendrons, puffy pyramidal trees spaced down the park in misty sunlight. Many springtimes—for she had been a Queen since eighteen—had she seen the gray walls of the castle glorified by this magic of new life, of ever-coming youth.

At much such a landscape she had gazed, with awe and dreams in her young eyes, the morning after that sudden night awakening when the archbishop and the lord chamberlain had sprung to meet her, a bewildered child, as she came to them alone in the palace in the early May morning, her nightclothes and her blue dressing-gown clutched about her, her fair hair loose. "Your Majesty," the grizzled ministers had called the little girl; they had knelt as they kissed her hand. Even now the wonder of that greeting could stir her. She had stood at this very window later with a baby in her arms, the boy who had died—she had not forgotten that springtime; later still others had crowded here, blond youngsters, squealing rapturously as she showed them the bird's nest in the oak. The bird's nest was there this year, but the children? The lines in the old face set to bitterness. The children! She had loved and served them like any shopkeeper's wife, and what had they cared? They were married to princesses and dukes, one to a king; they had each his own greatness, his own affairs, and while not one was as great as she, did they really care for her? They had clung to her as babies; they overwhelmed her now with attentions—but she was the Queen. Naturally. Her children paid court to her as the rest of the world. It was to their interest.

The old Queen, dumpy, ungraceful in her chair by the window, gazing out with dull eyes, thought such thoughts. The thoughts focussed in a sore point—the boy John, her grandchild. It was like the ashiness of this farce called life that the lad whom she adored should do this. But she would not have it done; her house and her dignity should not be disgraced; the boy might come to be king; Henry, the older brother, was not strong; it was her duty, as the head of the family, of the kingdom, to control this madness. Joy of life might be over; power she had and would use.

A deferential knock at her door; some one announced that some one else announced that the appropriate official had announced his Highness, Prince John.

The boy came in, tall and tanned and good to look at, and wheeled at the decorous footman and nodded imperiously to close the door, and the footman all but smiled as he decorously and rapidly did close it; Prince John's nods left smiling faces. Then the boy turned the key firmly, and then he found time to pay attention to the Queen of England.

"Hang these brutes of footmen and equerries, grandmother," was his opening remark. "It took me a good quarter-hour to break in here." With that he had an arm around her shoulder and was patting her as he bent to kiss her. "How's the rheumatism in the little tootsey-wootsey this morning?"

There was something so lovable and human in touch and manner that the old cross Queen laughed. All at once a bird sang from the nest in the oak; she heard the sound of the placid river; sunshine splashed into the window; things seemed

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to happen when the boy came in. Yet—she pulled herself together, and with that, though she was old and little and fat, it was evident that she was a stately and powerful Queen.

The boy caught the shift. "Come now, granny," he complained, and he took her pudgy hand with its blazing jewels in his big lean, brown ones. "Don't let's have any 'Her Majesty' rot. Let's be just granny and John. Won't you, now? You're going to be properly unpleasant anyhow—I know that; it'll add to both our sufferings if you put the Queen game over me. Won't it, granny?"

The Queen hesitated, then lifted her hand to the smooth face with its square jaw and gentle mouth. "Johnny, you're the only one I've felt really cared for me."

"I do care, grandmother," Prince John made answer gravely. His straight brown eyes glowed.

"I've believed it. I've trusted you," the Queen considered. "It's lonely to be a Queen; one grows not to trust people, not even one's own. I realized long ago that youth is cold-blooded, thinking only of its own interests. But I have believed you different; I have believed"—the clean-cut old voice shook a little; she went on with an effort—"that you are not—a time-server; that you—have a heart."

Prince John nodded. "Rath-*er*," he stated. "And I keep you in it."

The keen, lined face smiled. She went on. "If that is so, Johnny, I want you to tell me that you will not disappoint your grandmother, who has faith in you." He looked at her steadily and the question in the candid young eyes changed to pain. He said nothing. "I want you to tell me that you will give up this girl, who is not the right girl for you, and who would later not only make you unhappy but would be unhappy herself. Will you promise me that?"

The brown eyes still stared straight into hers. "No, grandmother."

"My dear," the Queen said, "don't make it hard. I love you very much; it will be a terrible blow if I have to use force."

"Force couldn't pull off a lot, grandmother."

"John," reasoned the Queen patiently, "I am your grandmother, but I am the monarch of this country. I have a great deal of power; if I use force it will be effective. I can change your career. And I will. I won't allow it to happen that a nobody out of an American steel-shop should sit beside you on my throne."

"My hat, grandmother!" burst out the lad; "she doesn't want to sit on any throne; no more do I; we only want each other. I'm a prince and that's all right, I suppose—I'm used to that, and I'd rather enjoy making Muriel a princess—but that's plenty. I'm perfectly willing to sit back and admire Harry as king when the time comes, and here's hoping it won't come for fifty years. Cut off the succession; it won't worry me a particle. Only let me marry Muriel, and you receive her and like her a bit for me, and then more for herself—that's all I want. You and I are pals; come, granny, do the sporting thing; throw down conventions; see that a man and a woman are man and woman before they're prince and commoner. All the rest is junk. Artificial—pitiful—that's what it is, this legend about rank. Why, granny, if you saw Muriel! She's a beauty—but that's not it—it's personality. There never was anybody so full of the joy of life, so sincere, so ready to love the world and eager to help it. But there's no use telling; I might talk a week and get nowhere, and she'd speak three words and you'd love her—you would, granny."

The boy was on his knees, his arms about the stout figure, his impassioned face flaming up to the old face. The Queen smiled down mistily as he made oration; some long-silent chord in her throbbed a disturbing answer to this mad lover's talk. But she shook her head.

"It's no use, Johnny. You always begged with your whole soul for whatever you wanted, and sometimes I had to refuse you. I have to now. You'll get over this, much as it hurts for the moment. I know. Once I—" The Queen hesitated, caught her breath, and hurried on. "You cannot marry this young woman, John. You have a duty to your house and to the nation, and I hold you to it."

The boy sprang to his feet and stood before her, tall and splendid, and it came

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to the fat old woman sitting there in her black dress and widow's cap, gazing up with dim eyes at the magnificent youth of him, that he was not only every inch a prince but every inch a man. On the heels of her thought flashed his words.

"You can't hold me against my heart, grandmother. I'm a prince maybe, but I'm a man first. I've thought a lot about it, and I believe life is important and the frills that we've trimmed it up with and covered it over with are unimportant. I've decided that I won't give up life for frills. They've always choked me, don't you know." He thrust strong fingers into his collar and pulled it about as if to relieve physical pressure. "I want my life."

The Queen's pulse quickened to the words. She loved this rebel grandson; she loved him for his rebellion; but she was the ruler. "John, I have power. I shall use it."

Prince John stood rooted. "What power?"

"I am the Queen."

"Granny," said Prince John, "I never gave a whoop whether you were the Queen or not. I've loved you because you've been ripping to me all my life, and because you are a sweet, wise, strong person. But you're not wise about this," he considered.

"John," repeated the Queen, "I have power."

"What power?" asked the boy again.

"I can cut off your succession."

"Yes," answered Prince John. "Do. I don't mind, granny."

"And I can cut off your income."

"Can you do that?" The boy whistled. There was no touch of resentment, only dismay. "That's awkward."

"You'd find it so with your upbringing."

"Oh, very," agreed Prince John. "All the same"—he threw out lean hands and looked at them—"I've got hands like other men, and a middling brain and a great education—you saw to that. I can work; men do. And support their wives." The shining head went back and he shouted young laughter. "It wouldn't be a bad game, granny, making my own living. 'Boots and shoes. Cobbling done promptly by Prince John of England.' Some sign for Piccadilly Circus! Dollars to doughnuts Harry would be green with envy. A lot more amusing than opening charity bazaars and representing you at funerals, don't you know?"

The brown face was alight but the Queen's was sober. She put out her hand and the boy was on his knees before her again.

"John, it's no joke if you separate us."

"Why, nothing can separate us, dear. Not even Muriel. We belong to each other. She wouldn't, and she couldn't. You're part of me. I have to have you always."

"But, John, if you persist we shall be separated. It's inevitable. I've told you how you came to be so much mine—a hundred times, haven't I?"

"About a hundred and one, granny."

"Listen for the hundred and second. When I went to see you at a day old I bent over the bassinet and you opened your eyes and they seemed big and dark, the indefinite eyes of a baby. And I cried out: 'Oh, he's going to have brown eyes; I never had a brown-eyed baby.' And your father said: 'Take him, mother. Have him for your very own. We said to-day that this one should be especially yours. What will you name your boy?' So it flashed into my head that I would give you the name which none of our house has had for generations, but which seemed to me always the manliest and most beautiful name a man could carry, and I said on the instant, like the priest Zacharias: 'His name is John.'" The Queen stopped and turned her head to the open window framing the river valley. "When I was quite young"—she spoke, flushing slowly across a network of wrinkles—"there was some one called John whom I knew and—and cared for, for a short time. It was out of the question. I made the sacrifice for duty and my country. But I have not forgotten. I know what I ask of you to-day." With that she smiled the sarcastic smile of a clever, worldly old woman. "The sanest of us is silly at times," she said. "But I have never told that episode; no one has ever known before why you were named John." She went on impulsively: "You did have brown eyes." She put a jewel-weighted hand each side of his face and

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gazed into the brown eyes. Then she kissed him. "You see now how very much mine you are? It would well-nigh kill me to give you up."

The boy, turning his face, pressed his mouth on the jewelled hands. "Granny, I'll never give you up. I care more for you than ever for telling me this. But, granny, you must know how I can't give her up either. How the succession and the rank and the income and the duty to the nation—all those fol-de-rols—are junk compared to Muriel! Didn't you ever—why, you must have known how it was to feel that such stuff simply doesn't weigh against—a big feeling. Granny, I can't give her up."

Feminine softness suddenly died out of the old Queen's look. "Is that your decision, after what I have said to you?"

"It must be, grandmother." He flashed to his feet again. "Granny, it must be—forever. I can never give her up. Never."

The woman was gone; in her place there sat a determined ruler of a nation. "You may go. I shall let you know the details shortly. You have forfeited your rank and connection with my family. Definite steps will be taken. Go."

And the boy, with a miserable face, stepped backward to the door and was gone.

That night there was a state dinner in the Waterloo room, and in the company was the newly-arrived American ambassador, commanded to dine and spend the night at Windsor. His first interview with the Queen would doubtless take place at some time during the evening. It did not look, the ambassador reflected, flashing a glance at the sovereign lady, as if that interview would be exhilarating. The band played excellent music, old music of the Queen's youth it was to-night, Rossini and Bellini; great people in fine clothes and gorgeous jewels were assembled; but the Queen was in one of her black moods, and the function as a social event was heavy wading. A cloud sank more and more solidly over the brilliant scene till one could almost feel gloom dripping off the edges of it. Something had gone wrong in high altitudes. After the solemn meal was over and the ladies had gone into the drawing-rooms and the men, fifteen minutes later, had left the famous Waterloo room and joined them, an equerry came and told the ambassador that her Majesty wished to talk to him; he was conducted, not overhappy, to the throne-like chair where the old Queen sat apart.

Surprisingly, the Queen was gracious. Many ambassadors had been brought to her seated here, and the great lady knew to a shade how to deal out an atmosphere to each. The American, it seemed, was to meet bright weather. The ill humor which she had allowed to control her during dinner, which had turned that stately occasion into a proverb of depression, was put aside. With so much kindness and simplicity did she lead the easy sentences that in a few minutes the diplomat, practised man of the world that he was, had almost forgotten the monarch in the charm of the woman. For the old fat, cross Queen knew well, out of a life of great experiences and marvellous training, how to be charming. The American was enchanted, astonished.

"Your country has paid a fine compliment to mine," the Queen was saying, and the old voice let the words slip with high-bred, clear intonations, "to send you to us. England is happy to receive you, not only as yourself, fresh from distinguished services and the honors with which your people have covered you, but to receive the grandson of your grandfather, a former minister to England and a President of the United States."

The ambassador made the right answer to this gracious speech, and made it more right for a delightful personality. The Queen regarded him attentively.

"It is not only your grandfather whose name is known here," she went on after a slight pause; "I well remember your father, who came across during the administration of the President and stopped in England for three months. You are older, of course, but like him in look and manner. He—he was"—it seemed odd to hear the Queen hesitate—"a radiant lad. They called him here, you know, Prince John. The English statesmen said that his ability and knowledge were astonishing in a boy of twenty-two, and he had a great reputation as a speaker.

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I"—the Queen hesitated again—"I was but a girl—it was in the first year of my reign—and he seemed to me a young god out of Olympus. That was a long time ago," the Queen added, and smiled mistily. "Almost seventy years ago."

The ambassador's warm heart was touched by the words and by that dim old smile. "Your Majesty is good," he answered quickly, "to speak to me of my father. I know well that he had the honor of meeting you, ma'am. His visit to England and the wonderful hospitality shown him never faded from his memory. He died twenty years ago but I remember clearly his talks to me of that time; I believe it was the happiest part of his life. The impression of it as he told the story is so vivid to me that when the President asked me to take this mission the first thought that leaped to my mind was how much it would have pleased my father." Carried away by personal interest the impulsive diplomat, whose impulsiveness, being a diplomat, was one of his assets, smiled into the Queen's eyes as man to woman and thought only of the boy, "the radiant lad," who had been his father and who had been fêted and admired as never an American boy had been before, in this English court, when this old Queen was young.

"I danced with him," said the Queen.

"Ah!" The ambassador's handsome face was flushed, lighted. "He told me of that many times, ma'am."

"I loved to dance," said the Queen. "You American men are good dancers. Your father was the best I ever knew."

"I can believe it," said the son proudly. "He did everything best. And he was beautiful and graceful beyond most men."

The Queen, smiling again that dim smile of memories, assented. "He rode well. Did he ever speak of a ride when—a number of us were caught in a thunderstorm and I—was thrown?" asked the Queen.

"Your Majesty was thrown?" the ambassador repeated. "Thrown? Why, no. It's odd that my father should not have told me that."

The Queen spoke quickly. "Many things happened in those three months. He could not have told you all."

And with that the American was regarding her doubtfully. "It was as you say, ma'am, years ago, so that I trust I am not indiscreet to speak of one more incident. It had, of all the events of those three months, the most lasting influence. It may be known to your Majesty—he was twenty-two—he left his heart in England."

"In England?" The Queen's low voice was a bit lower. Her eyes were on the American's face with a guarded look which queens' eyes perhaps often wear. She said no more. "In England?" said the Queen.

The ambassador's keen gaze was for once unobservant; his thoughts were back in America with his boyhood. "Once a year," the ambassador continued, "on the 9th of May—and that will be to-morrow, ma'am—at dinner in our house in Richmond my father's family drank with him the health of 'the unforgotten.' There were always violets on the table; we drank it standing, all of us—my mother and her children. My father was to my mother as a perennial boy; I think she loved this bit of undying loyalty to his youth, almost as a mother might have loved it. I remember his look as he stood and gave the toast 'to the unforgotten'—he was, as your Majesty has said, radiant. It was a religious rite to him; we were taught to treat that moment in the year with reverence."

The pleasant, easy tones of the ambassador stopped for a moment; the Queen sat silent, the old fat, wrinkled Queen; her head was bent and she stared down at an ancient, priceless ruby gleaming on her hand. Was she bored possibly at this family tale of an American? One does not commonly tell so long a story to queens. Then she spoke.

"And the lady was—" the low, assured voice demanded.

"Ah, we never knew that," smiled the ambassador. "We were told only that she was a very great lady, that it was a love without hope because of that. My father said—" the ambassador laughed apologetically. "You will be amused, ma'am, at the romance of an old fellow, but so it was. He was a boy still at sixty-odd whenever the 9th of May came around. My father said that this English

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girl had a voice like a bird's on a wet lawn of an early morning; that her eyes were violets, and her cheeks like roses; that she was slim and tiny as a fairy and honest as heaven, and faithful as eternity. Your Majesty sees how the charm of your countrywomen may hold a man through a lifetime. He never came back to England. He was many times in France—all over the Continent. But after that visit he never saw England again."

The old Queen lifted faded eyes to the ambassador's glowing face. He noted the ungraceful double chin and the sunken mat of purplish wrinkles about her cheekbones, and a prick of brickish red which is all that is left in old English faces of the glory of the English complexion; then he saw with a start the wistfulness of the look and a mistiness—were there actually tears in those colorless small eyes of a cold-blooded ancient ruler? Had he touched some simple chord left alive after a complicated lifetime, some remnant of the youth which even monarchs must know? As he looked, as his own trained eyes flashed a glimmer of surprise, she was once more, with no perceptible change in the smooth finish of her manner, a stately and gracious Queen.

"You have interested me very much. What you have told is most picturesque, and you tell it delightfully. It was charming of you to give me this glimpse into the life of a gentleman whom I remember so well. It is a pleasure that we are to have his son with us to renew his happy memory." And the interview was over.

Her Majesty of England slept badly that night. Long ago she had learned to dispense with post-mortems, to make a decision and then to abide by it without further wavering; she had learned also to put aside haunting memories. Every life runs more smoothly for the grinding down of such unevennesses in the machinery; to the life of a statesman or monarch these eliminations must be vital. Yet—her Majesty tossed on her sumptuous bed and considered these laws of hers and found them a dead letter. She could not, for all of her strong will, rule out the thought of her grandson, dearer and closer than any of her own children, thrown into a world for which he had not been prepared, to sink or swim with no help from the hands which had cared for him—her powerful hands. She could not but dread the thought of days, months, years without him, the veritable sunshine of her life. And side by side with the boy crowded other thoughts which had long since, she believed, lost their edge of pain or pleasure. Here they were, those memories which she had fought and conquered so long ago, so long ago. Here they were, wringing her old woman's heart with a remembered pang and rapture.

Over and over she recalled the interview with the American, the inflections of his voice, like that voice unheard for three-quarters of a century, his smile, like the smile of a "radiant lad" who had grown old and died many years back. Was it possible that the human heart was so eternal, so uncontrollable, so unreasonable? She had had a full life, with joy and sorrow beyond what ordinary humanity knows. She had had youth and gayety and admiration, the love of a husband and children, and sorrow too and widowhood; also she had had power and great responsibilities, which had made her an expert in statecraft; she was aware of her own balanced judgment and wisdom in affairs, her value in counsels of nations. These things had been her life; why should it happen that in ripe age these things on which she had built her house should be torn from beneath her? The old Queen trembled in the night as she felt the rush of a hidden ocean stronger, deeper than reason, which sweeps through foundations of souls and carries away logic like driftwood.

Her Majesty was not widely read; her life had been too busy; she knew little psychology. She had barely heard about subconsciousness, and the huge, unseen forces which shape visible affairs; about the strength of a forgotten impression to assert itself with accumulated force. So she suffered in the night and found herself unreasonable, but failed to resist what was stronger than herself. "I am old," she whispered to the darkness. "My reason and will are weakening." And yet she was aware that a false note was sounded. Yet she felt, as that illimitable sea swept over her, that it was reality which asserted itself after many years of

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convention, in a personality warped and set into conventions, but magnificently honest, faithful at the core to reality. The episode in her history when for one moment youth and sheer life had asserted themselves against "the frills," as her boy put it, when she had let life go and held to "the frills," the memory of that episode returned in force of joy and anguish and stood before her. Hand in hand it stood with a history she was shaping now for another life—her boy's. Hand in hand stood before her phantoms in the night, the lad and that radiant lad of her early youth—the two she had loved most in her days. And the lad she had sent away pleaded for the one of to-day.

"Let the little things go—rank and power and money; what are they worth after the years? What counts but faith and love? Give the boy the chance you did not give me, my unforgotten love; give it to him and it will be a gift to me," pleaded the voice unheard for seventy years, the voice heard again last night. And the Queen, torn with unused indecision, fell asleep.

At five of the bright May morning she wakened and, wakening, she smiled; she was at peace. "Sleep brings counsel" is the proverb, and the waves of the subliminal ocean, while she slept, had washed away the flotsam of much which her Majesty had built upon. Very carefully, so as not to rouse solicitous and inconvenient attendants forever guarding royalty, she got up and slipped into a brocaded and furred dressing-gown and stole through the open door of the cluttered, expensive sitting-room. She moved softly. The inlaid writing bureau which had belonged to Marie Antoinette stood open; she drew out a drawer and touched a spring and a second drawer slid forward. There was a package; carefully her Majesty lifted it, carried it to the window. Slowly, with gentleness, she raised the lid of the silver, jewelled box and lifted out a paper.

The pudgy hands shook as she opened the brownish folds. She stared down, creasing her double chin. What was in the paper? Dust. One might not say if those grayish, crumbling bits had been flowers or spinach; earth had very nearly turned to earth for the humble, ancient scraps of cosmos. But her Majesty stared as if they were indeed of value beyond her empire, and with that she bent her head swiftly and the double chin and the yellow and purplish wrinkles and the bricky patch of color were crushed into the old, rotten paper and the broken fragments of—spinach, was it? And then her Majesty, with the paper in her thick hands, sat for a long time in the early May morning by the window of memories, and the birds sang inconceivably sweetly, and the river smiled and shimmered beneath the gray walls, and a deer stole across wet shadows of the puffy trees down the park. And the Queen with the dried bits of violets in her hands saw visions.

She saw the young American as she had seen him the night after his arrival at the ball, brought up to be presented by the prime minister, the son of the President of the great republic. "His Highness, Prince John, we should call him," the prime minister had said, smiling, and the name, for its fitness, had stuck to him. And the grave girl Queen had lifted blue eyes to a face which she was destined never to forget. The brown eyes of the young American met hers, and with that on the instant the shock of an unknown feeling astonished her. And the eyes held hers—a long half-minute. It was that night she had danced with him; she danced like a fairy always; he danced like a god; it was in such terms that the old gray Queen remembered. She had lain, with the violet eyes wide open, till daylight, smiling, trembling, only half understanding. There had been many meetings after, for English society went quite mad over the beautiful youth out of the West carrying buoyantly the honors of his father's name and the prestige of his great new country. She had danced quadrilles—for the Queen danced only quadrilles—with him again; he had played battledore and shuttlecock with her and her ladies, making the hush of the palace rooms gay with young laughter. And then of a May morning the cavalcade of the young Queen had gone out—thirty of them. Sir George Quentin and Mr. Fozard rode at first with her Majesty. All of her ladies wore long flowing skirts; all of her gentlemen wore blue with red collars and cuffs, the uniform of Windsor,

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such as the little Queen herself was wearing. Then, shortly, she had called the American to ride with her, and for an hour he was close at her side. What was said was immaterial to both; the Queen had caught, once, wise old eyes watching her anxiously, but that was immaterial also. The two moved above the earth, closed in by a heaven of their own.

Then low thunder had rolled out of the blue day; the sky clouded and the party turned quickly and rode for home, but were overtaken by the storm near Queen Anne's walk and refuged under a group of big beeches. And suddenly her beast, the high-strung gray horse called Fearon, took fright at a flash of lightning and bolted through the packed group of uneasy animals and was tearing through torrents down the road. And even as she spun along, the animal quite out of hand, the unafraid little Queen laughed aloud at a thought. "His horse is the only one that can catch Fearon," thought the laughing little Queen, and wondered if she heard through the storm a thunder of following hoofs.

A mile of the breathless race, then Fearon hesitated, swerved at a corner, and plunged into a glade by a stream, and with that the plucky little Queen's long riding skirt caught on a branch and she was swept off. Minutes later she opened the violet eyes to dark eyes burning close; it was he; she knew it would be he. He was holding her in his arms as a man holds the woman he loves; he was kissing her lips over and over—the Queen's lips—and the Queen laughed; she was young, she was a woman, she too was to drink her draft of love. Reckless of royalty, of reason, she put up the red-cuffed sleeve, and a hand like a snowflake went to his cheek.

"You mustn't, you mustn't," she whispered, and laughed again, as he only caught her closer.

"I must—that's it—I must," the deep boy's voice spoke back, and then—"Your eyes are violets," and he kissed her eyes. "I don't care if you're a Queen; I don't care if you're an angel of God. You're mine," he said. "Mine, mine, you darling, my darling. You love me—don't you love me?"

And the Queen, utterly lost to queenship, whispered into the face pressed against her face the answer: "Yes, I love you—I love you."

"Then what else is there? What does this Queen business matter? Half a dozen people can run England—only you and I can belong to each other. Won't you give up a trivial thing like royalty—for me? Won't you, you violet, you white angel—" Passionate, tender word had rained on word. Surely no man since the world began had made love like this American.

An hour the two were in the glade by the river, and the summer storm rolled about them and passed away and the sun came out on the wet leaves and on wild flowers thick in the grass, and for a long time they did not notice. Then the boy looked up with a start.

"The sun is out!" he cried. "They'll be finding us. I can't leave you alone. We must just wait till they find us—it will be only too soon," said the boy, and fell to picking violets. "Keep them," he said, as he brought her a blue bunch, dripping and sparkling. "Keep them forever. Even if—if they separate us—if they won't let me have you—we'll have had this hour—the violets are the sign of it. They can't take away this hour. *Will* they separate us?" demanded the lad fiercely.

The girl Queen lifted her head, with an air. "They will not," she spoke. "I will do—what I think right. I am the Queen."

The boy laughed a little. "Queen? You're an angel straight out of heaven," he threw at her. "Darling—darling—I've never thought of you once as the Queen, not since that first moment our eyes met, and we both—knew. It can't be that such a love as ours must come to nothing. What's politics, what's royalty, compared to this? There's nothing matters—nothing in all life but faith and love."

"Nothing matters to me but you," whispered the little Queen, and put up her fingers again to his face. It was such a daring deed, such an unheard-of deed, that she caught her breath, doing it. "I shall see the prime minister to-morrow; we are great friends, the prime minister and I; he is a

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father to me; also he respects me as his Queen. I shall tell him that I shall—marry you," spoke her Majesty loftily, shyly. And with that there was a clatter of horses, voices shouting. The top hour of life was over.

The Queen had seen the prime minister the next day, and for days after; she had expounded to this "excellent person," this devoted and faithful minister, her wishes and her theories as to what was truly important in life; it had ended as it must end inevitably. A prime minister and a kingdom had been too strong for a little-girl Queen. And the "radiant lad" had gone away, suddenly, home, never to return, and the look of his face as he had mounted her on Fearon in the glade in the midst of frightened courtiers had been the last look of his which she was to know.

Later she had married, as a Queen must, and had loved the worthy prince who was her husband with a tranquil affection, and had known happiness and greatness, and then sorrow, and now old age; but the Queen was made of tenacious stuff; she had never forgotten, and through all her years she had known no hour like that in the glade by the river on the 9th of May when the century was young.

The old Queen sat by the window in the early morning; it was May 9th to-day; off on a hill to the left ran the thread of road down which Fearon had bolted; the tops of the trees above the hill marked the glade where violets unquestionably grew to-day. The Queen stared out from the window of memories till she could see no longer Fearon's road and the trees of the glade for the mist filling her sight. Then she looked where the dust of old violets lay in her unsteady hands. Again she lowered her face, her fat face with wrinkles and small, colorless eyes, into the brownish paper.

"We had that hour," she whispered. "Some time we shall have it again. It was true what you said, dear lad, that only faith and love count."

Later in the day, yet as early in the day as might be, a very depressed young prince was announced to his royal grandmother.

"Dear lad," said the Queen, and said it, though the boy did not know, to long-unhearing ears, "dear lad, you are going to have your sweetheart and she is going to have all in my power to give her."

"Granny!" gasped the boy and caught her hands. "Do you mean it? Granny, if you mean it you're not a Queen—you're an angel out of heaven."

The Queen laughed a little. "I think only twice in my life have I been called an angel, Johnny, and it is quite a coincidence that both times it was on the 9th of May."

The lad was on his knees before her again and his strong arms clasped her. "You dear, you darling, you've been a guardian angel to me always, and now this is the—the"—the boy laughed too, but there were tears in his eyes—"the crowning flap of your wings. However did you happen to do it, granny?" he demanded, squeezing the Queen's stout waist irreverently.

The Queen patted his hair. "Most inquisitive," she answered, and went on. "I—I had a vision. I was shown in a—dream that you were a wise prince and spoke deep truths. I came to see that, as you said, the conventions and frills, which were manufactured through painful centuries, are, as you eloquently put it, 'junk.' Also, laddie, I had a desire to give some one something to celebrate an anniversary—the 9th of May. And you happened to be an easy beneficiary." And the boy, half understanding, his brown eyes swimming as he looked into the old face dear to him all his life, did not know that the gift was given to another boy long ago dust.

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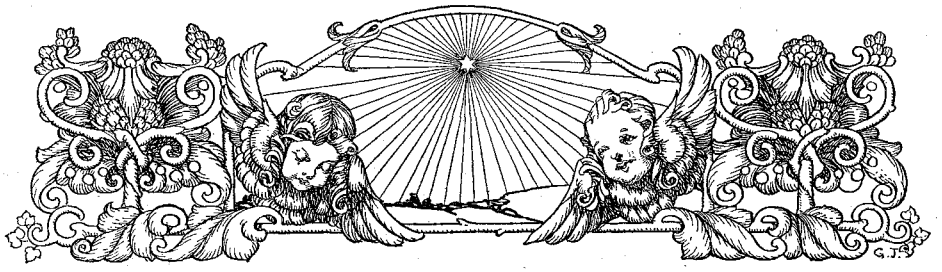

LOVE IN MARRIAGE

By Hermann Hagedorn

I

I ONCE made songs to honor your fair face,
  Your hands, your hair, your azure-tinted eyes;
  And praised your eager mind and called you wise
And told you, times unnumbered, that for grace
You were the most praiseworthy of the race.
  I would not cancel now those lyric sighs,
  Though I was only twenty and surmise
I may have overpainted just a trace.

If I should lift the lyre for you again,
  I should say less of face and hands and hair;
    Even of your eyes would I be silent, giving
Your spirit every trembling of my strain.
  And the first song I uttered should declare
    The clear dawn-beauty of your daily living.

II

And if again I should uplift my lay,
  Not of your brow's cool courage would I speak;
  Nor of the stainless petal of your cheek
That keeps in August the faint flush of May.
But for your tenderness that knows no stay,
  Music most pure and poignant would I seek,
  To tell the warmth you bring the frail and meek,
And those in caverns digging toward the day.

Around that well of love for all that breathes,
  For babes, but most for children when they know
    Hands only for the bitter cups they bring,
Dear, I would lay most tender, fragrant wreaths,
  Seeing in wonder, in its overflow,
    How pure, how full, how constant is the spring.

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III

And if a third time I should sing your praise,
Not of the slender form that mocks the years
Should be the music beating at your ears;
Of faith should be the song that I would raise.
I would remember that in troubled days
You trod like one in armor amid fears;
And held the pass with hundred thousand spears
One night when Death came up the winding ways.

Down the gray dark the murky chariots fled.
"She sleeps," you said; and took my hand, and wept.
(Oh, I can hear you weeping even now!)
You pressed my hand and sank beside the bed,
And watched the face and watched, and smiled; and slept,
Peacefully, with the pale dawn on your brow.

IV

If I could sing one song, and only one,
Not faith nor body-beauty would I sing,
Nor hands whereto in grief babes love to cling,
Nor the day's journey, brightly, bravely run.
Not these, though they be mirrors of the sun,
And turn rooms silver with their mirroring,
Should have the music that my lips would bring
The origin of light, high Love alone—

Love, in whose service faith and mercy move
Through swirling waters and infested glades,
Love-garmented, love-armored, and love-shod;
Love only should have all my singing; Love,
That makes your faith a forest of bright blades,
Your loveliness a lamp whose oil is God.

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THE POINT OF VIEW OF YOUTH

By Gerald Chittenden

NO matter how violently a minority may disagree with them, certain definitions of success in life persist, and determine what shall be the ultimate aim of most college students. As a general thing the boys desire what their elders desire, and the purpose of education cannot therefore be very different from the purpose of national life. If the national conception of the use we shall make of our education is wrong, only more enlightened education can correct it, and to such improvement the national mind is still hostile; this vicious circle has been drawn as well by the unintelligent competition between technical and humanitarian instruction as by the peculiar conditions and opportunities which are characteristic of life in the United States. Chief among these are the chances for exceedingly large financial gain which in the last three-quarters of a century have enticed away from the learned professions an increasing proportion of graduates from our colleges of the liberal arts, and which have thereby apparently diminished the usefulness of such colleges in our civilization. Only apparently, however; that part of their teaching which is designed to increase the capacity of students to understand life, philosophically and historically, is more necessary now than it ever was, and will be indispensable when the war is over. The usefulness of the liberal arts is more difficult to demonstrate, especially to the mind of youth, than is the usefulness of scientific knowledge, for it does not deal with evidently material things; it is, indeed, so full of abstractions that it cozens its own priests into a sort of mental twilight, where they resent, instead of welcoming, the intrusion of youth. There is a tendency about it to become cut and dried, and the resulting didacticism is repellent to many, if not most, young men; instead of stimulating their divine curiosity, the humanitarians have done much to quench it, or at least to convince them that satisfaction of it cannot be found in our academic departments. The trouble is not in the subjects our grammarians teach—at no age are men so intrigued by abstractions properly presented, as between sixteen and twenty-five—but in the way in which the subjects are handled, especially in the paramount years just before the boy enters college. We may mark this era as the one in which the crime—nothing less than the murder of curiosity—takes place annually. And this is not the fault of the elementary schools, but of the colleges, and of the diverting nonsense which they demand that the elementary schools shall teach, keeping a straight face the while. The schoolmaster who prepares boys for college must prepare them for college examinations; Homer, consequently, becomes a drawn-out catalogue of ships, peppered with cognate accusatives, and Xenophon's "Anabasis" instead of being presented as the best work of the first of war correspondents, lags over dreary parasangs of sand, where treacherous participles lurk in every oasis. History, shorn of the characters of generals, courtesans, and kings, is reduced to a skeleton whose bones must be laboriously memorized one by one; even English literature, which should be a playground, is torn up like a city street when a subway is imminent, that an uninterested class of adolescents may observe its insides, and so, forsooth, cultivate the critical instinct before they have learned to enjoy beauty. Therefore, many a boy acquires a distaste for all the studies which can best teach him the art of life—a distaste from which he recovers by the grace of God, if at all. For this the colleges are wholly responsible; they demand from a full-blooded boy the chilled judgment of an anæmic and probably sinful octogenarian, and then wonder why he deserts them for technical schools or business.

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The only wonder is that anybody goes to college at all.

The technicians and the financiers have blundered into a better understanding of youth. Romance is perhaps the most powerful influence in a young man's life, and a hard and practical thing besides; the technician appeals to it. Great effort and great reward—the overcoming of difficulties and the achieving of applause—are the very bones and blood of romance; they demand hardship, sacrifice, labor, and service, and give to their devotees a daily reward of personal satisfaction of which the financial reward that follows is but the symbol and the seal. Would you build a bridge where men who went before you have failed? Would you cause the wheels to turn faster, or tame a jungle, or utilize forces which have never been dreamed of, and develop products hitherto unknown? The technical school will set you on your way. And all you learn will be of evident value to you—there will be no lost motion in your education. It is efficient, exact, and you will achieve efficiency and exactness; these two are prerequisites of prosperity.

Certainly, the case for technical education is strong; classicists have admitted as much by the tragic compromises they have made with it. They have entered competition with forms of activity whose justification is financial success, and have completely lost sight of the fact that the greatest value of a humanitarian education lies in the fact that, from a commercial standpoint, it is absolutely useless. Science and art cannot be placed in competition; they complement each other, and the man who understands one but not the other is incapable of seeing life clearly and seeing it whole. The extremes of both types are out of place in civilization; one maintains that he can live without bathrooms, and the other that he can live without pictures, and both are wrong. Within institutions, at least, the discussions between the classical and the scientific departments are generally acrimonious and frequently personal, degenerating sometimes into fights for places on the schedule. Since the scientists have had more obvious evidence to support their arrogance than have the classicists, compromise and not co-operation has been the usual result of the argument.

In giving up as much as they have done, however, the humanitarians have in a sense been true to their best traditions, for the attempt to find out the reasons for things as they are demands an open mind. But it is possible to have a mind so open that conviction will disappear, and the suspicion that the other fellow is always right will become a certainty. Technicians have not suffered from this attitude of mind, for their training has cultivated in them only a certainty of their own correctness, as well as an adoration of detail which makes them willing to fight for it. In the mêlée of educational theories, the object of all education has been lost sight of.

It is not easy to achieve this object unless we know what it is, and it is harder yet to discover a definition which will satisfy all the contending parties. Nothing less, however, will serve; we must have some fulcrum to work on, and the wide dissatisfaction with American education as it is constitutes proof that a change is needed. In part, education is the use and direction of human material and human energy—the discovery of what a man is fitted to do, and the placing of him in a position to do it. This of course is pure efficiency, and the technician's definition has stopped there. But efficiency, although the best of servants, is the worst of gods unless a nation is at war; we shall not be at war forever, and the vision without which the people perish—the vision which sheer efficiency can never see—must at all costs be kept clear. In addition to putting the right man in the right place, true education must provide him with the means of growth—not that sort of growth which will simply render him more efficient, but the purely personal variety that makes a man broad and tolerant, hospitable to new ideas as well as tenacious of old ideals. If a man's education does not do this, his only guide will be his personal experience, and the experience of men in past ages will be to him no light whatsoever. His personal reactions, and only his personal reactions, will be important to him, and eventually he may come to regard with contempt all but the purely

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physical comforts and conveniences of life. To furnish man with a more reliable guide through life than his personal experience, and to cultivate in him a cosmopolitan if not a cosmic point of view, is peculiarly the province of humanitarian education, for the efficiency definition of life satisfies completely only the unsophisticated, creates bigotry and hardness of soul, and eventually and inevitably brutalizes all who follow it. The Germans followed it to the exclusion of all others for at least forty years; if by any bad chance we do the same, we shall lapse into savagery as they have done, for we no more than they are immune to the influences of ideas. It is possible that all our life might be Teutonized in a generation.

It is in danger of becoming so. In order to carry on the war with any hope of success, we have had to alter radically our national habits and customs, to imperil the very liberties we are fighting for in order to preserve them—in short, we have had to fight the devil with fire. This is all as it should be, and as long as the war lasts—probably for some time after it has been won—we must continue to organize as we have done, and to organize more perfectly. Obviously, it is the only sane way to wage war. Obviously also, a great many of our habits, especially our national extravagance, have been changed for the better. In more ways than one, the draft law is the best thing that ever happened to us, enforcing upon us the idea that duty is a thing we have to do, and not something we can do if we feel like it, without compulsion. These changes and many more are clear gain, and we shall make them permanent gain; we must have universal military training after peace is declared, and we will surely curb our extravagance, having discovered that we can be happy without spending money. Nevertheless, there is more than one kind of Prussian victory, and the danger from Prussian ideas will begin when the danger from Prussian arms has passed. Efficiency must be kept in chains, where it belongs and where it is extremely useful.

Technical education and efficiency are one; economic conditions now in incubation will tremendously stimulate scientific work of all kinds. Moreover, technical schools have done indispensable service in the war; even the most hidebound humanitarian has many times been forced to wonder if his theories were really as sound as those of his old antagonist. But along with the demand for knowledge of the exact sciences there is bound to arise a wide-spread curiosity about subjects which only the enlightened humanitarian is equipped to handle. It is for him to abandon the defensive for the offensive, to stimulate instead of ignoring the spirit and the curiosity of youth. His life depends on this.

Among the many illuminating comments on the undergraduate mind attributed to the late Professor Wheeler, of Yale, one is conspicuous: "The capacity of the human mind for resisting the introduction of useful information cannot be overestimated." It is an infernally accurate statement, as well as a caustic indictment of education in this country. Men who have attended French or English universities, or who have lectured in them, have not met with the same condition, certainly not in the same degree. It seems that a large proportion of students in foreign universities possess that mental inquisitiveness which is the prerequisite of accurate knowledge, and add to it a genuine respect for intellect and deductive reasoning. Many of our students have neither; they do not even know what the terms mean when they are applied to a curriculum, for they have accepted the fallacy that what they learn in college will be of no earthly use to them after they are graduated. Most French and English boys, moreover, have, by the time they matriculate, a very definite idea of what they intend to do in life, and take the pleasurable pains to be thorough in their preparation for it, exactly as do our students in the technical and post-graduate schools. These two characteristics of the foreign undergraduate make him radically different from his American brother; the problem is to naturalize the characteristics, for only so can our humanitarian education acquire the influence which it ought to possess.

It is generally admitted that the French or the English student is about two years ahead of our own. Certain factions in

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the educational world have sought to redeem this time by requiring more work to be done by our schools in the same time, instead of changing the standards by which the work is judged. We shall not advance by making greater haste, nor yet by pruning from our schedules so-called "unnecessary subjects," for no man is wise enough to say what subjects are necessary for the development of men in the mass; what is of cultural value to one is worthless to another. The only way to improve is to change the point of view of youth, and to demand for entrance into our colleges proof that the candidate can think, not merely evidence that he can remember. The difference between the attitude of the young American and that of the young Frenchman is not innate, but is the product of different surroundings and different preliminary education. We cannot change overnight the surroundings, national or personal, of our boys, and we do not want to; imitation is not advance. We can make intelligent alterations in their early education. These alterations will not deal with the subjects taught in any grade, but are concerned almost wholly with the methods and purpose of teaching. For many years now, in our primary schools at least, we have not taught in order to educate, but in order to enable our victims to pass examinations; teaching, which is one of the greatest of the arts, has become simply a matter of drill, and the best drill-master has too often achieved the reputation of being the best teacher. It should be a commonplace that the object of all teaching, whatever the subject taught, is to make pupils think; there is no other justification for the profession. If the capacity for clear and logical thought were developed, all the rest of our educational troubles would become unimportant and vanish, the slack of the two lost years would be taken up throughout the system, and the boys and girls who attended our academic institutions would have as clear an idea of why they went there as students at technical schools have already.

But our mandarins have forbidden us to think until we are too old to learn how. Their requirements in modern languages are proof of this. The obvious reason for studying French is to be able to speak in French, to write in French, and to understand the French people. Yet none of these purposes is served by the methods of instruction which we force on the schools. Grammar and formal exercises in composition are hammered into the unfortunate pupil until he can recognize an irregular verb at a thousand yards by the buttons on its uniform, blow the bull's-eyes out of one hundred and three idioms, and more or less accurately translate any number of English sentences, always provided that they contain no unfamiliar matter. He remains totally unable to write a French letter or essay, and gets so little training in conversation that he must needs sit mumchance when the language is being spoken. If he once had a speaking knowledge of it, as many boys have, he forgets it promptly because he is afraid to make mistakes.

Obvious improvements in this matter could be undertaken. The student, instead of translating some one else's ideas from English into French, might be required to write an original composition in French. Since this would be an exercise in expression, it would assist the teaching of English composition as well. It would not be utopian in higher education still further to correlate his studies and call upon him to answer the questions on a history examination, or almost any sort of an examination, in a foreign language. If the complete co-ordination of departments within schools and universities can ever be accomplished, it will diminish if not abolish the struggle for time on the schedule, and will at the same time go far toward convincing the student that everything he learns is useful. It does no good whatever to tell him so; the only way to convince him is to make him use everything he learns. As things stand, all departments are kept carefully separate; foreign languages, the best means of enlarging one's vocabulary, and therefore one's power of thought, compete with the instruction in English literature instead of co-operating with it, and mathematics, the best training in logical thought, never lead to anything but more mathematics.

Perhaps, this situation is the fundamental trouble with humanitarian educa-

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tion to-day—it lacks focus. Perhaps, also this lack is the reason why technical education is gaining while it loses, and why its use in civilization is so little obvious. The enjoyment of clear thinking develops with the exercise of the faculty; it must be admitted that such exercise is almost completely absent in the schools, and is only indistinctly present in the colleges. The average student discovers his brain some time in the third year of his college course, and then becomes almost pathetically eager to use it, without in the least knowing how; he has the right to feel that he has been cheated not only of several years of the keenest pleasure but also of a great deal of training which might have better fitted him for life. The fragments of his freshman-year courses which he happens to remember become a permanent irritation to him—they are just large enough to bring home to him the fact that he has been wasting his time, or rather that other people have been wasting it for him. The resurrection of his curiosity has come too late, and is apt to be impermanent.

One line of activity in our colleges prevents the students from degenerating mentally. Extra curriculum activities have come in for a great deal of censure, and frequent attempts have been made to curtail them. If they are successfully curtailed before an appreciation of the curriculum develops, they will be a distinct loss and there will be no commensurate gain. For in them and in them only the college man finds a reasonable outlet not only for his physical but also for his mental energy; managing an athletic team, or playing on one for the matter of that, was an occupation of positive educational value, and the work involved in editing a college daily compares in quantity to that required by a daily paper anywhere. These activities called for initiative, intelligence, and hard work, and furnished the manager or the editor or the player with a knowledge of human nature such as he would not have acquired in ten years of classroom work. It would be interesting to collect figures showing how many athletes and managers are now holding responsible positions in the army, and to compare the total with that of "grinds" holding similar positions. Such figures are not yet available, but if the present pursuits of any one man's personal acquaintance are typical, the grind would be far in the rear. College athletics, to take the most conspicuous form of extra curriculum activity, may have been far too much of a business and too little of a sport, but they will never assume a subordinate place until the studies for which the colleges exist become as vital as the occupations for which the undergraduates exist. And the time to give them this wholly desirable importance is in the years before the boys go to college, not after they arrive there.

Temporarily, the war has destroyed humanitarian education. Mars has no love for philosophy, and the time for weighing and valuing the results of war has not yet come. Our colleges no less than our technical schools are now military camps, and to carry them on as anything else would be shameful. The boys who have left college to go to war will hardly return to complete their courses, and the entire educational structure, as far as the academic side of it is concerned, must presently be built up from the foundations. Our army is full of professors also—philosophers, psychologists, economists, teachers of languages and literature—who will be eager, more eager than they ever were, to return to their old institutions and impart to classes some of the new points of view which they have attained. They will not take up other lines of work, for teaching becomes a passion which war cannot destroy. Closer liaison between ourselves and our allies will result, and it is not too much to expect that the boys who are now under fighting age will be in a more receptive mood than those who went before them. Most of them will have lost relatives or friends in battle, and the war will be a personal thing to them for the rest of their lives; they will be eager to understand it and the reasons for it, and the results of it. Whatever changes may occur in the social order will most forcibly demand their attention, for they will find themselves contending with new forces, and must find new ways to contend with them. It will be strange indeed if their interest in politics also does not become keener than it ever has been. All these

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requirements of the rising generation must be met, and many of them can be met only by humanitarian institutions; they are quite outside the province of the scientific school, which will feel an equal or greater stimulus for similar reasons. The question of compromise between the scientific schools and the colleges should be eliminated, because there ought to be no competition between them; neither one nor the other is the torch-bearer of civilization; both are needed to carry it forward as rapidly and as far as it should go.

FROM JAFFA TO JERICHO

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

SO great are the distances between two oceans in the United States that Palestine when seen by Americans will seem pitiably small—insignificant in area and natural product. From the top of a hill outside Jerusalem one can see both the Mediterranean Sea and the Dead Sea. For Palestine is not as wide as the State of New Hampshire, which I have crossed on foot in a day. It was the memory of this walk across New Hampshire that perhaps suggested traversing Palestine in the same way. Or was it, after all, the impulse which has driven hundreds of thousands, and even millions, over the same road in the two thousand years of the Christian era, that made me wish to travel the whole sacred way on my feet? At any rate, the longing of the first weeks, encouraged by memories of White Mountain walks of sixty and seventy miles, has had its satisfaction in accomplishment, and now has its memories as I look out from the Mount of Olives across the westward mountains through which I made my pilgrimage from the sea that lies toward America, and across the eastward wilderness through which I reached the other edge of the Holy Land.

This pilgrimage (for "pilgrimage" it was, and no ordinary walk) had a fit and glorious preparatory night out near Jaffa, one of those perfect Holy Land nights when the stars come nearer earth—such a night as that in which David must have walked when he came from playing to the mad spirit of Saul, when "the stars of night beat with emotion." I slept in a tent on the very edge of the cliff overlooking the sea (as close to it as one could lie without danger of falling into the sea). The sound of the waves was as that of the wind in the trees of the Mount of Olives, which is seldom quiet.

And the "pilgrimage" had also a fit and glorious morning. The sun was received as he came resplendent and burning from the very moment of his appearance on the farthest Judæan mountain, by the sound of bagpipes (for I was with the famous "Black Watch" on this the fourth anniversary of the beginning of the war). And the timbrels of Miriam or the sackbut and psaltery of David could not have made more stirring noise unto the Lord of the Day. But it was only the preface to a service more memorable and impressive to me than even that which I attended in Edinburgh at St. Giles's the Sunday after the beginning of the war, when I sat beneath St. Gaudens's "Stevenson," saw the city councillors in their scarlet going in procession with the clergy, and heard the solemn and moving prayers for the men who were going out to Flanders. And here they were still fighting on a line stretching all the way to the edge of the Desert of Arabia and the Valley of the Euphrates—to the very cradle of the race. The Highlanders stood in a hollow square opening toward Jerusalem, with the sea close at their

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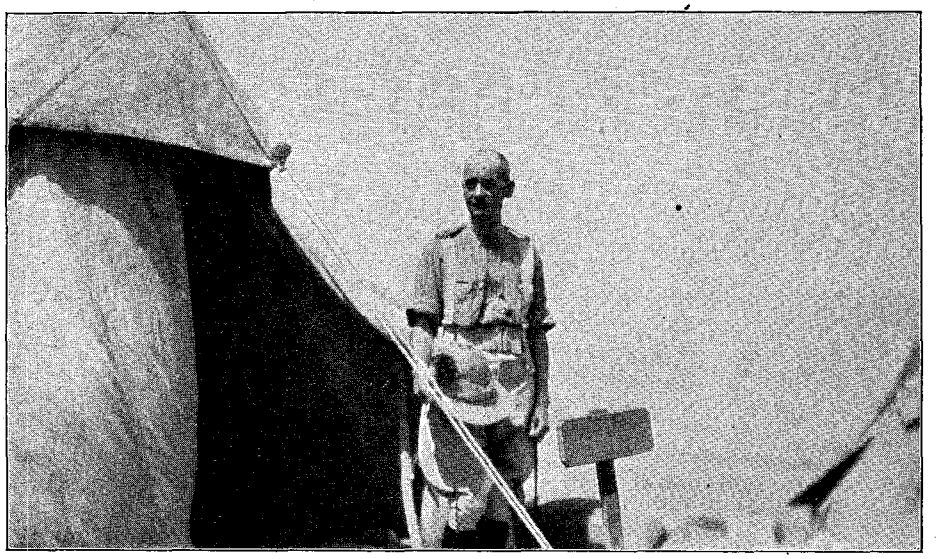
backs. They sang the ancient hymns of the church (among them "O God, Our Help in Ages Past"), bowed to the prayer of the "padre" (as every chaplain is called), and listened with real interest, and not simply from Scotch habit, to his stirring but calm and simple sermon. The colonel had said that the "padre" was a "topper," and that he would "give me a —— good sermon." And the padre rose to his reputation. He read for the Old Testament lesson the sixth chapter of the Second Book of the Kings, which tells the story of Elisha and his servant who found themselves surrounded by an army out on the plain of Dothan, not fifty miles away; and for the New Testament lesson the description by St. Paul of the Christian soldier. He took for his text the verse from the Old Testament lesson (the words of the prophet to his panic-stricken servant whose eyes were suddenly opened to see the "horses and the chariots of fire round about Elisha") "Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." His sermon was punctuated by reports from the guns not far away, but it had a startling climax when, just as he was coming to its close, an aeroplane flying overhead toward the enemy's lines, appeared as a "chariot of fire" in the morning sun. The young Scotch minister, standing before these men facing the fifth year of the war, was as the ancient prophet who, not fifty miles (but more than twenty-five centuries) away, beyond Shechem, on which the army was now advancing, made visible the celestial army; for he too made every man feel that the invisible forces of right were fighting with them—a faith that was strengthened by the message which came from the Commander-in-Chief that morning expressing his "hope and confidence based on the justice of our cause and faith in the sustaining help of the Almighty."



Colonel John Stewart, commanding officer of the Black Watch in Palestine.

The pilgrimage upon which I set out later in the day had been made by thousands, but at a pace suggested by the etymological derivation which Thoreau in an essay on walking has given to the word "saunterer"—one who goes "à la Sainte Terre," a "sainte-terrer," a "saunterer." My pilgrimage was no sauntering, as will be inferred from the fact that I made the journey from Jaffa to Jericho, walking every step of the way, a distance of somewhat more than sixty miles as I walked, in twenty-two hours, elapsed time, or in between eighteen and nineteen hours in actual walking time.

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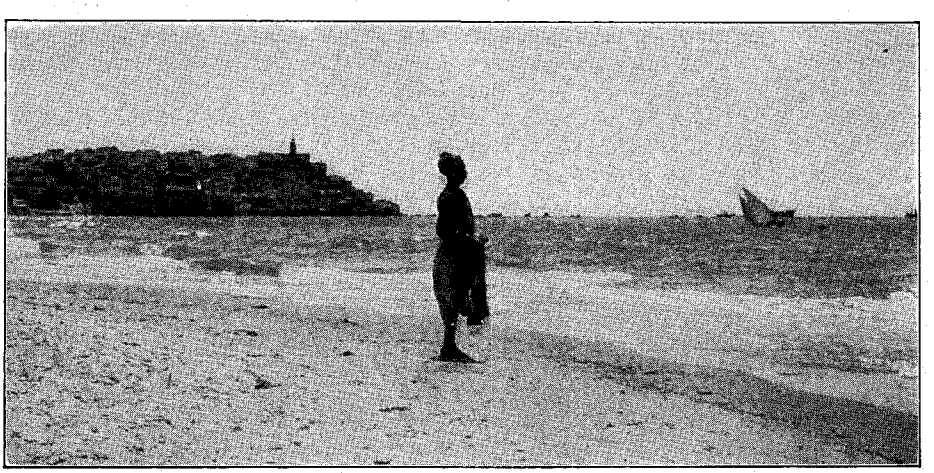
The beach just below Black Watch encampment near Jaffa.

Indian troops bathing.

I have no doubt that Peter, hastening in the opposite direction toward the house of Tabitha or Dorcas, walked as fast, unless indeed he rode on a donkey. (I actually met an American Red Cross doctor going like Peter from Ludd to minister to some one in Joppa, but in a Ford car.) Many a Middle Age crusader doubtless travelled over some portions of the road in double-quick time, advancing or retreating. And no doubt many a traveller on the road to Jericho hurried over other portions of the way to escape the fate of the nameless one who has made the "good Samaritan" immortal. But I think that neither disciple, crusader, pilgrim, nor sightseer (the last category being now no longer on the roads) usually went at this pace, or at any rate the whole way. Certainly the gait of pedestrians of to-day is more leisurely. I passed scores, and indeed hundreds, on the road, soldiers, fellaheen, Egyptian laborers. But I was alone till the darkness came on, when I became conscious not only of the moving presence of spirit pilgrims out of the past—of ancient warriors from Joshua's time, for Ajalon and Beth-horon were among the foot-hills, and of crusaders, for the great tower of Ram-



Shore of the Mediterranean, Jaffa in the background.

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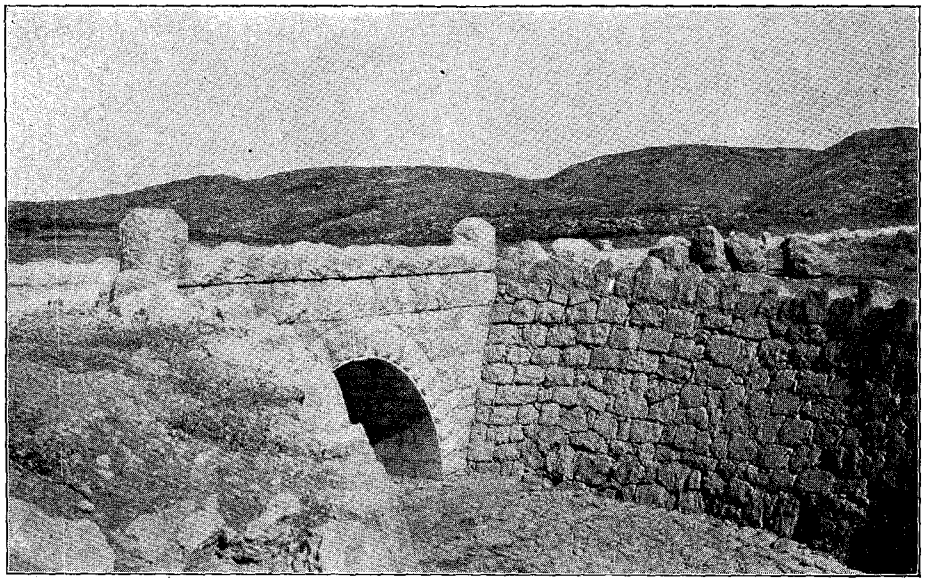
leh stood for a time in majesty against the afterglow in the western sky, but also the living pilgrims of the night. Pushing along in the darkness, dimly luminous with the stars (and nowhere have I seen more beautiful nights than in Palestine), I would suddenly become aware that a procession of some sort was passing in the muffling dust of the earth road on one side or the other of the white metalled road in which I was walking. Bending in the same direction with me in the metalled road. A little later I overtook large groups of these picturesque figures—who seem detached and mystical even by day, but as inscrutable as men from Mars in the darkness, which was not deep enough to obscure their differences from the man of the Occident. I found as I walked on, passing one sedate and silent group after another, that they were but the tired "stragglers" from the column ahead. It



Bridge over dry wady on the Jaffa-Jerusalem road, near the Judæan foot-hills.

low to get the forms against the sky, I would discover now that it was a train of camels with their mysterious burdens, or perhaps a pattering procession of pack-donkeys. Again it would be a body of Egyptians of the great "Egyptian Labor Corps," which is giving such valuable service in building and maintaining the roads and other public works, going from one camp to another. Then the creaking of heavy wheels, or the clanking of harness, or the tramping of shod feet, or the quiet singing by a "Tommy," would tell of another sort of procession to or from the front line, the flashes of whose guns were almost continuously illuminating the northern sky like heat-lightning. At one time I came upon many East Indian soldiers, in twos and in small groups, walking took well on to an hour to reach the vanguard of this column so long was it—and so tired was it when I came to the very head of it that the men were lying down in their tracks in the white road, and evidently with as much comfort as if lying between white sheets on mattresses. I was not yet sleepy or tired myself, though I learned that they had started at the same hour as I and several miles this side of Jaffa. (A few hours later I was finding the rough stone coping at the side of a bridge a very welcome and as comfortable bed for a few minutes as they the road-bed itself, with its coverlet of dust.) I found the commanding officer, a fellow colonel, who offered me the courtesy which is universally characteristic of the English officer. (In all my travels, on

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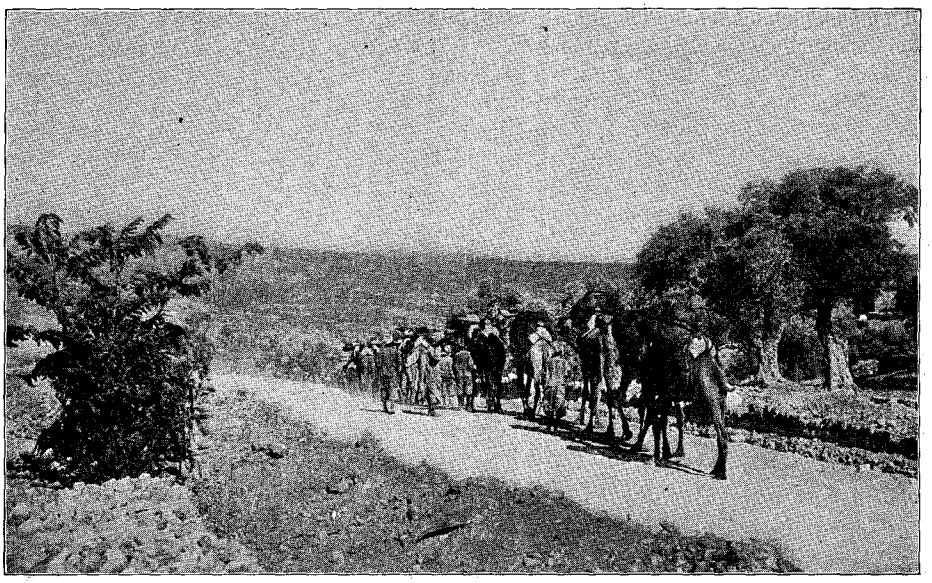

Scene on the Jaffa-Jerusalem road among the Judæan hills, near the ancient Kirjath-jearim.

foot, by train, or by car, I have known but one exception.) I then had a clear road alone for the rest of the night, except for the fellaheen with their camels or donkeys. Or almost alone, for shortly after passing the Indian column and saying good night to their English officers, I became conscious that some one was following me at a good pace on foot. I did not wish a companion, and so I quickened my gait, only to find that he was still close upon me. Faster and faster I went till I reached the camp at Latron, where I stopped for water. I was led back some distance from the road by the hospitable guard to a spring, as I supposed, but, as I found instead, the "fantasia," the universal fountains, the great rectangular cans such as the camels carry by thousands. (I estimated that if the "fantasia" that I saw on another journey, borne by one camel-train, were put end to end they would make a pipe-line or aqueduct nearly a mile long.) But while I quenched my thirst the mysterious figure, in costume that appeared to be white or very light, disappeared. I afterward learned that the place where I stopped was the traditional birthplace of the "good thief," canonized as St. Dismas. Indeed a church stands somewhere in the deeper shadows of the hill just back of the camp. I suspect that my fellow traveller and follower was only the shade of Dismas walking in penance the path of his prepenitent nights, and that he turned in to his shrine for the rest of the night. At any rate, I continued alone my journey across the Valley of Sharon, its night-air pungent with an aromatic fragrance. But if there were roses growing in Sharon they were gray roses, for the dust was deep upon everything.

As I neared the foot-hills I followed the example of the Indian soldiers, choosing, however, as I have said, the coping of a stone bridge for my mattress and pillow. I would better have laid myself down on the road, for when I was wakened a few minutes later by a camel-bell I found that the cover of my canteen had fallen off into the wady (brook) below, and that all the water had followed it into the dry bed of the brook. The thought of four or five hours ahead without water only increased my thirst and made me sympathize with the genii of the wady, who receive not a drop from the skies or hills for months. But they must have been grateful for the drafts from my canteen, and have found a way to show their gratitude, for a little way up the pass through the lower hills, when I was about famished for a drink of water, I

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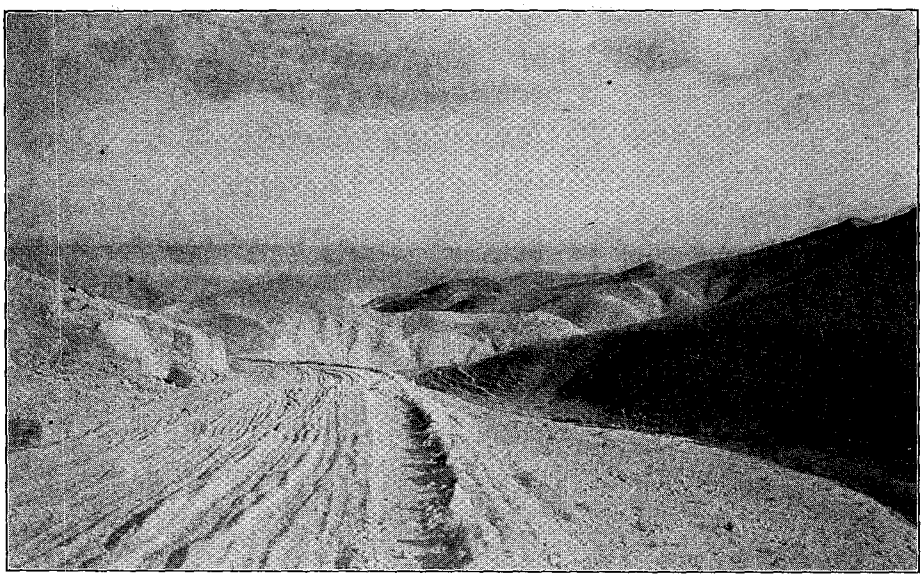

The road to Jericho, showing the hills of the Wilderness, a bit of the Dead Sea, and the hills of Moab beyond.

overtook an Arab boy with two donkeys (on one of which he was mounted) and two camels. By signs I made known my thirst, whereupon he dismounted and led me to a place at the roadside from which he dipped cupful after cupful of as delicious water as I ever tasted. (I found on a later journey that this was a stone basin, or cistern, which is daily filled from a spring near by.) I wish that I had asked the boy his name that I might have thanked him more adequately and tangibly. However, he will have from a higher source the reward promised to those who give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ. He was certainly a Christ-soul boy. He was insistent that I should mount either one of his donkeys or camels (making a fork with his fingers to suggest the straddle). I declined as kindly and gratefully as I could, with no such effective symbolism available, and passed on. A half-hour away I could hear this Arab youth below me singing his happy but plaintive song as I was mounting through the olive-groves (where it is said David once lived when fleeing from Saul) to the heights of Enab, that was once known as Kirjath-jearim, where for twenty-five years the Ark of the Covenant rested in the house of Abinadab.

I missed the main road at the top of the hill and found myself on a rocky path down into the valley on the other side. If the ark was taken down this path, I can understand why the oxen stumbled, and why Uzzah put out his hand to stay the ark—an act for which one feels with David that Uzzah should not have been smitten. There is a threshing-floor not far beyond, the first that I had seen in Palestine on my first journey into Jerusalem, and I have wondered whether the primitive threshing with the unmuzzled ox had gone on season after season on that same floor since the time of Joshua and David. Perhaps it was the very threshing-floor of Nachor near which the oxen stumbled. At any rate, it must have been through this very valley that the ark was borne toward Jerusalem, with the playing on instruments of fir-wood, with timbrels and castanets and cymbals. Somewhere beyond, it was left (because of the untoward incident that angered David) in the house of Obed-Edom, where the three-months' blessing fell upon all his household, while all the house of Abinadab mourned the loss of Uzzah.

It was to me a valley of expectation and disappointment when I first passed through it by day, for I expected to see

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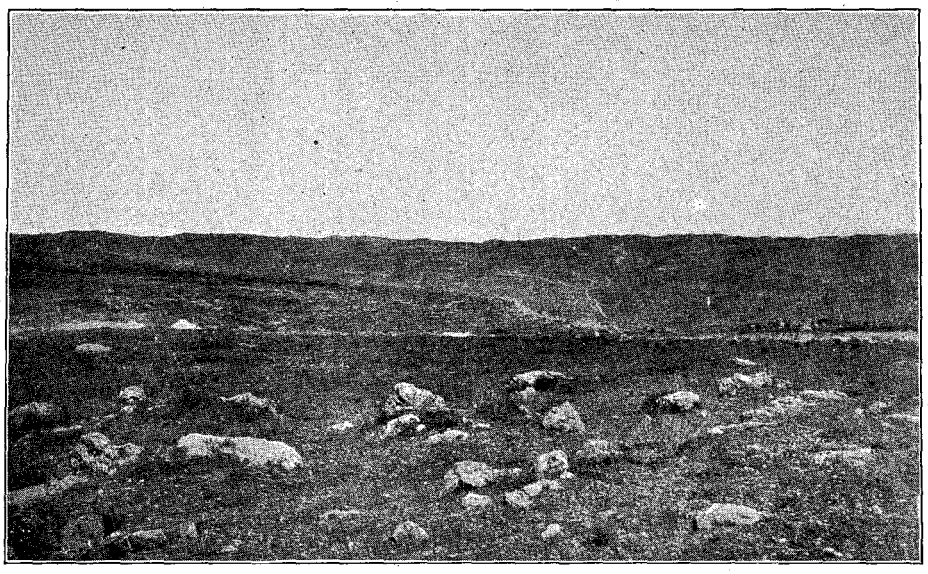

The last hill before reaching Jerusalem on the Jaffa-Jerusalem road.

the Holy City gleaming below when I reached the height at the farther side of it, but I was disappointed to find, when I reached the summit, that there was still another range of hills that kept the City another hour or two from my view—a real disappointment, though my pilgrimage had taken more years than the Children of Israel wandered in the wilderness—that is all the years of my life—the wilderness of which I was having the first glimpse in seeing the faint mountains of haze toward the east.

But the next intervening valley, whose farther wall makes one of the "mountains round about Jerusalem," is so beautiful as to help one forget the disappointment of the Kastel hill. In this valley it was that Mary came to visit Elizabeth near the fountain (pictured in the December number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE) that has drawn about it the most beautiful village in southern Palestine, and kept it high on the hillside from slipping down into the valley's depths. It was here that the boy, John the Baptist, was hidden to escape the threat of Herod. It was, perhaps, through this valley that Christ walked to Emmaus. And by night—though one could not see the beauty of the vale, one could the more easily evoke the past that had lived and loved and laid itself down to die in its dust, or had risen to immortality, and some of that past but recently become dust; for at the foot of the last hill there are six graves of English soldiers who were killed there the day before the entrance of the first brigade of British troops into Jerusalem. I went back later and wrote this epitaph for the six graves:

THEY DIED CLIMBING

Beyond the hill the Holy City lies;
These never saw its glories with their eyes,
They never reached its crest;
They perished climbing these last sacred heights,
But when they died, like true Crusader knights
Their feet were on the Quest.

But as I began to climb from this last hill, the gibbous moon was making a gray, silvery light in the eastern sky. It was, however, as was St. John of the true Light, but the "prodrome" of the greater light that was just rising beyond the Mount of Olives as I entered the Holy City.

It was not the side from which one would choose to enter, for one does not see the City till one is actually in it, and then one cannot see its beauty or feel its antiquity because of the modern shabby houses that line the Jaffa Road. It was the side, however, from which its recent conquest had been made, and it was by the Jaffa Road that General Allenby and his men entered the Inner City—where the Kaiser had cut in the ancient walls,

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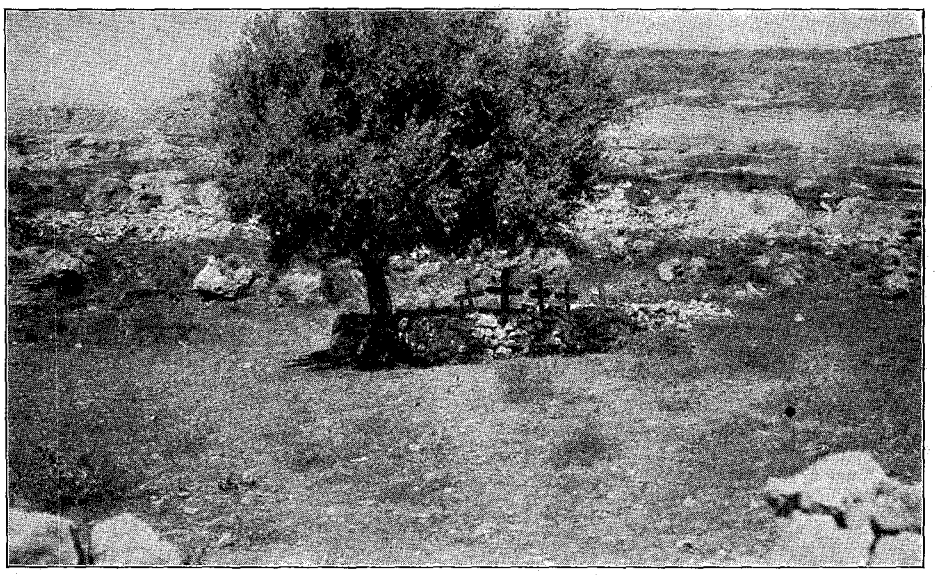

The graves of English soldiers under a tree, at the foot of the last hill before reaching Jerusalem, on the Jaffa-Jerusalem road.

beside the old Jaffa Gate, a few feet away, for his august and farcical entry, several years ago, in the garb of a Crusader. (See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1919.) There could be no more marked or significant contrast than that which General Allenby's unostentatious entry presented.

I stopped at the new reservoir in the hill, just inside the City, known as "Abraham's Vineyard," for a drink of water, brought into the City by the British engineers from the hills beyond Bethlehem. In David's day warriors went to the Bethlehem spring, through hostile lines, to get a drink for their leader. It took a British army to bring water from beyond Bethlehem, and it was only sixty-seven days from the day when they started at the springs of Arub—the old springs from which Pontius Pilate brought water to Jerusalem—that water was flowing at the taps in the Holy City with a capacity of three hundred thousand gallons a day. Had I reached the City two days earlier I should have had to find a cistern, for only the day before my arrival had the water-bearers, the British Royal Engineers, reached the City. I poured out a libation to them as David poured that which was brought to him, because it was "as the blood of those that went at the peril of their lives," but I also drank in gratitude (for here was water enough for both the libation and the quenching of my thirst), and the water from the well of Bethlehem could not have been sweeter in David's memory.

After two hours in Jerusalem, where I had a bath and breakfast—the only food I had tasted on the way—I started on again down through the Damascus Gate, over the rough Via Dolorosa, out of St. Stephen's Gate, and down to the Garden of Gethsemane at the foot of the Mount of Olives. But instead of climbing over the hill by familiar paths, I followed the white road round the mount, enveloped most of the way by clouds of gray dust from the lorries and ambulances, down into and through the village of Bethany, white as the sepulchre of Lazarus from these same clouds. The Master could have found no rest there in these days and nights, where the great honking cars pass to and from the Jericho front.

Beyond Bethany there is not a tree—at least I did not see one until I reached the plain of Jericho. And never did I long more for the shade of one, however meagre. I even looked for the shadow of a rock when the morning sun became almost unbearable. I have never known such heat except at the mouth of a furnace. How the British troops spent months in that inferno is beyond my

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Trees in Jericho under which I rested at the end of the journey from Jaffa to Jericho.

comprehension. I made other journeys down into the valley carrying hospital supplies and, later, refugees back to their beyond-Jordan homes, but most of the way by night. About two miles out of Jericho, and a mile from the plain, I came upon a cave, whose darkness was most welcome. It was large enough to hold the fifty prophets whom Obadiah hid from the hate of Jezebel, and fed on bread and water, but it had only the memories of tinned goods lying about. I rested, and even slept for a few minutes, with a stone for a pillow, and then pushed on, refreshed by the shadow, which was as food brought by a raven, and by water from my canteen, which was as the brook Cherith near by till it dried up. And my canteen was rapidly approaching the condition of the brook (which in this land does not have the habit of going on forever, as Tennyson's) when the prophet Elijah was commanded to leave this region and go to Zerephath, over on the coast from which I had walked. I found myself wondering how long it took the prophet to walk the same distance in the opposite direction.

There had been some movement in the air among the mountains, but when I reached the plain there was not enough to stir the frond of a palm. Everything was as if cast in bronze or brass, overhanging mountains, sky, and the glistering plain with its motionless life. I could believe that Doré had come to this region for some of his illustrations for Dante's "Inferno." I felt myself to be clothed as some of Dante's creatures in hell, in garments of lead. Now and then a lorry or an ambulance darted across the sand as an insect, but there was otherwise only the silence and immobility of the solitude, for it was the siesta hour (2 o'clock) for all human life in the valley. There was no firing at the front. Heat had brought a temporary armistice—it had made this place a complete wilderness for the moment, and called it peace.

Entering the City, which had no challenging sentinel nor forbidding wall, as it had in the days of Joshua, I found the welcoming gate to the "compound" officially occupied by the military governor. He was not in, so I flung myself down beneath a tree—a palm I think it was, as it should have been in this city of palm-trees (I afterward found, on a later journey, from the testimony of a camera showing a real camel resting under the same tree, that it was not). I was by no means exhausted, but I felt disposed in the enjoyment of its shade to obey the injunction given to certain ones in Scriptural days, to "tarry in Jericho until their beards be grown."

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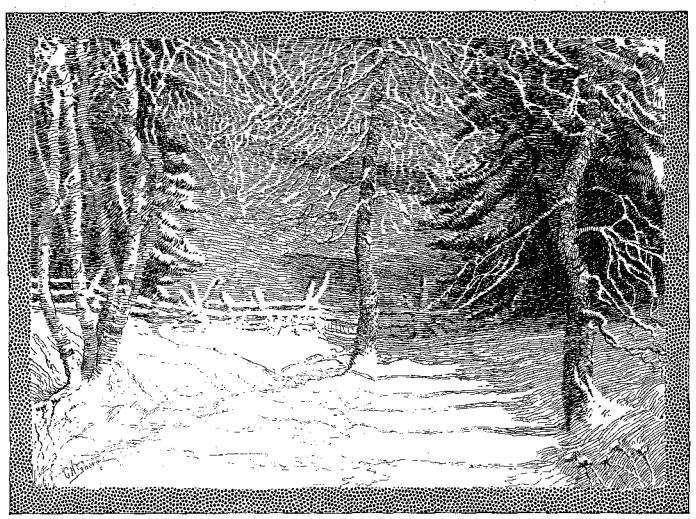


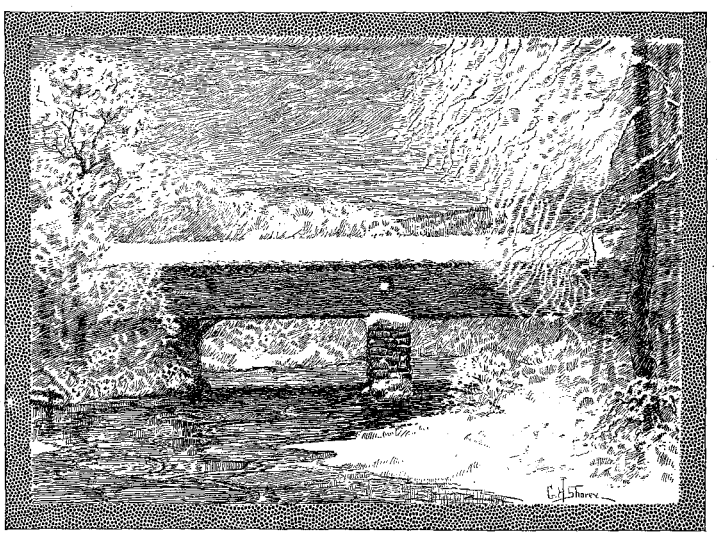
The tracery of the moonlight.

WHEN WINTER IS KING IN THE BERKSHIRES

SIX DRAWINGS

BY G. H. SHOREY

"Winter comes to rule the varied year"



The old red bridge and the dark swift waters below make a sharp contrast with the surrounding snow.

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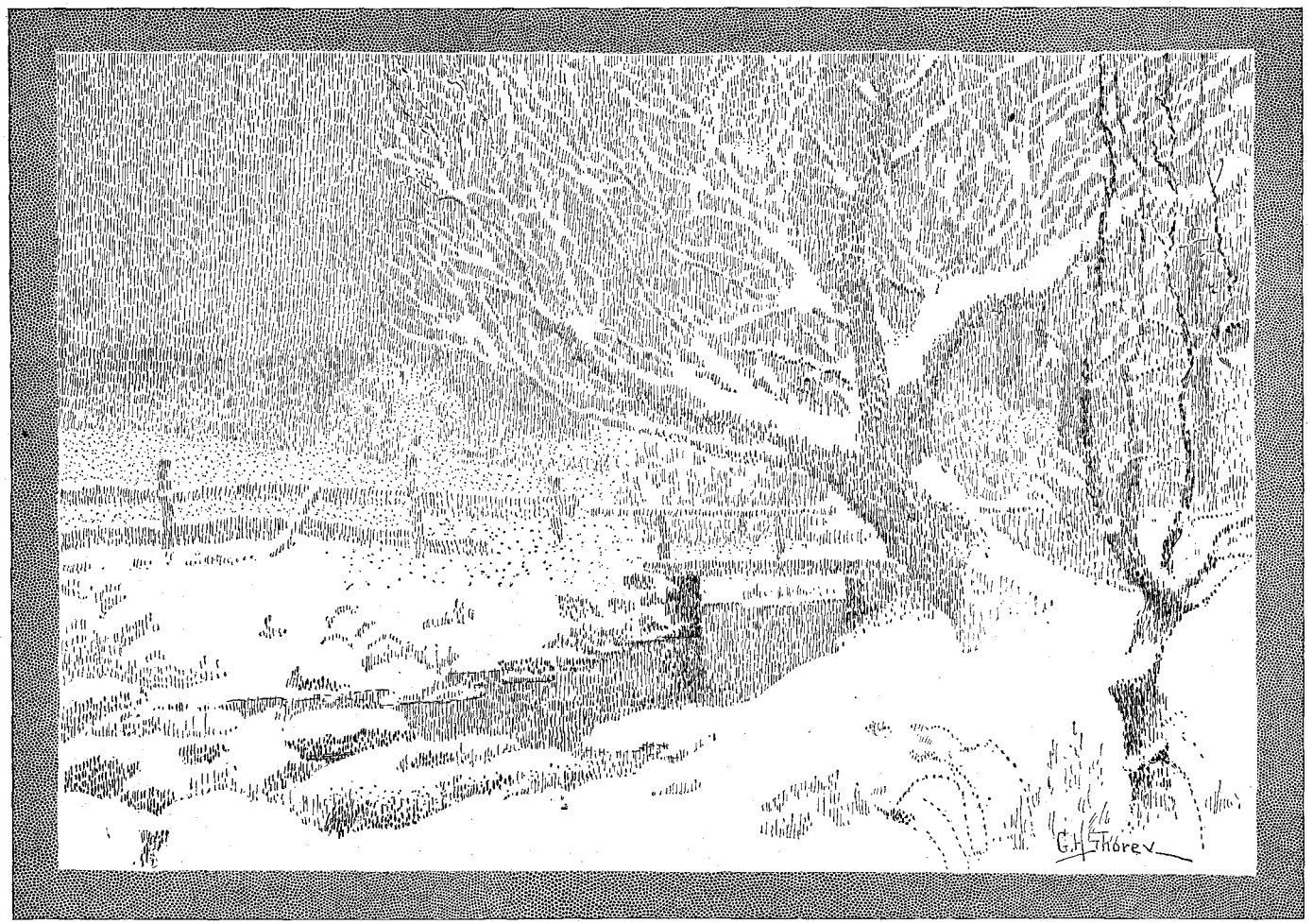

When the white silence covers all the hills and fields, and makes new borders for the streams.

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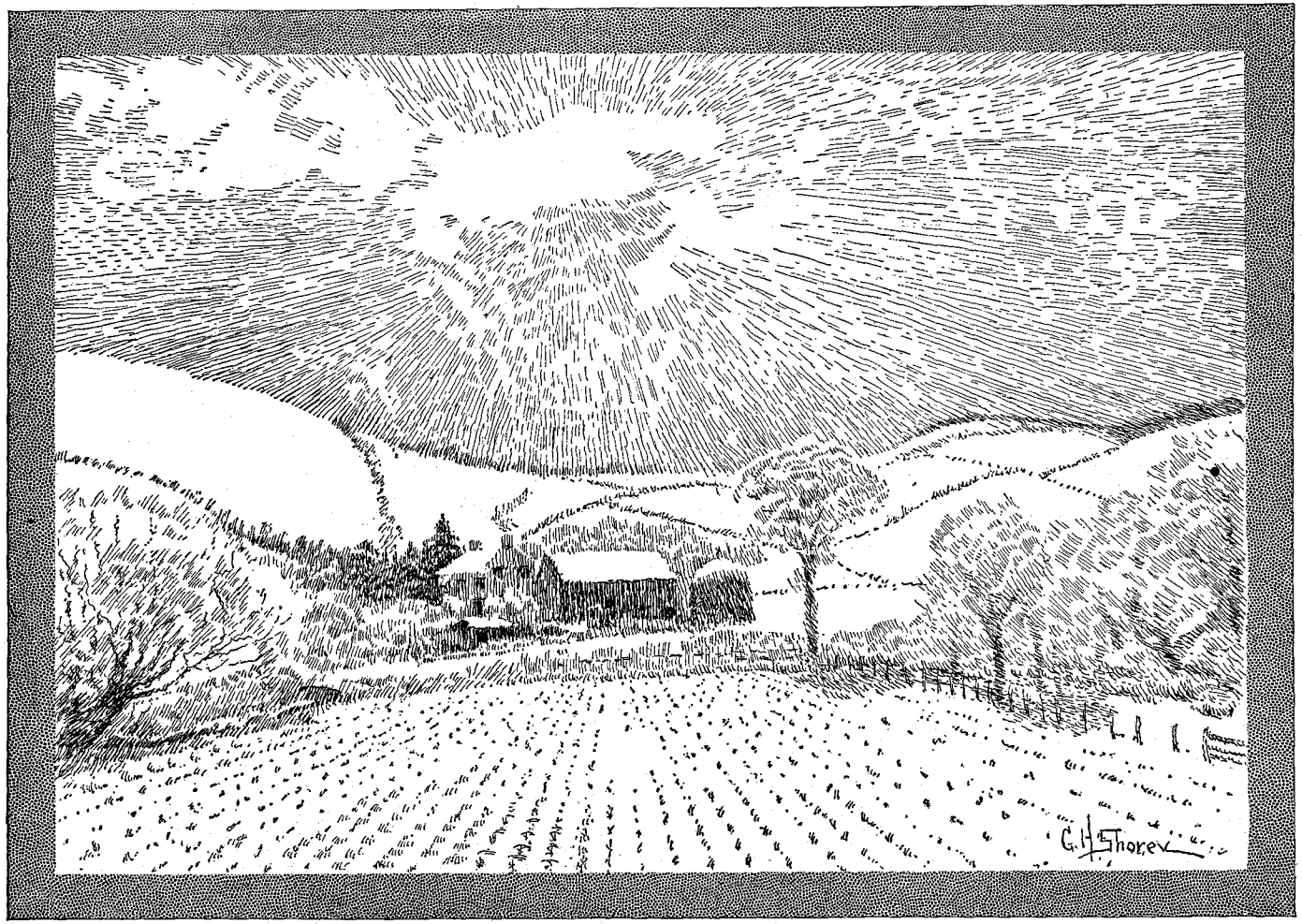

The last snowfall of early spring lies heavily and warmly on the hills and as the sun breaks through makes a dazzling white splendor of the world.

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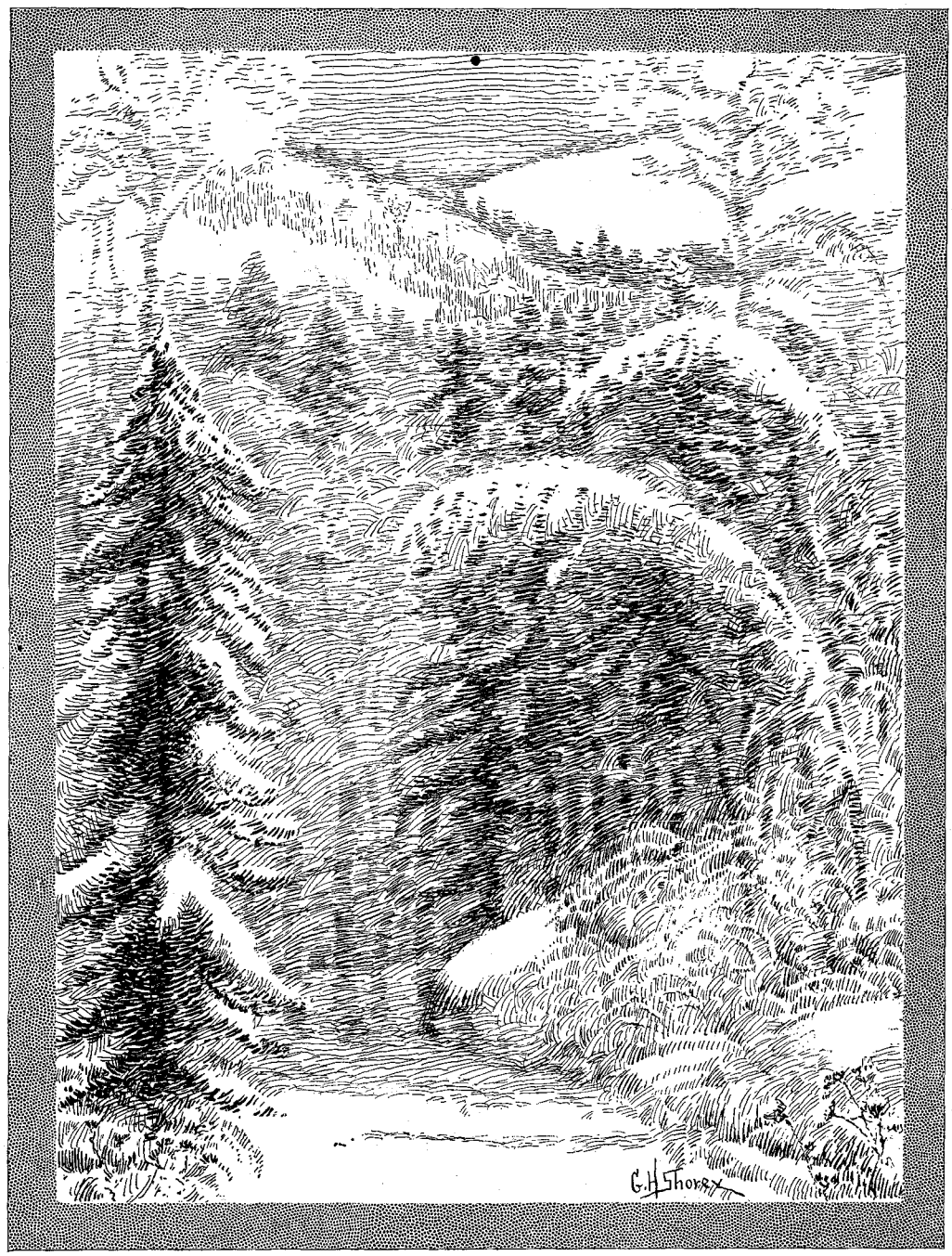

Snow-blossoms.

Every tree is festooned and heavily outlined in white, making a fairy forest of strange, new shapes, of bending, graceful curves and masses of dark shadows.

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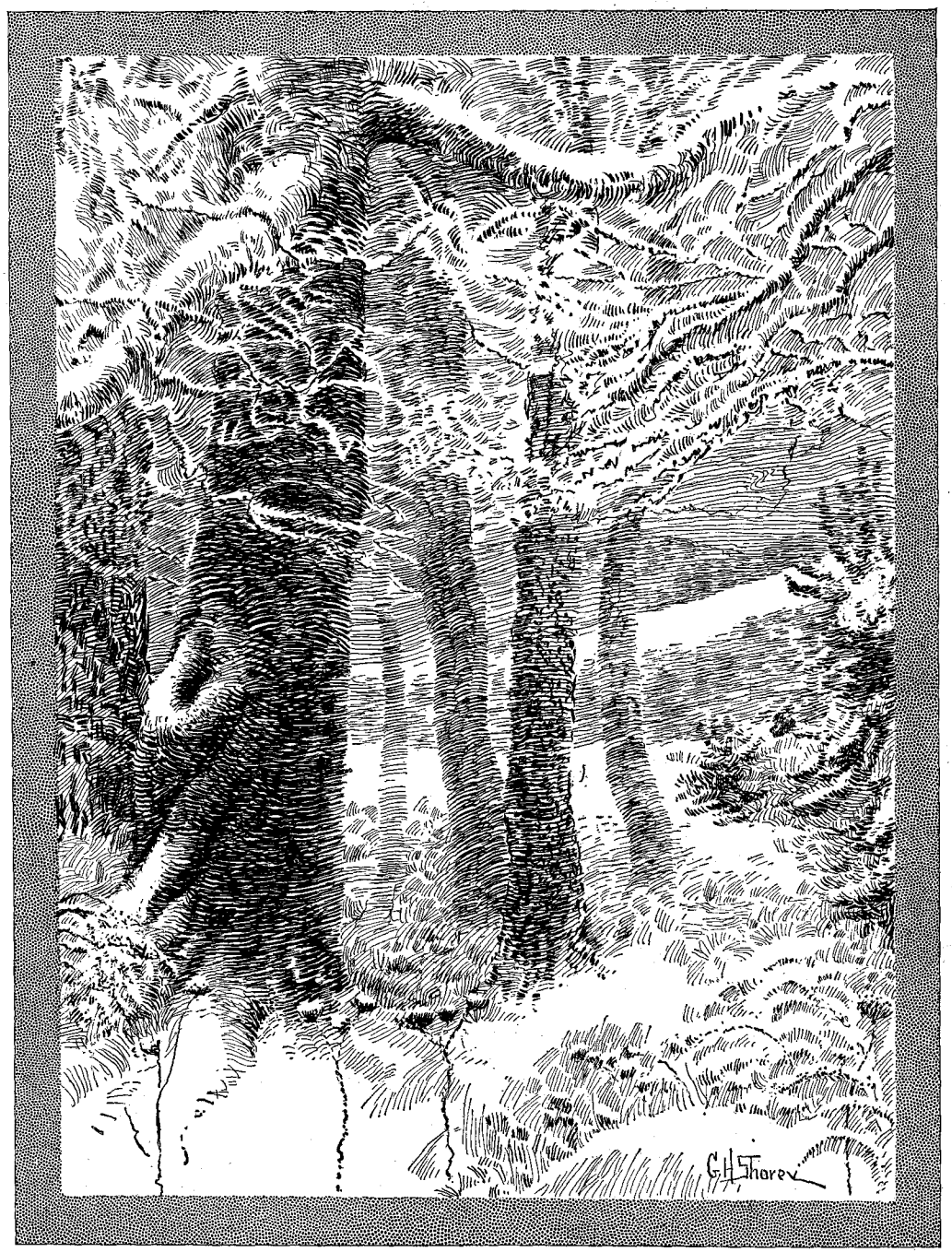

A Viking among the trees.

On the edge of the woods stands the old tree that has seen a hundred winters come and go.

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RACE

By Edward C. Venable

Author of "Pierre Vinton," "Lasca," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY DENMAN FINK

THEY lay about her around the room in a confusion to which she alone in all the world had the clew; on tables, on the walls, on the mantel-shelf, the book-shelves, and the chairs. In no direction could she look from her chair at the fire that her eyes would not rest upon one of them, pausing a portion of a second for the stir of the memory that belonged there. Fleeting, some of the memories were, and some were gay or tender or sweet, and some were as deep as her heart could hold, but none were bitter or sad. She had put all that sort away, not out of life, but out of sight, out of the daily round. The room held none of them. Once she had cried, she remembered, over the ivory fan spread on a little table by the window and afterward she had laughed at the tears, and now, when she saw the toy, she smiled, a smile that was half-way between the childish tears and the laughter of her girlhood. Many of the things were like that. They had been passionately grasped at and then ignored and were now dearly prized—with a smile. There were books that she never read and whose loss would have made a greater gap on her shelves than any she turned to every day, photographs whose scenes she had half forgotten and quite lost interest in, pictures whose workmanship would have offended her in a shop and which she carried with her always in closest intimacy. Each for her had another office than its own, that little stir of memory for some part of a second. They were links in the continuity of her own self, stretching back into the dimness where Time for her had never been. If one of these were missing, the chain would have been broken there and just so much of her life lost. For with her a consciousness of the Past was as necessary as a sense of the Future. She lived so, on a point between two infinities, Infancy and God.

She leaned back in her chair with her hands lying on the broad, carved arms looking very white and slender on the heavy black wood. She would wait long to-night. It was barely ten, and it would be one, two, maybe three, before he came. She had been used at one time to spend such hours in bed, but she could never sleep, and in the darkness the hours seemed unending, and now she had learned to wait down here among these things. They comforted her, and the darkness was unpeopled and lonely. One grew, she had found, bitter so easily, in the dark; facts stood out there so vividly against the blackness. And, worst of all, they stood alone. Each fact, each happening, every broken promise, betrayed hope, came one by one, each quite alone, to face with her. She preferred to wait down here where there was light and all could be seen together. Then there was Continuity—the sense of a progress toward an end, a meaning, some time, somewhere.

At first it had been a great matter to her how he would come—quite helpless, or stuttering, flushed, conscience-stricken, muttering excuses? For he was always plausible and kind, never brutal or coarse or truthful. Sometimes in these leaden hours she had wished for the other, for the thrill of physical fear. But now the manner of his coming meant nothing to her. Once, too, for a little while she had been weak enough to contrast this mood of waiting with an earlier one, this present apathy with the old-time, breathless expectancy, but those thoughts, like the Things that were not in the room, had been banished. The sense of living was too strong in her for such dalliance. Life had to be lived, and what could not be lived with, too, must be put away. There was no trace of such things in her sight as she sat waiting by the fire. Even on her hands there was only a single plain gold ring.

Once a friend—and even then he and

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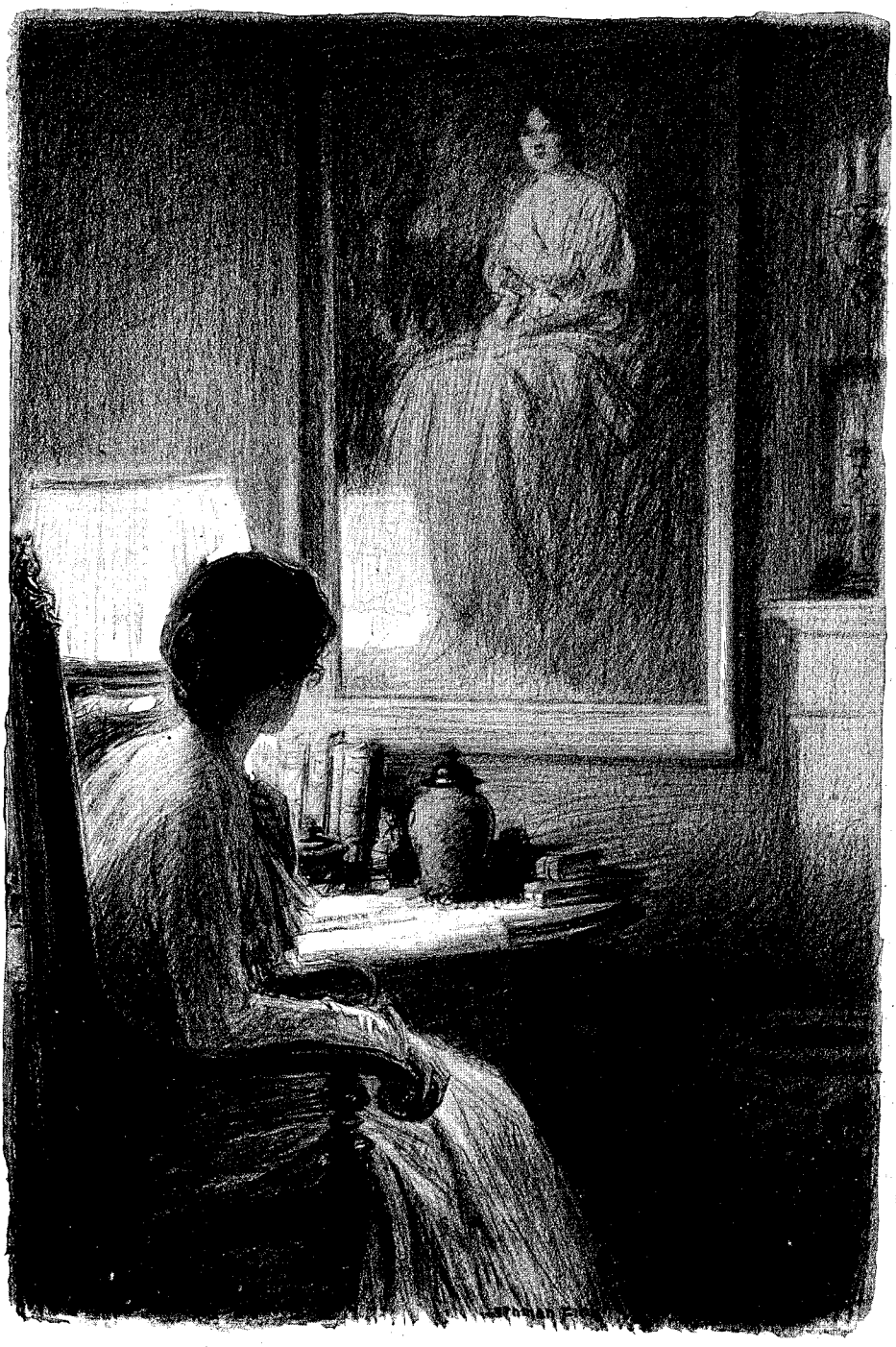

Drawn by Denman Fink.

From her chair by the fire she could look across at the portrait of her mother.—Page 304.

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she both knew that only he of all men and women had the right—once such a friend as this had asked, looking at the plain circlet, where the other with the diamonds was.

"I've put it away," she answered.

Beating his stick on the floor, he cried: "Then why not, for God's sake, take this one off, too?"

She had never answered his question. She had never been able to answer it, because it was an obvious thing, and all her life she had never thought of obvious things. That was part of her nature not to talk of obvious things, part of her dislike of all overemphasis, just as she had a soft voice, moved without hurry, or used only the faintest scents. She had heard other women talk of their desire to have children and of their love for the children they had. It was impossible for her to talk of either, as impossible as it was to talk of Social Position or of God. She shivered a little at the false note of their mention. So she had never answered the friend's question because she was entirely unprepared. While she was silent he had waited expectantly fancying she was preparing. But no answer ever came except that she was not offended.

What could he have made of the only explanation? She often pondered this question, nothing, certainly. And yet his mind was, perhaps, nearer to her than any other in the world. She had loved one man, she had been partly understood by another, and except for these and the "confidences" of adolescence she had lived quite apart. From her chair by the fire she could look across at the portrait of her mother, the full-length portrait of a young girl dressed all in white looking out into the room. This mother had died before her own memory began. The portrait was all she had known of her, and in a queer, obverse way the portrait had been enough, obverse because she had grown to understand the portrait of the girl only when she herself had outgrown girlhood.

In her childhood she had looked up at it with awe. It meant to her a great, mysterious event of which she had been told very little, as of most great, mysterious events. Later had come sentiment of a sort. She had made a little show of the picture, proud of the beauty of the pure young face and the air of the girlish pose. When love of it had come she never knew. It sometimes seemed to her that the painted face had changed as her love of it changed, becoming the face of the woman who had borne her rather than the face of the girl who was beginning to dream of love.

It was then she had changed the position of the painting. Before it had hung below stairs in the drawing-room. Now from where she sat by the fire she could put out her hand and touch the bottom of the heavy gilt frame, and the reading-lamp at her elbow was so placed that in its light the face came out of the shadows and looked down at her.

There was a likeness between her and the portrait, and, strangely, though the picture was of a girl nearly eighteen years her junior, the likeness had increased as she grew older. In her childhood it had been very faint, almost unrecognizable, and even in her early girlhood had been vague, a matter of color and bearing and not of expression, but now in her early maturity it had grown unmistakable. It was as if Life had aborted the variation and compelled by its silent processes a reversion to type. She had aided this development, too, perhaps, where she could, instinctively, almost unconsciously, by little alterations in the mode of dressing her hair and in the color of her clothes, preferring such as brought out most distinctly the resemblances of complexion and hair. But that was more the inevitable outward manifestation of a spiritual communion than a conscious effort at imitation.

If she could have visualized her inner consciousness of this portrait it would have been as a door, a door opening on a vista of the past. Not the immediate past of memory, for that was brightly lit enough by the little memorabilia of the room. The vista of the portrait was not lit by memory. She felt the presence of it as a child feels the phantom in the darkness, only without the fear of the child—with, instead, an inexpressibly comforting sense of companionship. She had often turned, during hours such as these hours now, from the brightly leaping flames at her feet to the still, lamp-lit face on the canvas, as she might have turned from unpleasant thoughts to the

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face of a friend. And the picture never seemed near to her, but always very far away, and the eyes, though tender, were more watchful, more wistfully anxious than comforting. In some strange way it was she, she fancied, whose part it was to bring comfort. Sometimes even she turned so almost involuntarily as though the anxious gaze had suddenly touched her and gave an answering smile, like a watchman's sudden "All's well" in the night-time.

And quite as instinctively she felt also that some time she in turn would look down and watch. That had been her thought when they brought her first baby and laid it in her arms and she looked down into its face; it was not the beginning of anything, it was the continuance, the renewal of an unbroken vigil. And she had taken it up with pride, that grew daily and hourly as she watched, and that lived and grew along with, but quite apart from, the love of the child. It was even greater than the love, only the pride could die, and if it should then the love would crush through the empty barrier between and flow over all. So she could have loved the child better dead than living, or an outcast than triumphant. She was not sure of that about the picture. Rather she knew that if she failed she would be ashamed to lift her eyes to the canvas.

To-night it was very late. She fancied she was drowsy and could sleep. But the breaking of a log startled her, setting her nerves taut again, listening for the sound of wheels in the street outside, the noise of a latch-key fumbling for the lock. Sleep was still then far off, and to seek it meant only the same waiting, but alone in the dark. The pages of books stared blankly at her. There was no resource—only waiting. It seemed to her that so much of living was merely waiting while the last mysterious forces of Life in Silence perfected their ends, as she had waited for the birth of her child. Living was noisy, incoherent, and wasteful, but Life was silent, powerful, inevitable.

As Death is Living suddenly translated into Life, so the portrait always seemed, there in the flickering firelight, to be a moment arrested for Eternity, a little speck of mortality that, over all, had put on Immortality. And as Eternity can have no beginning just as it has no end, she, from her tiny view-point of Actuality, gazed as she looked up at the canvas, deep into the two Infinities that bounded her Consciousness. Neither had any meaning for her. Whence she came? Whither she was bound? These were questions she had often heard asked but had never asked of herself. She did not have the questioning spirit.

Somewhere down-stairs a clock sounded once, paused, and was silent. There came faintly through the muffled windows the distant whirring of wheels in the midnight street. She sat up quickly, alert. The noise passed and died away in the distance. The alarm had made her heart beat hard; now there was a reaction of disappointment. Her nerves were on edge, too finely strung, exaggerating every sound and feeling. She glanced about her at the room to steady her balance, at the properly drawn curtains, the placing of the books, filling her mind with details of intimate household things as a sedative. There were a score of tiny changes she would make and which once made would reveal themselves to no one but herself, perhaps, but to her would be tremendous alterations. That was true of this room but of no other in the house. It was not a pretty room; she had marred it by incongruous details; and yet no servant could enter it but that she, coming after, would find necessary many little retouches to restore the harmony it had for her. Very few friends ever saw it. Her husband never entered it.

Once some one of these friends had referred to it as her cell, and she had smiled in agreement although it was not true. The room only led somewhere. Just where she did not know, but the door to this misty beyond was the portrait on the wall.

She knew nothing of her mother except the traditions of the nursery and what her own maternity had taught her, but somewhere she knew this other had watched and waited as she did, for some one, for something, a child or a lover or a sorrow. And more vaguely beyond her there were others, and yet others still and others, until they faded from her consciousness as a single, thin blade of light tapers off in

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darkness. This one plainly before her eyes in the light of the lamp was very close. She could recognize the meaning of every line in the delicate, sensitive face. Gradually the others, ever a little more blurred, lost meaning, grew unfamiliar, one by one, and coarser as they grew more distant, until she lost touch with them altogether, like rows of faces seen in the half light of a theatre. Sometimes, brooding alone by the fire, she could close her eyes and almost visualize it all so—the long rows of intent faces. And always she was herself among them, merely the most vivid figure at their head. The bright light was focussed upon her, the others silently, intently scrutinizing. Between her and them, as between an actor and his audience, she felt a hundred sympathies, understandings; out from them flowed an influence that could absorb her and back from her went to them their only consciousness of the life they watched.

It could be very vivid, for it was, all this, a part of her as her childhood was, as her first love, her motherhood were. And just as her childhood had been changed forever and irremediably by her marriage, by unhappiness, and was changed subtly by each little event of every day, so they, too, had been changed, in the degree of their nearness by these things. They were not past memories, but moments of which she, there, was the full completed hour.

All this lay beyond the room, this past which she could not remember but could feel beyond the past which she could remember. But while the little memorabilia of the room served to make more vivid the one, each touching some very nerve of her brain, the other had as aids to its realization in her consciousness only vague aversions, instincts, queer, inexplicable aversions. There, too, was absolute solitude, perhaps there only. A score of persons shared that other past, but none of them could pass beyond, not even her own child. Like an Eastern mystic, she found Nirvana only deep with her own self. And afterward always there clung about her some sense of her withdrawal. She did not have many friends.

And often some most trivial happening would bring these subtle forces to work. Once a letter, fallen from a long-unopened book, she could have fancied written by her own hand only the date was half a century before her birth; once a gesture of her child brightened her with its familiarity. This power which had entered into her, then, had emanated from her? Whither was it bound? For the first time she questioned Life. She had caught the baby up and held it in her arms, looking long into the mysterious, unfaltering eyes. Then trembling so she was afraid, she had hastily put the child down and gone her way. There was no answer, she knew, but the look would never leave her eyes again until she was among those others who watched and waited tenderly, wistfully from their mysterious Life. And after that she felt closer to them.

The room had grown cold. Without glancing at the clock on the mantel-shelf, she felt that it was an unaccustomed hour. By such little apperceptions her daily life was guided. He would come soon. It was a strange life, her own. Sometimes she wondered at her own unhappiness, for she had had at the beginning so much to make her happy. And the opportunity had not gone yet. It was still within her reach. This the world was whispering every day, teaching by example at every turning. Her right to happiness was preached to her as a sort of gospel. She listened and looked, but she could not learn. Divorce was to her, after all preaching, spiritual suicide. It cut sharp through that sense of continuity that was her vital principle. She had never thought about it at all, feeling first a repulsion too innate for her mind to conquer.

When the sound of the long-listened-for wheels in the street, of the softly opened door came to her ears, she did not move in her chair. The footsteps on the stairway came up to the hall outside and passed, pausing an instant at the door of the room. She never looked up. When all was quiet once more she rose and walked slowly to the door, glancing from side to side as she moved. At the door she stopped and turned around for a final survey. All was well. Quickly she put out the light. Even then one moment she lingered. A faint glow came still from the hearth. By it she could see the eyes of the lady in the portrait still watching her.

Then she went out quickly, closing the door behind her, shutting in there her "Forty Centuries."

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THE VOYAGE OF A VICE-CHANCELLOR

By Arthur E. Shipley

Master of Christ's College and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, England

THE following extracts are from a private diary which I wrote whilst on an extensive tour in the United States during the autumn of 1918 as a member of the British University Mission. We had been invited by the Council of Defense at Washington and were sent out under the auspices of our own Foreign Office. For more than sixty days we went up and down this vast country, travelling many thousands of miles and seeing so many universities and colleges and so many presidents and professors that those amongst us who had not hitherto had the privilege of visiting the United States formed the idea that all its cities are university cities and that all the inhabitants are professors, an idea very awful to contemplate!

The members of the Mission represented the older universities in England as well as the big municipal universities of London and of the Midlands of the North. The Scottish universities and those of Ireland were also represented.

Wednesday, October 9th. Coming up towards Sandy Hook on a perfectly placid sea we were blessed with just that amount of haze which turned Coney Island into Venice. The sea was an Adriatic lagoon; we might have left Trieste overnight! The same merciful mist changed the clear-cut outlines of the sky-scrapers into Turner's pictures, and the Boy and the Poet became ecstatic with the ecstasy of youth. On landing, the joy of the Boy on being again on "terra firma," for New York is built on a hard gneiss, was so great that he waltzed along the dock until he reached his initial and awaited with such patience as he could command the official visits of the officers of the Customs. Everything was made easy for us, and that evening we began to receive the series of ceaseless kindlinesses and unbounded hospitalities which continued all our trip.

Thursday, October 10th. Last night it was broken to me in the kindest possible way, in sympathetic terms which could not be more "tenderer," if we may quote Mr. Weller, Senior, that I am to be painted for the Harvard Club. This morning I gave the first sitting at a charming studio in Gramercy Park. I am not one who usually laughs much before noon, but the artist was so amusing and so bright that we hardly quit laughing from 9–11 A. M. The studio is decorated by a portrait on a large scale of the four Harvard Professors of Philosophy, Royce, Wm. James, Parker and Münsterberg. The last named is represented by an empty chair. It seems that his habitual insolence and "overbearichkeit" was a bit more than the artistic temperament could stand. After a few sittings he was asked to leave the studio and to stay away.

The following is queer but true. When it became clear that the United States were about to enter the War, Münsterberg petitioned the authorities to intern him in the Cambridge gaol, as he thought that there his food supply, always an important item in a German's outlook, could be more generously supplemented than elsewhere.

Friday, October 11th. Raising the liberty loan has clothed Fifth Avenue in a mass of bunting, each section being devoted to one of the Allies. The effect is very brilliant as the flags flutter in the sunny, clear breeze. Dined with the hospitable members of Harvard University at their Club and made speeches.

Saturday, October 12th. Today being Liberty Day, Mr. Wilson put on a black coat and a top hat and marched with an interminable procession down Fifth Avenue. I saw it soon after 11 A. M. and again about 4 P. M. and for all I know it may still be marching. The whole thing was impressive, but the "moment" was the

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passing of the President carrying a small flag. One could not help reflecting on the power of good it would do if the Pope would put on a black coat and a top hat and walked down the Corso, in Rome. Such things seem to bring folk together.

Sunday, October 13th. Motored some forty miles up the Hudson, a brilliant day in all senses.

Monday, October 14th. We left in the afternoon for Washington and dined on the train. We made no speeches.

Tuesday, October 15th. After lunch President Wilson received us and very cordially asked us to lunch on Thursday, 17th Oct. After leaving him we spent a couple of hours with Bishop Shahan at the great Roman Catholic University, where amongst many things we saw a fully equipped and entirely modern Chemical Laboratory, as large or almost as large as any in Great Britain. In this worked monks and priests of most of the religious orders.

Wednesday, October 16th. After a conference in the morning on Education, with the authorities of the War Department, we embarked on the Admiralty Yacht "Sylph" and left for Mount Vernon. It was a perfect Autumn afternoon and the brilliancy of the fading Autumn leaves was reflected in the still waters of the Potomac. Their colours were so blended that we could only wonder at the beauty of the scene, but our hosts were by no means satisfied. They apologized for the absence of certain red tints, which they attributed to a cold spell in September which had caused the fading foliage to skip one stage in its colour diminuendo. As the poet has pointed out "there's beauty in the colour of decay" but it was obvious that there is more beauty if the decay be gradual and not unduly hastened by cold spells.

As we came opposite to Washington's house the flag was lowered, a bell tolled and the ship's bugler sounded the "Last Post." A Naval Officer on the "Sylph" told me that this touching tribute to a great gentleman dated back to 1812 when the British Admiral of a fleet sent to fight Washington's countrymen as he passed Mount Vernon on his way up the Potomac to shell the Federal Capital saluted the grave of the first President with this usage, which has ever after been followed. Well, sailors always were gentlemen.*

The charm of the house, of the garden, of the several views both inland and riverwards was multiplied by the beauty of the afternoon, and we left as sundown was setting in, with buzzards circling over us and a solitary blue heron standing on one leg on a grassy islet near the landing stage.

Thursday, October 17th. Today we lunched with the President and Mrs. Wilson. Both were extremely cordial and friendly and did us the quite unusual honour of detaining us two hours. Later some of us visited the Carnegie Institute and tried to grasp the almost incredible variety of its many activities and the quite incredible number of dollars it administers. Later in the day the Trustees of the Carnegie Institute gave a banquet at the Washington Hotel where we met a couple of hundred of the most distinguished men in Washington. Here the speeches reached a climax, for they began with the melons. I spoke before the soup was served, and had to leave out quite a lot of points as I had expected to give an *after*-dinner speech. Whenever the band could be induced to pause for a moment some one made a speech, and there were so many, and so many of us lacked what the Railway folk call "terminal facilities" that we had well nigh three hours of speeches, mitigated by a very good dinner.

Friday, October 18th. Today we spent at Baltimore, and here perhaps we came across more evidence of the terrible plague which this Autumn is decimating the land than we had till now met with. At Baltimore we visited the new University buildings, new since I had been there. A fine set of libraries and laboratories built of a pleasant light-red brick with ample windows. There had been the usual fight between the people who were to use the buildings and the architects who designed them. In Johns Hopkins the Professors won and the university rooms and windows are large and let in floods of light.

We lunched at the Country Club beside the Golf Course and made speeches. It was four P. M. before we rose to hurry off for an interview which Cardinal Gib-

* Germans alone excepted.

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bons had promised us. His Eminence was a refined and kindly old man, 83 years of age, yet with strength and courage and truth in his face, just the sort of saint to steady the nerves and bring hope to the heart of a sorely stricken and largely ignorant population. He told us that he was the youngest prelate at the Vatican Council in 1870, and that now he was the oldest Roman Catholic bishop alive. He also told us that the celebration in honour of the centenary of his election to the Bench had just been postponed owing to the pestilence, and somehow he gave me the impression that he was not altogether sorry.

We were "off to Philadelphia in the evening."

Saturday, October 19th. In the morning we motored to the studio, in the University, of Tait Mackenzie, whose sculptures go from strength to strength. He is modelling a group of men going over the top, the finest war memorial I have yet seen. Later we visited the University Art Museum, full of beautiful things, beautifully displayed. The Museum has a circular auditorium of novel and stately proportions and with perfect accoustic properties. We lunched at Houston Hall with the faculty and made innumerable speeches; one from the Provost, a very charming Provost, contained some quite plain speaking about the way the old Universities in Great Britain had kept their door shut to foreign students; this and further criticism after dinner, when we all spoke over again, has set us all thinking.

In the afternoon we motored to the Quaker College of Swarthmore, a co-educational institution in which the education is not left out. As in other places, the buildings were set on a hill in vast grounds and the College is lavishly equipped. For instance there is a large open-air theatre, a fine swimming bath and an observatory with a 24 in. lens telescope, a finer instrument than exists in Ireland, as our astronomical member told us, and many other features hard to find in a boys' and girls' College in our country.

Sunday, October 20th. Spent part of the morning, where we lunched, at Tait Mackenzie's studio in his charming house. The Boy, who has for some days been suffering from suppressed music, obtained a certain temporary measure of relief at their grand piano. In the afternoon we visited some dear old colonial churches in which Washington worshipped and then by way of contrast we went to a great magnate's palace and saw the finest private collection of pictures I have yet seen.

Monday, October 21st. The Admiral in command of the shipbuilding at Hog Island took us over his yards. Fifteen months ago students from the university were botanying on this swampy site. To-day there are forty slips, and seventy miles of railway track in the yards, 30,000 workmen, who with their families are housed in hundreds of dwellings which have sprung from the seafoam in the course of a few months. There are also numerous hotels and clubs for the unmarried hands. Here we met a camouflager, who "allowed," as I had seen in New York, that much more blue was used on their ships than on ours. He also told us that the design was by no means haphazard, but carefully thought out and drawn on paper before being adopted. [Each ship has a model and unless the camouflage succeeded in deceiving the enemy by a certain number of points in the compass—I suppose the Censor won't let me say how many—it was rejected altogether or revised.]

Later in the morning we motored to Bryn Mawr which was as charming as ever. Here we lunched and then went on to Haverford, an old home of mine, which with the Brown University at Providence, R. I., and doubtless others, has rejected the gilded unsectarianism of Mr. Carnegie. We dined at the Arts Club with the Director of the Drexel Institute, who had the happy idea of asking each of us to speak about ourselves. Never have we spoken better!

Tuesday, October 22d. We had a quiet day at Princeton, a really restful one. In the morning we visited some of the numerous departments turned into war-work, especially those connected with aircraft, for Princeton has specialized in this branch. After an informal lunch with my host at my old Princeton home—we had two hours to ourselves, a great boon in these hurried days. Then we attended a

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Review, the President taking the salute and afterwards a short formal meeting in Nassau Hall with the Faculty. This was a very dignified proceeding. The speeches were short and to the point. It was a memorable day. Fifty years ago President McCosh, whose name you can still conjure with, took over the guidance of what was then a much smaller institution.

Five years ago to the day I had the honour of taking part in the opening exercises of the magnificent post-graduate college, now the home of the Paymasters of the Fleet. But these anniversaries are as nothing compared to the fact that over the Hall in which we met, the British flag was floating where it had not floated for 177 years!

Thursday, October 24th. Our visit to Yale was another restful one. In the two laboratories I visited, the pathological and the biological, I was impressed both by the thoroughness and the originality of the researches being carried on. Here as at other American universities there is ample room and a most cordial welcome awaiting the British graduate who wishes to study on lines hitherto hardly touched on in our Island.

Friday, October 25th. The President had in the most kindly fashion arranged a short conference between the Faculty and the members of the Commission. This my colleagues tell me was one of the most helpful meetings which had as yet taken place; unfortunately before it was more than half way through I more or less collapsed. The incessant strain of meeting hundreds of hospitable hosts each day, and constant speeches and the eternal lack of sleep, had proved too much for more than one of us. I retired to the handsome library of the comfortable club which put us up, a library where that blessed word "Silence" is not only enjoined but exercised, and fell asleep in an armchair. On waking I decided, to my great regret, to omit Amherst, Smith, and other colleges, and go straight to Boston. Here I took refuge with an old Cambridge friend in the quietest of hotels inhabited by great numbers of dear old mid-Victorian ladies who justified the proud boast of the proprietor that no one ever dies in his hotel. (On arrival I went to bed.)

Saturday, October 26th. Slept.

Sunday, October 27th. In the afternoon went out to the hospitable house of the President at Cambridge. On the way our most kindly guide and his wife drove us out to Concord through autumn-coloured roads and country lanes. We saw the homes of Hawthorne and Emerson. It was interesting to learn that the son of the latter, Dr. Emerson, was still living in his father's village, just as it is to know that Longfellow's daughter is still living in her father's stately house just around the corner from the President's house. We saw standing at the foot of the bridge the virile statue by a Concord sculptor of the young farmer who fired the first shot in the War of Revolution inscribed with these lines:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."
19th April, 1775.

We also read on the battle field of Concord a touching tribute to our soldiers:

"They came three thousand miles and died,
To keep the past upon its throne,
Unheard beyond the ocean tide,
Their English Mother made her moan."
April 19th, 1775.

On the way home we stopped at the old cemetery at Sleepy Hollow where in peaceful setting Emerson and Longfellow lie. The sun was setting, a light autumn mist veiled all sharp outlines, it was four-thirty on a Sunday afternoon, a time when one's vitality is at its lowest, a time when at home I always read Thompson's "City of Dreadful Night." I felt at peace with the world and in complete harmony with tombs.

Monday, October 28th. Early in the morning we visited Tufts College pleasantly set on a hill. At 11 A. M. I lectured to some 700 students in khaki on some of the inconveniences they may meet at the front. Nobody coughed. The great crowds of splendid youths we meet everywhere seem almost overwhelming, full of fun, working hard and deadly in earnest. At least half of them everywhere are in sailor's uniform and are apparently in training for commissions though how such thousands are to find ships is difficult to

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imagine. Of course, many of them are specializing in such subjects as sea-planes, wireless, etc.

Tuesday, October 29th. This morning we visited Boston College, a Jesuit College, which grants degrees. As usual the buildings are placed on a hill commanding beautiful views of river, lake, mountain and city, the outline of the last named tempered by distance. All this we saw from a roof garden. On descending in the elevator I noticed with envy that it was fitted with a mechanism, which if Mr. Edison could but fit on all politicians, orators and after-dinner speakers, would save an immense amount of time and enable us to get on with the War. The mechanism enables the lift to record: "This elevator automatically closes itself within 30 seconds."

The chapel, and indeed all the buildings, were stately, well-proportioned and satisfied the eye. The inside decorations were exceptionally beautiful and some of the more satisfying and restful were the work of one of the Fathers. An elderly priest seemed to take an especial and solicitous interest in me, and after a time he confided in me that though he had met many Oxford men I was the first Cambridge man he had ever seen. He watched over me as if I was an unique specimen and before we left gave me to understand that this singular experience had greatly widened his outlook on life.

On the way home I was pleased to find that the President was using and had used for years the Cambridge Pocket Diary. As the originator and for some years the author of that modest tome I felt a certain degree of pride. During the afternoon we met the faculty in their Hall and had many helpful talks.

Wednesday, October 30th. Yesterday it was 80 degrees in the shade and at 8 this morning it was already 70 degrees. The heat is indeed overwhelming. We are assured it is unusual, but except in the Tropics the weather seems to me to be always and everywhere unusual. The wife of our host took us to see "The House of the Seven Gables" at Salem. This is a delightful place and is maintained with the same pious and thoughtful care as is Mount Vernon. The whole arrangement recalled the merchants' houses at King's Lynn, for behind the house was a garden running down to the water's edge where the schooners used to anchor and in the garden was a counting-house.

The headlines of the newspapers are as large as ever but not so quaintly phrased. However, I have just come across an old copy of a southern newspaper which records the capture of Nazareth in the following words:

"British Capture Christ's Home Town."

We left in the evening for Montreal, travelling luxuriously in the private car of the Governor-General, who had kindly placed it at our service.

Thursday, October 31st. All Hallowe'en. At Montreal after being received by the President of the Faculty in the Library of McGill University we went banking and shopping. Later in the day we visited the art museum and some private collections. A former pupil of mine is doing a great work in Montreal in getting together and setting out admirably great and varied collections of artistic objects. Like so many students of the biological sciences he has a real feeling for colour and form.

Friday, November, 1st. All Saints Day. In the morning some of us visited the MacDonald College of Agriculture near St. Anne's, a very efficient and as usual completely equipped institution. In the afternoon we went to three of the buildings amongst the dozen which scattered about in the French Quarter of the City constitute the Roman Catholic University of Laval. A second half of this great institution is in Quebec and just at present there is a movement on foot to separate one from another. We saw the Schools of Commerce, of Veterinary Science and of Dentistry. The students of the last two have proved invaluable at the front. At Laval the lectures are in French and it is primarily, tho not exclusively, the University of the French-Canadian.

In the evening the Boy and I dined with one or two of the big men in Montreal and listened to some lively criticisms as to the men in the Dominions the British Government "delighted to honour." I tried to assure them that the Dominion did not suffer alone.

Saturday, November 2d. We left early

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for Ottawa, arriving at that "proud city of the Waters" soon after noon. The Governor-General gave us lunch at the new and magnificent Château-Laurier Hotel and here we met the Premier, upon whom I had conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. less than five months ago. Laurier as well as many of the present Cabinet Ministers were there but there were few speeches. We had tea with the Duke and Duchess at Rideau Hall, dinner at the Country Club where Bishop, the Canadian "ace," was also dining, a truly marvellous airman who has brought down fifty Huns.

Sunday, November 3d. Reached Toronto quite early in the morning after a somewhat chequered night. I spent most of the day with the mothers and friends of some of the Canadian officers who had stayed during the last four years at my Lodge. We had tea at the house of one of the leading financial authorities of the country who is however more proud of the beauty of his Bank's banknotes than of his outstanding business ability. He thinks they will live and certainly they ought to. To most folk the beauty of a banknote is in direct proportion to the dominant cypher and they seldom look beyond this, yet they should dwell on the charm of the portrait of Martha Washington on some of the U. S. issues.

Monday, November 4th. This was really a great day for us. We saw something of the magnificent buildings of the university with their complete equipment in every department. We had a helpful talk with the Faculty and learned much about the largest and wealthiest of the great Canadian Universities. Toronto is co-educational. They have the most absolute and the fullest equalities of the sexes and the ladies have the front seats in the lecture room. Immediately after lunch we were received by the Mayor and made speeches to the Corporation. The Mayor was kindness itself, and showered us with gifts, culminating in lovely silken Canadian flags. We dined at a charming club as the guests of the University. I sat between the Governor and the Premier of the Province, and here we were delighted by meeting again the unveiler of the recently erected statue to Lincoln at Springfield, Ill. We all made speeches.

Tuesday, November 5th. Guy Fawkes Day. We went to bed this morning before one o'clock, and got up at 6.30 to start for Niagara. We had as ever perfect weather and many picturesque views of streams, lakes, and woods. Hitherto I have always visited Niagara from the American side and this is I think the better course. Coming first to the Canadian side the views are less impressive. The Falls are much as they used to be and do not seem to have changed in the last thirty years. The Victoria Park on the Canadian side and the park on the American side and on Goat Island and the new hotels have however vastly improved the amenities of the section. On the other hand, the factories, power houses, etc., which desecrate the cliffs between the Falls and the Rapids grow in number and in horror.

We left in the late afternoon for Windsor and here we left our comfortable private car. Those of us however who had comfortable beds would not tear ourselves from Canadian soil and remained in the car, the rest of us continued in the train which embarked on a ferry, the ferry crossed the Detroit river and at 2 A. M. we were at home in one of the most comfortable of the many hotels we lodged at during our tour.

Wednesday, November 6th. Some of our party got up early and visited Mr. Ford's works. I did not. After all they did not see the works but heard quite a lot about them from one of the chief managers. The works are on a large scale and the workmen receive a minimum of five dollars a day. In addition to this their morals are carefully scrutinized. A woman cannot give her husband a black eye without Mr. Ford being phoned up and he at once adjusts the domestic difference.

At mid-day we left for Ann Arbor and here we spent a delightful four and twenty hours. One of the most inspiring sights we had seen was the march past of some two to three thousand men in khaki and sailor's kit. They were simply splendid as they moved on to the tune of the Michigan march familiar to our ears through Sousa's Band. Ann Arbor is the oldest and most renowned of the State Universities, and it was with peculiar pleasure and

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pride that we received at the hands of the genial and friendly President the distinction of honorable degrees. The ceremony was simple and most dignified. We were each presented in short but graceful speeches by the Professor of Philosophy spoken in English. Latin would have saved many of our blushes. I was interested to learn that the University employs five "whole-time" Doctors to look after the health of the students. For the payment of about $5. a year each student at American Universities and Colleges receives free medical attendance, free medicine and free treatment at one of the University hospitals. Ann Arbor has a very large medical school.

Thursday, November 7th. Peace, as the Armistice is called here, was declared at about 1.30 P. M. Ann Arbor is a small city and took the news calmly. The corner boy, that almost extinct mammal, continued to decorate his corner undismayed. But it was otherwise on the train. Passengers from Detroit told us that all work had ceased, all the factories had emptied, all the whistles and hooters were whistling and hooting, and all the flags were flying. The news seemed so overwhelming that it interfered with reason. Of course, Peace couldn't and didn't come like this, but the only one on the train who showed a reasonable apprehension of events was the elderly conductor who said to me in an inimitable drawl: "Yes, sir, we're celebrating the news of Peace on every section of this line, *but it ain't confirmed.*"

Friday, November 8th. We spent today at the University of Chicago. This is one of the youngest, one of the most original of the United States Universities. Youth accounts for much of this originality, President Harper—he was President of Chicago when first I visited it—accounted for more. Youth is also responsible for the fact that though at other centres there may be single buildings more stately and more beautiful than any at Chicago, it is on the whole the most complete and most uniform in its architecture.

Monday, November 11th. "Peace hath murdered Sleep." Hardly had we dozed off than we were awakened at 2 A. M. by a most infernal din. "Peace," as they will call an armistice, seemed to have been declared again. We were naturally sceptical but being sceptical in bed whilst a million and a half were credulous and are outside doesn't bring sleep. The noise was overwhelming. All that night and all next day and most of the next night the hooters hooted, the whistles whistled, the sirens sirened, brass utensils crashed, tin-trumpets brayed, people yelled, motors rushed about with tin-can accompaniments, boys banged boxes, grown-up men frantically beat iron telegraph posts with crow-bars, every conceivable instrument was beaten, blown or twanged. But the hooters were the worst; they seemed to have an uncanny quality about them and as they moaned and boomed and shrieked they seemed to come into your room and you felt as though you could touch them.

The parading people were excited but good natured and friendly. An elderly divine who took part in these nocturnal celebrations told us next morning that quite respectable ladies had put feathers down his neck, and he added that after a time "one got quite used to it."

In the morning the noise increased. Thousands of lorries and motors pervaded the city packed with children and women, the latter by now beginning to look like Sisters of Mercy after a bump-supper. A peculiar manifestation of the enthusiasm of the people was the casting out from every window innumerable scraps of paper which blackened the skies and whitened the ground. It cost the City of New York $85,000 to clear up their paper-litter after their dress-rehearsal last Thursday!

To-day we visited the North Western University. Like many others it has certain of its Departments in the City, such as the Medical, the Commercial, the Dental, and the Legal. We had time only to visit the last two and found them well-equipped and well-staffed. There is even in the last named a complete replica of a Law Court and here the students try cases. I don't know whether I am more afraid of dentists or of lawyers, I suppose one is a physical and the other a moral fear, but I was glad to find myself on the way to Evanston some twelve miles north of Chicago where the main buildings of the

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North Western State University are situate. Our progress was impeded by parades, all the schools, all the organized Societies paraded and all made as much noise as they could. Finally, however, we arrived at the Campus, beautifully placed on the shores of the lake. We found here the same freshness of view, and belief in the future, the same numerous staff and adequate equipment that we had found elsewhere, but there seems always some new and original feature in each new institution we visit and at the North Western University we found a large building entirely devoted to Oratory. Any future Mission to this country before embarking on its career of speeches might well take a short course of Oratory at Evanston. After a comforting lunch at the charming University Club, which was somewhat prolonged by all of us making speeches, we returned to Chicago.

We dined this evening with the Association of the Presidents of State Universities. I was so tired that like the late Lord Hartington I nearly fell asleep during my own speech and I could not help dozing off again and again during those of my colleagues. Each time I lost consciousness I had a strange dream and it recurred again and again. I dreamed that I had heard it all before.

Tuesday, November 12th. The members of the University Club where we were lodged, whose hospitality is boundless, gave us a sumptuous lunch in their great dining-room which is a replica of Crosby Hall seen under a lens.

In the afternoon we attended a Meeting of the Presidents of State Universities and amongst other good things heard a masterly and witty Address from the President of Berkeley University.

Wednesday, November 13th. We left before eight for Madison which is the capital of Wisconsin, and the seat of one of the best known and most celebrated of the State Universities of the middle west. The University is set on a hill and a mile to the north on another hill the famed Capitol is set. The latter is built of a white granite resembling marble. The building is cruciform and crowned by a dome as noble as that of St. Paul's would be if the latter was clean; it is also a trifle higher. Many of the Professors hold executive positions under the Government, and this happy combination of knowledge with statescraft seems to promote the welfare both of the commonwealth and of the University.

The weather was perfect, the sun blazing hot and the air as crisp as Switzerland's. We went an enchanting drive along the shores of the two lakes, Mendota and Monona, which flank the two hills. Their waters are as blue as those of the Grotto at Capri. We then attended a conference, important and heartening, but it hindered me from seeing all but the tail of a most brilliant sunset. The Boy saw it all and I was jealous.

We had a banquet with speeches in the evening in the spacious dining-room of the Madison Club where we are being housed. It is a delightful home and never have any of us revelled so much in perfect quiet and perfect views.

Thursday, November 14th. I and the Boy visited a few of the many Departments of the University, the Zoological, Botanical and Geological Laboratories and those of the Institutes of Plant Physiology and Plant Pathology. At Madison I saw the results of certain experiments which seemed to prove the inheritance of acquired characters, so often doubted. The experiments are not completed and of course there may be some flaw in the deductions but to me they seemed conclusive, at any rate for the four generations which up till now form the basis of the experiment. After dining with the President we left for Minneapolis.

They do not pay in this country their Professors or their University Presidents enough. Perhaps it is because there are so many of them. At Universities not perceptibly larger than Cambridge the teaching staff will be bigger than the whole "Electoral Roll." Their stipends are as low, in some cases even lower than in Great Britain, and yet in normal times the expense of living is higher. Well it is the old, old story:— "The cheapest thing going today," says the Satirist, "is education." "I pay my cook," said Crates, "four pounds a year; but a philosopher can be hired for about sixpence and a tutor for three-half-pence." "So today," writes Erasmus, "a man stands aghast at the thought of paying for

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his boy's education a sum which would buy a foal or hire a farm-servant." "Frugality! it is another name for madness!"

Friday, November 15th. At the State University of Minnesota we were received at a Convocation held in the Armoury, no other building being large enough to seat the thousands who had come to welcome us. There were addresses and three of us made speeches which were listened to with the utmost patience and sympathy but the 'note' of the ceremony was the music supplied by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. This was really magnificent. The Boy and I stayed with the President who with all our hosts was most kind in seeing that we had some sorely needed rest. In the late afternoon we had a very 'nourishing' discussion with the faculty and the executive officers and made a few short speeches after dining with them in the Ladies' Building.

Saturday, November 16th. I visited the Zoological Department and found amongst its many admirable features an aquarium half as large as that of the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth, a "beavery" where young beavers were building dams and a Cinematograph Theatre fully equipped. The teachers make their own 'movie' films. After a most pleasant luncheon with many of the Professors, the Boy went to a Wisconsin v. Minnesota football match. I did not, my attitude towards athletics being that of the Rhodes scholar whose certificate from his home University testified "that whilst he excelled in none he was sympathetic towards all."

In the evening a reception took place in our honour at the President's House. We were introduced to and shook hands with some twelve hundred guests. This took some hours and the net result was that whilst our reason reeled, we seemed to have given pleasure to a great crowd of kindly folk, at any rate they were polite enough to say so.

Sunday, November 17th. In the morning I visited a famous private Art Collection with some wonderful Chinese curios and some fine pictures.

This city though slightly south of Ottawa and Montreal and very slightly east of Des Moines,—it is on the 45°,—parallel, is the most northerly and until we reach Houston, Texas, the most westerly point of our journey. We now turn south and "nightly pitch our moving tent a day's march nearer home." In the evening we boarded the train for Des Moines, Iowa.

Monday, November 18th. I was rather apprehensive about visiting Iowa, as some Iowans we ran across in Minneapolis were so devoted to liberty that they seemed anxious to add to their own stock by taking it away from everyone else. However Iowa turned out to be all right.

The object of our going to Des Moines was to visit the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Ames some thirty-five miles north of the Capital City. Here it was impossible to visit more than the Veterinary School and the Entomological Department. In the latter I went through part of a well known Collection of Mites, and here I met with the first instance I had ever come across of a pathogenic organism conveyed to a plant (the beetroot) by the bite of an Insect (a leaf-hopper *Eutettix tenella* Baker). This "is the first plant disease definitely determined to be entirely dependent upon a specific insect for transmission." Like the yellow-fever pathogenic organism, that of the curly-leaf disease of Beets is ultra-microscopic. The insect only conveys the disease if it has fed upon a diseased beet, but a single bite of an infected leaf-hopper will infect the whole plant, and the disease only occurs in the beet when bitten by this one species of insect, further it takes two weeks after the puncture to develop. Also the insect is not capable of conveying the disease at once, it must have an incubation period within the body of the insect of at least twenty-four hours, often forty-eight. Thus this disease runs a course very similar to insect-borne protozoal diseases in animals. A somewhat similar history is now being worked out in a potato disease. These researches open up an entirely new field in plant pathology, and must prove of the greatest economic value to the agriculturist.

The members of the Des Moines Club put us up during our stay in the capital city, and in the evening gave us one of the best dinners we had received in this land of dinners. We left them feeling

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as the tablets say in our redecorated churches "enlarged, restored and beautified," and making our way to the train started for St. Louis.

Tuesday, November 19th. The Chancellors and the other University authorities at St. Louis were most considerate and though placing themselves wholly at our disposal left much of the time to ourselves. Washington University is finely situate on rising ground with spacious views, some five miles from the centre of the city. It is approached through a fine park, the site of the World's Fair in 1904. The entrance is both beautiful and imposing, a broad series of low steps leading one up to the central gateway. All the buildings are planned by one architect, are built of the same red granite—a local stone—and on the same style, so that here even more so than at Chicago the campus has a unified charm rare in American universities. The University authorities gave us a sumptuous dinner, and although we said we would not make speeches, but just say a word or two, at the end the Chancellor said he trembled to think what would have happened if we *had* made speeches.

Wednesday, November 20th. We spent the morning at the Medical School and Hospital. These two institutions are practically one, and only some four years old. Everything is of the best and only to be equalled by such modern temples of healing as that of the University of Cincinnati, where, curiously enough, the Mayor of the town appoints the members of the Board of Regents. Such a complete hospital with a medical school at its disposal, or such a complete medical school with a hospital at its disposal—one does not quite know which way to put it—is unknown with us. Every patient can be analyzed, measured, rayed, tested with all the latest appliances of science, and the medical student is trained in them all, but when he becomes the practicing doctor in some small town or remote village what can he do in this way even though, and this is never the case, his patient could afford such refined treatment? Well, they must do the best they can and they must not envy the more fortunate folk at St. Louis.

We are beginning to come across the problem of the colored people. At Chicago black and white lie in the same wards, but at St. Louis the patients do not mingle beyond the out-patient department, and further south they do not mingle at all. The black troops have fought gallantly. The Germans have complained about our fighting with colored troops, but they have done far worse, they have been fighting with German troops. The other day a darky soldier tried to break out of a camp in the South to see his folk, and after some dispute with the sentry, who told him he would be shot if he persisted, he replied, "Boss, t'ain' no sort o' use you stan'in' dere, cause I gwine *out*. I got a maw in Hebben an' a pa in Hell an' a sister in Memphis, an' I gwine see one of 'em dis night."

Later in the day we visited the Missouri Botanical Garden, presented and endowed by an Englishman, Mr. Henry Shaw, who had made a large fortune in hardware. The gardens cover an area of 125 acres, and there are grown some 11,000 species of plants.

In the evening we left for Lexington, Kentucky.

Thursday, November 21st. Everywhere had we been received well, but at Lexington there was a warm-heartedness about our hosts which made us feel at once inhabitants of "My Old Kentucky Home." We motored out some twenty miles to the Shaker Village, where we fed on the dishes of the South, and very good dishes, too, in a stately house with well proportioned rooms, and the date 1817 over the lintel of the front door. On the road we passed what we had not passed before, the homes of country gentlemen who live in them, and do not merely spend a "week-end" in them. They breed race horses and race them, and raise tobacco and smoke it; in fact, Lexington is a social and a trading centre. This possibly accounts for the excellency of the first-rate hotel where we were housed.

On returning we saw something of the University buildings, and inspected the Students' Army Training Corps, now all eager to get out of khaki. At dinner we were cheered by nigger minstrelsy and by a minimum of speeches. Afterwards we had a discussion with some of the Governors and members of the faculty. The

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value of these discussions is always inversely proportional to the size of the meeting. At Lexington the meeting was small.

Friday, November 22d. After a hurried visit to the University Farm and to the Schools of Agriculture and Engineering we left in the morning for New Orleans, sorry to say Good-bye to Kentucky.

All the day and all the night we traversed Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, until on—

Saturday, November 24th till Saturday, December 7th we pulled about noon, into the depot at New Orleans. Most of the morning we had been crossing great arms of the sea, mouths of the Mississippi, or skirting inland waterways, bayous. One wished we would see an alligator.

We were disappointed with the weather on our visit to the South. During most of the week we spent there the weather was cold and wet, but we had one glorious day in New Orleans and another of typical Texan weather at Houston. Of all the cities we had yet visited, New Orleans was in many respects the most picturesque and attractive. The great boulevards, with grass-plots down the center and palms on the sides, flanked by noble houses with uncloistered gardens full of semi-tropical plants, attracted our attention even more than did the University, of which indeed we saw comparatively little. At Houston, on the other hand, we spent several days at the Rice Institute, a new and noble foundation. One may here remark in passing that the establishment of these newer centres of learning serve to stimulate their local rivals, and we were pleased to learn that the State University of Texas is to receive this financial year an additional appropriation.

We traveled from Houston to Boston without a break, and in so hurried a journey one recollects little but a magnificent sunset in Alabama, and the fact that in Georgia the Legislature had forbidden all tipping. However, the kindly directors of the Southern railways had the care of their employees at heart, and so organized our passage through that State that it took place between meals.

Our second visit to Boston, where we met and took part in the formal meetings of the Association of American University Presidents and Deans, was the end-up of our most instructive tour.

At this point, I call to mind the story of an elderly Highland divine, a man of blameless character, who went as padre to a Highland regiment at the front. He was one of those unhappy men who was convinced that he was going to be eternally damned, and every now and then this consciousness of doom became too much for him, and he used to seek sympathy by explaining his predicament to any one he could get hold of. On one occasion he finished up his address to a fair-haired young subaltern in the lines by saying, "I veritably believe I am the wickedest man in France." The subaltern replied, "But you must remember, sir, what a deuce of a good time you must have had." Well, we are going back to Europe, and we shall "remember what a deuce of a good time" we have had in this country.

REMEMBERING

By G. O. Warren

THE others will forget, but you perchance
Remembering, will entreat my prisoned shade
For one word more, and then will veil your face
Lest you should see too much, lest I should fade

Affrighted and be lost within the night.
Hearing you I shall knock, and if the sod
Will part for me, I shall arise like spring,
And lean, and whisper—then sink back to God.

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OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

LOG-BOOK OF CHARLOTTE AMALIA CLIFFORD

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

S. S. *Diana*, January 28, 1918.

AT Antigua we anchored and took a steam-launch to see the town, where we visited a very fine sugar-cane factory, watching the whole process from the cane-field to the market. We did not land at Guadeloupe, the hour not being favorable and the stay being too brief to compensate for the effort involved. But this morning at eight we approached Dominica, the largest of the Leeward group, the loftiest of the Lesser Antilles, and the loveliest—if one could or ought to make comparison—the loveliest of the West Indian Isles. The guide-book calls it "The Caribbean Wonderland," and Dolly and I were not disposed to quarrel with the phrase, after hanging over the deck-rail for an hour before breakfast and marvelling at the beauty of the view. Mountains shimmered in the distance like visions seen in dreams, mountains like towering emeralds springing from a sapphire sea! We passed tiny hamlets, half hidden in lime orchards, and cocoa-groves with yellow patches of cane gleaming here and there against a background of forest. As we drew nearer we could see white torrents dashing tempestuously down through green valleys, for Dominica has a too plenteous water-supply, since in some districts three hundred inches a year is the average rainfall. It rained seven times in the three hours that we passed on shore, but the showers were gentle ones, and we found generous shelter in the wonderful Botanical Garden, where we spent most of our time.

Nature is sometimes a kindly mother; often she wears a tragic mask, and now and then she indulges in melodrama; but I never conceived the possibility of her having a sense of humor until we witnessed her freakish mood in the Dominica garden. There were the usual varieties of magnificent palms and brilliant flowering shrubs; but the joy of joys was the sausage-tree, around which we walked in helpless mirth at the incredible veracity of the imitation. It reached a goodly height, and had a splendid girth and circumference of shade; but no factory in Bologna or Frankfort, or any other possible birthplace of the sausage, could rival this amazing, this funny, tree in fertility. Its product was just a trifle large, save for the omnivorous lover of sausage; but in other respects it was a faithful copy of the original—unless, indeed, the first sausage-maker borrowed the idea from the tree, instead of the other way about. These vegetable sausages hung in hundreds of strings and festoons and clusters from the topmost to the lowest branches. Because of the way they hung, the way they were strung, their shape and color, and the very manner in which the skin was neatly drawn over each one and fastened, no one possessing a sense of the ridiculous but would sit down under the tree and laugh at the joke. Oddly enough we could find no pictorial post-card of this phenomenon to bring home for the enlivening of winter evenings, though we bought a capital one of the cannon-ball tree, just as unique in its way but not so absurd.

Dorothea was enchanted with Dominica, and kept exclaiming every few minutes: "Oh, if only Great Britain would sell us this island! I think I'd choose to live in Dominica, because if I had a sausage-tree in my garden I should laugh every day, and the children wouldn't need any playthings."

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S. S. *Diana*, February 1, 1918.

We have had a glimpse of France through a day at Martinique. The principal feature of our visit was a wild motor-drive up an eighteen-hundred-foot mountain. It was a steady climb from glory to glory, with tropical forests on every side. Our method of progress was not quite serene, for there was not a sufficient number of cars to satisfy the demand.

After a long wait Dolly and I took a small mongrel sort of motor that had been refused by all the *Diana's* passengers. The Creole driver, handsome, debonair, persuasive, and fluent, though unintelligible, assured us that he had ascended and descended the mountain hundreds of times, a fact only too obvious to one who examined his means of transportation. None of the tires matched, and two of them looked like wounded soldiers just home from the front, displaying patches of adhesive plaster and bandages of cotton and woollen rags of every color, with an occasional inset of an alien material into the rubber. One could catch a glimpse of a tin tomato-can neatly introduced in the place of some vital bit of machinery; a Waterbury alarm-clock figured in an unexpected position, apparently adding its power to the engine; and there were stout ropes, here and there, which I never observed before in the rigging of any motor. I hesitated to enter, for the future, though not absolutely certain, looked full of hope and promise; but Dolly was firm and reckless. I am ten years her senior, but still young to be called a "'fraid cat" with impunity; so I finally mounted the vehicle. The driver gave a gay, insouciant tap to a front tire, as much as to say: "*Courage, mon enfant! C'est la dernière fois!*"—then flung himself into his seat, and, blowing a horn, started his base-hospital up the mountain at a breakneck pace. The motor's own horn was out of commission, but there was a substitute by the driver's side. It was easy for him to blow it because he had no particular use for either of his hands, his steering being left largely to chance. Repeated expostulations in boarding-school French only elicited a reply that sounded like: "*Soyez tranquilles, mesdames.* You speak American? *Bien! Leezy est parfaitement docile!*"

This conveyed no idea to me, although his broad grin convinced me that in his own opinion it was a subtle witticism. At length, however, it burst upon Dolly, who went off into irrepressible gales of laughter.

"You have lived so continuously in a rarefied Winthrop atmosphere, Charlotte, that you haven't any modern vocabulary. He is telling you the pet name of his car, to give you confidence. Nobody ever dies in a tin 'Lizzie.' Not only is the machine indestructible, but the people that ride in it. Isn't the driver a witty, reckless darling?"

He was, indeed; and, incredible as it may seem, Lizzie ascended and descended the mountain in safety—though only because a kind Providence watched over us. Then, when we had paid the reckless, danger-proof darling twice the sum he should have demanded, we sat on a bench in the Savanna, where we could be quietly grateful that we were alive and watch the coming and going of the Fort-de-France townspeople, so unmistakably French, with the bright costumes of the women, the pose of their turbans or hats, their sparkle and chatter and vivacious gestures.

Here in the Savanna travellers always gather to look at the marble statue of the Empress Josephine, which is called the greatest work of art in the West Indies. That is not fatuous praise, perhaps, but the figure needed the hand of no master sculptor to hold the eye and captivate the imagination. It is mounted on a huge pedestal and is of heroic size, the white glitter of its marble enhanced by its truly magnificent setting, a circle of towering royal palms. There she stands, the lovely Creole woman of Martinique, forever looking at "Trois Islets," as if she were remembering her birth in an overseer's shack and her girlhood passed in a sugar-mill. Straightway the crowds of native men and women chaffering in the market-place, the mothers holding up their crowing babies to the statue, the nurse-maids and groups of playing children, all vanished, and we relived in spirit poor Josephine's past, thrilling anew at the remembrance of her romance,

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her triumph, and her bitter sorrow—the Creole girl who crossed the sea to become Empress of France and share a throne with Napoleon, but who sailed back to her island home a broken-hearted woman.

Good-bye, Martinique, land of Josephine; and land of St. Pierre, the scene of one of the greatest tragedies of modern times, when the fury of Mount Pelée engulfed the growth of centuries and buried forty thousand human creatures in its scalding lava. St. Lucia, of the Windward group, to-morrow, and then Barbados, from whence the *Diana* goes on to Demerara and returns a week or so later, so that we are able to rejoin her, taking up our former comfortable cabins and our much-liked captain.

S. S. *Diana*,
Between Barbados and New York,
February 11.

Here we are again on our homeward trip, making fewer landings and briefer stops, principally to take on passengers and thousands of barrels of limes.

Barbados, with its charming hotel at Hastings, was an unalloyed delight; and Dorothea, who had determined to live in each of the islands as it came along, would finally have transferred her allegiance for good and all had it not seemed more loyal for an American to choose one of our own possessions and "grow up with the country." We found ourselves in the midst of pleasant, even distinguished, society—British officials, ex-governors, and judge-advocates of the various islands, English and Canadian soldiers on sick leave, and officers commanding the U-boat chasers in near-by waters. Dorothea danced nightly and held court daily on the broad piazzas, reminding me of Rudyard Kipling's fascinating heroine in an Indian army post, who, whenever she appeared, caused the horizon to become black with majors. Her head and heart remained true to the absent Marmaduke—I am not so sure about her dancing feet!

Now that that experience is over, with the many others, we are at sea and quiet again, with one tranquil day just like the other.

"What a honeymoon journey it would make, Charlotte!" said Dolly one moonlight evening on deck. "It is so difficult to grow in knowledge of people in New York or Washington. One doesn't even know oneself."

"All journeys must be good for honeymooners, don't you think?"

"Yes, in a way; but some places are created for lovers and newlyweds, who are, after all, only explorers, Charlotte, forever discovering new lands and annexing new territories."

"Yes; and sometimes falling into the hands of savages and cannibals, I suppose."

"Yes; that must be terrible—the awakening to find that one has been mistaken in a man!" sighed Dolly.

"I dare say we ought to worry lest men be mistaken in us; it might happen, you know."

"Your mind is so logical, Charlotte! However, this voyage wouldn't have to be idealized to meet the needs of honeymooners. In a Vermont village where I sometimes stay I remember a girl who had to be married on Sunday because she could not give up her position as telegraph-operator till Saturday night. That was dull enough in all conscience, but she was married in her high-school graduating dress, and went to her grandmother's house, ten miles away, for her wedding journey. I think it required considerable inward felicity to exalt that situation!"

I sat upright in my steamer-chair. "Dorothea," I said sharply, "you have been manufacturing conversation for the last five minutes—just killing time for fear that I should ask you questions. Is there anything on your mind? You have been absent-minded and nervous for days."

"Your imagination is working overtime, Charlotte," she answered. "We are nearing home, that is all; and life presses closer."

I could not gainsay her, for every mile of ocean crossed makes my heart beat faster. I seem to be living just now in a sort of pause between my different lives. There is the heaven of my childhood in the vague background; then the building of my "career," if so modest a thing can be called by so shining a name; then the steady, half-conscious growth of a love that illumined my labors, yet made them difficult and perplexing; and now

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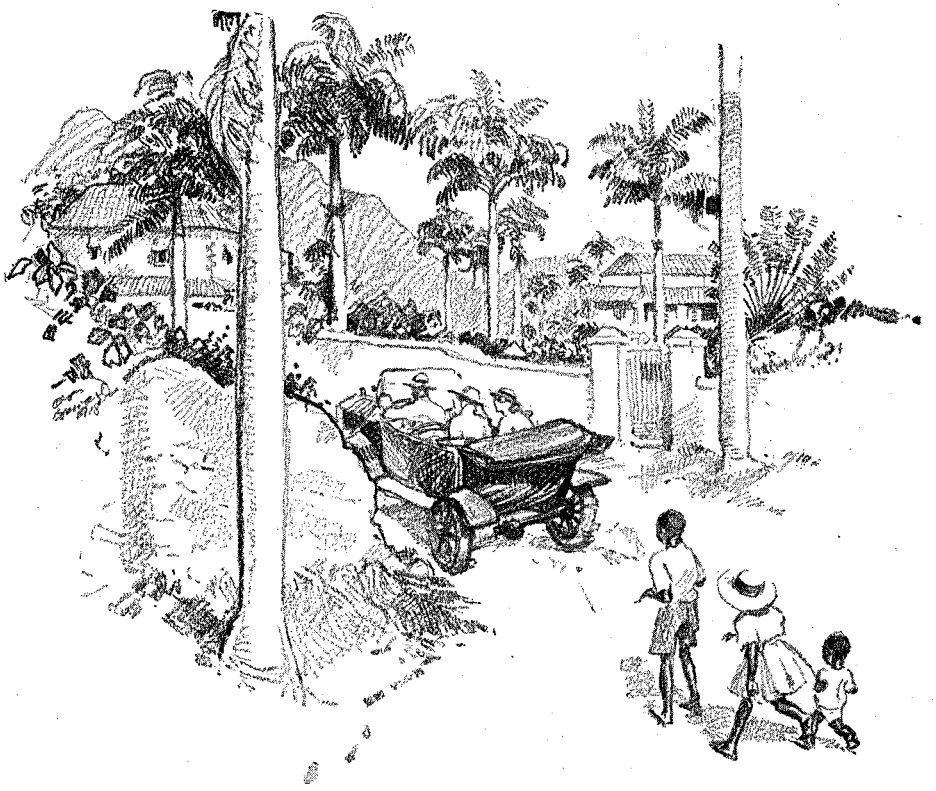
there is a sense of suspended activity, of waiting, with a glimmering air-castle rising like an iridescent bubble out of the hazy future. Sometimes there are two welcoming faces at a window and sometimes the indistinct figure of a woman



It was a steady climb from glory to glory.—Page 319.

stretching out a forbidding hand, my chief's sister, who may not want a third person in the family!

S. S. *Diana*, February 13, 1918.

Dolly went on the bridge this afternoon and stayed a half-hour with the captain, giving no reason save that she liked to talk with him, which seemed plausible, but did not satisfy me. At bedtime I discovered her unpacking and laying out in her upper berth a dazzling toilette for our landing at St. Thomas to-morrow. She blushed when I looked in upon her.

"Do dress up to me, Charlotte," she coaxed. "I don't want to be conspicuous. Wear your gray georgette and the broad hat with the roses."

"Why this sudden display of vanity and good clothes?"

"Hasn't your letter of introduction to Governor Oliver brought us an invitation to luncheon at Government House?"

"Yes; but I don't suppose it is a banquet."

"Charlotte, I must confide in you."

"I should think it was about time."

"What do you mean?"

"I have known for days that you were concealing something."

"I didn't want to be secretive, but I thought it was only fair to you to keep my own counsel. Now you can report to mother that you knew nothing, and that therefore you couldn't interfere."

"But what have you done? You can't be secretly married—with your chosen

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There she stands, the lovely Creole woman of Martinique, forever looking at "Trois Islets."—Page 319.

man in Washington and you on board ship."

"No; but I'm next door to it."

"What do you mean by 'next door'? Have you a groom and a minister waiting on the New York dock?"

"No; mother will be there, but I fear she won't bring a minister. I'm so glad you imagined something far, far worse than I ever intended. It shows that you are more audacious than I—though nobody would believe it."

"I don't like your tone; but go on."

"I've been communicating rather frequently with Duke."

"So I fancied, from your changing money at every stop and doing continual sums on paper."

"It has made me a pauper—this telegraphing in war-time. The messages go by Jamaica or Porto Rico or Trinidad or Bermuda and lots of other islands, and I think some of the messages must be personally conducted straight to New York by powerful swimmers, judging by the cost."

"Go on. Don't temporize."

"I needn't repeat all of them, and in fact I haven't copies. Duke, after he had my first telegram from St. Thomas, wired back to St. Croix: '*You are willing to take my name. Why, after all, shouldn't I refuse your sacrifice and make one of my own by taking yours?*' Wasn't that noble?"

"It would have softened the heart of a suffragette or a feminist. What did you reply?"

"I said: '*Never in the world!*' "

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"'Never' would have been enough. You wasted three words at a dollar or so apiece."

"I wanted to be strong. I said: '*Never in the world! I am not going to have you criticised and nagged and made unhappy, as if your name were a crime!*' Then he wired: '*But it would remove objections, and cost only six thousand a year.*' I had to wait two whole days and nights before I could cable: '*Objector will surely meet me in New York. She will probably forgive if we are both firm. My mind is made up. I would rather be a you-know-what than remain a Valentine.*'"

"That was strong enough."

"I meant it to be. He has been scurrilously treated, and somebody must stand by him. Now, to-morrow, February fourteenth, is his birthday. I remember it because we met on St. Valentine's day, and it wasn't many hours afterward that I guessed how he felt about me."

"Dorothea! Do you mean to tell me that a man spoke to you of his feelings within twenty-four hours of the time you met?"

"No, I do not."

"You certainly intimated as much. If it wasn't many hours after you met on the fourteenth it must have been the fifteenth."

"No, you are wrong, Charlotte. It was the evening of the same day. We met in the early morning."

"It sounds like a children's party with exchange of those snapping-mottoes."

"Duke is nearly twenty-eight, you know, Charlotte; so it is simply nonsense to jeer at him. You ought to be able to imagine what sort of things would be said between two persons mutually attracted to each other—when you remember that he was born on February fourteenth and my name is Valentine. The coincidence simply put ideas into our heads; but I won't go on if you don't sympathize."

"I don't actually disapprove, not at heart. Now, what has his birthday got to do with to-morrow and St. Thomas?"

"Why, I cabled him as soon as we arrived at Barbados: '*What would you like for a birthday present from the West Indies?*' I knew that he would remember we met on St. Valentine's day and an answer could reach me at St. Thomas."

"Couldn't you buy him a souvenir without inquiring at great expense what he'd prefer?"

Dorothea danced nightly.—Page 320.

"Ye-es; but I thought it was a nice, affectionate question."

"Well?"

"Well, he cabled one word, Charlotte."

"I guessed that the moment you quoted your message. When you asked: '*What shall I bring you from the West*

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Dolly went on the bridge this afternoon and stayed a half-hour with the captain.—Page 321.

Indies?' Duke promptly answered, '*Yourself.*' "

"Charlotte, you are positively uncanny! How did you manage to hit upon it?"

"It doesn't take as much intellect as you fancy. You are as transparent as a plate of glass. Well, when he said '*Yourself*,' how did you answer him?"

"It's the only thing I don't like to tell you, but I must. I reflected a full half-hour at Barbados. It was one of those heavenly moonlight nights not suitable for reflection. Then I wrote a message and sent it to the office by one of the colored waiters so that the hotel people shouldn't read it. It said" (and here she turned her face away from me): "'*Deliveries from the West Indies are uncertain and expensive; come and get me.*' Do you think that was forward?"

I laughed irresistibly and a long time. "It certainly was not backward, but it was delicious," I said at length, wiping the tears from my eyes. "However, he seems as impetuous and tempestuous as you—so perhaps it doesn't matter."

"You see, Charlotte, I knew that probably he couldn't meet this boat to save his life, so I was willing to say, '*Come and get me*,' just for fun. I hadn't the slightest clew as to when he would receive my message or the sailing dates of steamers from New York—everything is so changed in war-times. I only know that the time is slipping away, and Duke may leave the Shipping Board at any moment for the training-camp. I intend to have one brief, straightforward talk with mother, and declare my purpose. We are going to get your Mr. Winthrop to intercede for us, too. I shall be of age in March, and I don't intend to let a mere name stand between me and happiness."

"I think you are right, and that your mother will finally agree with you; but I still don't see the need of an unusual toilette for to-morrow."

"It's for the governor," said Dolly, "and one never knows what may happen."

"If a bromidic remark may also be cryptic, Dorothea, you have achieved the combination. Now I must ask you a direct question, for, although I am not your keeper but your friend, I am not disposed to let you do anything reckless. Why did you put that idea into Duke's head—the idea of meeting you in St. Thomas?"

"I wanted to talk things over before seeing mother. I knew I could trust him. He has some elderly cousins and a sister-in-law; surely, between them, he could find somebody to bring along with him; and I have you, safest and wisest of Charlottes! Duke is one of the legal advisers of the Shipping Board. Why shouldn't he have business in these islands? Besides, it is a practical impossibility that he should be able to reach St. Thomas on a given date."

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"It was one of those heavenly moonlight nights not suitable for reflection."—Page 324.

"Then why did you suggest it?"

"I think, Charlotte, it must have been empty-mindedness."

"I regard it as a pure lack of self-control."

"I've practised self-control for one whole, endless year."

"You have practised filial obedience, I grant that. But what good do you expect to achieve if Duke does surmount the insurmountable and meet you to-morrow?"

"What good?" Dolly almost shrieked the question. "What good, do you ask? You callous, cold-hearted Charlotte! Why, four heavenly days spent in his society, to be sure—with you and his chaperon having a lovely time together somewhere not too near."

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"And you haven't any sneaking idea of marrying him in St. Thomas? Because I won't allow it."

"No such luck! He wouldn't let me, unless mother's attitude has been miraculously changed."

"Well, I can only say that you have made me very nervous and uncomfortable, Dolly," and I prepared to leave her cabin and cross the narrow space that divided it from mine.

"Darling Charlotte!" Here she drew me back. "If you are nervous and uncomfortable, it seems you think there's a bare chance that Duke will be in St. Thomas."

"I know nothing about the possibilities," I replied. "He might persuade the Shipping Board that he could be of use in this vicinity, and, of course, he would have advantages not possessed by ordinary tourists."

"If you had any experience with shipping boards, Charlotte, you would know that they can only be moved by chloroform or dynamite. Besides, Duke would never do anything underhanded; he is too patriotic; but, of course, he is inventive."

"Of course! And inventiveness is only one of his gifts, while his virtues are those of Sir Galahad, King Arthur, Marcus Aurelius, Abraham Lincoln, and a few others."

"Charlotte, I don't want to seem harsh, but I hope sometime you will get a faint inkling of what love really is. Your heart reminds me of the Rock of Gibraltar!"

"One doesn't wear the Rock of Gibraltar on one's sleeve, at all events," I remarked.

"Do you mean that if you ever did have a love-affair you wouldn't confide in me, when I adore you so, Charlotte?"

"I mean something of the sort, my child." At which she made a feint of beating me with her little silver hair-brush, but ended in kissing my cheek and whispering: "Good night! You are a darling, even if you have no sentiment."

Morning came. We anchored outside St. Croix at five o'clock; went through medical inspection at six, and if there was anything the matter with Dolly's heart or mine the physician did not offer any comment. Then about ten we approached St. Thomas for the second time. If the Virgin Islands looked beautiful when we first saw them, they had grown in beauty during our brief absence, and my birthplace, in the shining distance, was a very dream of loveliness. We saw its outline rising above a rim of azure sea, with the mountains of Porto Rico standing out to the westward. The great palm groves on the shore led the eye upward to the green hills and the clouds topping the higher peaks. Gayly painted boats began to come near the *Diana*, and naked diving boys, slender shapes of brown mahogany, plunged into the sea to catch our pennies. Then we saw the red roofs of Charlotte Amalia, the little park near the landing, and the pink, toy-like fortress with the Stars and Stripes floating over it.

Dorothea and I stood near the deck-rail, her hand in mine. In her white dress, her broad hat wreathed with corn-flowers, and a scarlet sunshade, she looked a youthful Columbia, so radiant and bewitching that for the first time I secretly hoped Marmaduke Hogg might triumph over the obstacles in the way and come to meet his lady-love, although I saw many embarrassing and awkward situations arising from such a meeting. I could not be jealous of so bright and joyous a creature, and anyway my own happiness was only a few days distant if I chose to put out my arms and take it.

There seemed to be a crowd on the dock, which was made most unattractive by a colossal mountain of coal that concealed everything behind it. The *Diana* made a slow approach, but we finally passed the coal-heap and came within thirty feet of the shore. I could feel Dolly's heart beat through her pulse that lay under my hand. Then suddenly her quick eyes searched the outer edge of the crowd and found the shape they were looking for.

"I think I see him! I think I am going to faint, for I didn't really expect him! Yes; I know it is he, though he is wearing summer clothes that I never saw before. Look, Charlotte! Away back near that grove of cocoanut-trees! He's with other people—I knew he would find somebody! Give me the glasses. There's an elderly man in a Panama hat, and two ladies, and—why, Charlotte, take the

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glasses yourself. It can't be, but it looks like your Winthrop!"

My hand trembled so that I could hardly hold the glass. I could scarcely believe Dolly's eyes or my own; but the *Diana* crept nearer, and it was true! Dorothea; but I could not explain why the two men were not standing nearer together and what was the meaning of the wheeled chair, with the nurse's head rising above the back. The identity of the person in the chair was hidden by a

"One doesn't wear the Rock of Gibraltar on one's sleeve, at all events."—Page 326.

Inch by inch the picture grew clearer, and then a pathetic surprise met my gaze. I could see Clive plainly now, and felt that he was searching the line of passengers on the *Diana's* deck to find me. My heart gave a furious leap to think that a man like my chief would look for only one woman's face in that crowd, and regard it with all its blemishes as a precious thing.

Duke had separated himself from the little group and was swinging his hat to tiny black frilled parasol with a handle bent in the middle so that it could be used for a shield. Did I know that little old-fashioned sunshade? I did! It was the property of some one whose belongings had a certain air of difference from those of other people. She lifted it at last, as we came close to the dock, and I met Ellen Winthrop's affectionate welcoming glance. Her eyes swam in unshed tears, and mine were so wet I could see only dimly that her beautiful hair was a

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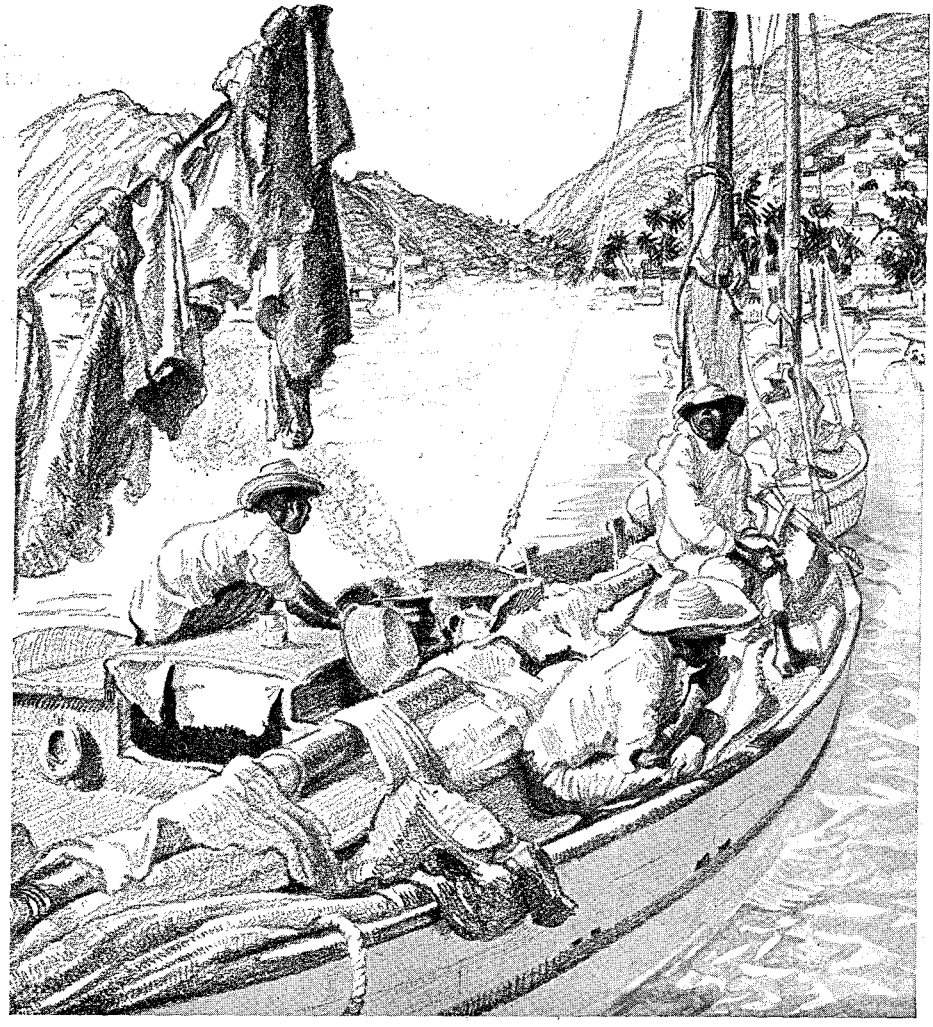

Gayly painted boats began to come near the *Diana*.—Page 326.

shade whiter, her face paler and thinner, that she had aged mysteriously in a month, and the hand that was holding the parasol trembled like a leaf. She had been very ill; there was no doubt of that. She had been ordered a voyage, and she had chosen this one because she knew Clive's wish. That meant she was willing to welcome me into the heart of the family; perhaps even that she wished to help me fit myself to take her own unique place in her brother's life. Oh, what joy to feel that I could not only take freely all that my chief wanted to give me, but that I could be of real service to her!

Down the precipitous landing-steps we went, Dolly, as usual, well in the front. Clive and Duke were at the foot awaiting us, and, as we felt a sense of safety in the midst of strangers, Dolly flung herself at once into Duke's arms, while all the male watchers on deck or dock gazed at him with envy. Finding myself unobserved in this spectacular tableau, I could give Clive my own greeting as my heart dictated, while I told him that his sister's presence answered my last doubt.

When Dolly withdrew from the embrace of her adoring swain—rosy, joyous, unabashed—she adjusted her hat from its perilous position on one side of her head, and gazed upon Clive and me with

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unflattering astonishment mixed with awe.

"You, too, perfidious Charlotte! You needn't deny it; I saw you both—just finishing!"

"Not at all, Miss Valentine," laughed Clive, putting out his hand to shake hers. "We were, in fact, only just beginning."

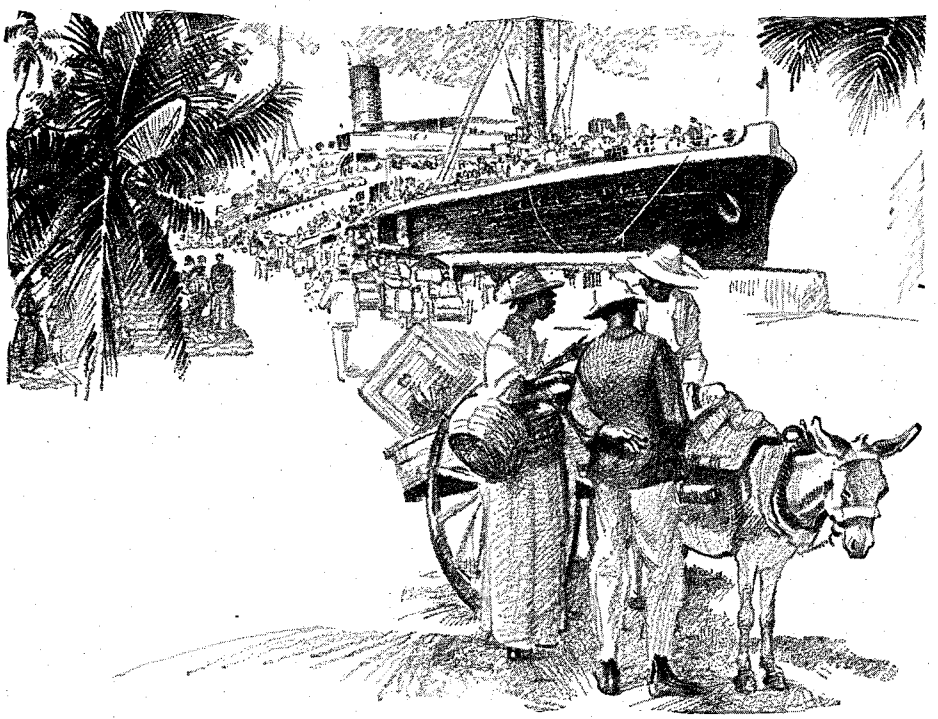
"And to think I never suspected, when I might have known that you are the only man in the world learned enough and good enough for Charlotte."

"You were too absorbed in your own affairs to think about mine, missy," I said. "Now, will you be modest and grateful for the rest of your life, since you see that my Mr. Winthrop has brought your young man to St. Thomas in a discreet manner that you never could have achieved by yourself? Take me to your sister, Clive; I want her to know without a moment's delay how I appreciate her coming with you."

"She has been terribly ill, Charlotte. For ten days after you left it was almost hopeless, but at length she rallied, and since the doctor insisted on a change of climate her whole heart was bent on coming here. She has long suspected our feeling for each other, and you will be such a joy to her as well as to me, my dear."

"It makes me so happy, so happy!" I faltered, my eyes swimming with tears. "I was so unwilling to take all and give so little—now it will be more!"

"Don't go off by yourselves," said Dolly. "Be dignified and indifferent, like us. Take Mr. Winthrop's arm and I'll take Duke's." (Here she suited the action to the word.) "There's the governor, expecting us to luncheon and not knowing us by sight. He won't suspect what has happened; but after saluting him and asking him to put some more plates on the table, we'll all walk up to Miss Winthrop's chair, and you and I will say: 'Good morning, dear lady. Let us introduce to you our new possessions. We hope you'll think them as good a bargain as we do.' Then Duke and Mr. Winthrop will make a profound obeisance, and all will be over."



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"THEY CALLED HER ANNIE LAURIE"

By Frances Hathaway

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. SOULEN

THIS is a story of regeneration. It has to do with a man, a woman, and an island. If you will forgive me the island I promise to dispense with the usual setting of palm-trees and sandy beach. Also, I shall dispose of the necessary wrecked ship as quickly as possible.

Captain Slade, of the *Annie Laurie*, pushed open the saloon-door and stamped into the barroom. Snow chunked away from his boots where he stamped. He brushed his heavy coat and shook his wet cap. Having ordered the preliminary drink, he looked around.

"Everybody here?" he called out in a voice like the rattle of hawser-chain. Several men started forward.

"Where's Annie?" he growled. No one answered. The bartender looked uneasy. Captain Slade raised his voice.

"Out with it! Where is she?"

The mate, urged by his companions' dark looks, assumed his painful duty.

"It's this way, captain," he began. "You know Annie. Nothing would do but she must come with us, and—and—she's just had a drop too much, is all. She's sleeping now."

"Hell!" The glasses jumped at the impact of the powerful fist upon the bar. "*Where!*"

The bartender discreetly slid to one side and threw open a door. Captain Slade gripped the fury that possessed him and followed. There she lay, stretched upon a billiard-table, her hair loosened, her clothes in disorder—dead-drunk.

Then the storm broke. He howled, he cursed, he swore until his frightened bunch of men huddled together lest one should be unlucky enough to receive the torrent alone. Only Annie remained impassive through it all—Annie and old Pete Ramsen enjoying similar anæsthesia in one corner. At length he picked her up and started out, his orders, accompanied by a running crackle of profanity, trailing behind.

"Back to the boat, you ——! Get out of this —— hole before morning, by ——! To —— with navigation closing! We'll lay up in the Soo, by ——! Make ready to start!"

The men sobered considerably at this and remembered that they had not been paid off. If they were to reach Detroit or Port Huron that winter they had to have the cash, for the little lumber schooner could not take them. The last storm had forced her into this convenient harbor for shelter and repairs. In the meantime the locks had closed at the Soo. It was early December and no boats would go through until the break-up in the spring. The *Annie Laurie* intended to lay up here for the winter; that is, her captain (and owner) had been well satisfied with her shelter until a few moments ago, when it appeared he could develop objections in short order. It was too bad, but it could not be helped. They followed him out, lamenting their troubles among themselves and after the good old fashion charging them upon a woman. And this woman, not old, not young, who cooked for them and warmed the captain's bed, had long ago forgotten her good name; so they called her Annie Laurie.

The old lake chopped up a lively sea when the *Annie Laurie* pointed her nose to the wind and spread her sails.

"East-northeast—head wind." The captain swung his boat around. "Try for Keweenaw Bay."

The little schooner made good time, while the captain kept his eye on the wind and noted its tendency to veer toward the north. The men wore an aspect as forbidding as the weather. They had cooked their own breakfast that morning. Dinner would also be an affair of their own devising. Annie wept hysterically in her berth, with gulping, long-drawn sobs, like a patient recovering from ether. And the

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wind bade fair to settle in the north. God help them if a northwester should lift them in its teeth and break them on the shore. The cold was bad enough; but cold and hurricane and decks weighted down with the ice of washing seas would be worse—the worst.

"Keep offshore a good way," instructed the mate to the man at the wheel. "If we don't make harbor in daylight we'll have to keep going all night for the range lights are dark. D—n the old fool, anyway!"

Night fell and the boat still labored out of port. The wind had risen until a true northwester, bearing a blizzard in its wings, swept the great lake. But why prolong the inevitable? She struck at two o'clock. Far enough out to ride clear of breakers, they suddenly found themselves in the midst of a churning, pounding surf with rock grinding under their keel. A reef! Somewhere beyond that reef must lie a lighthouse, but its lamps were empty and its fog-horns mute. Navigation had closed. Captain Slade shouted to his terrified men who had cast themselves upon life-jackets and the inadequate small boat.

"Leave the yawl alone," he bellowed. "Are you crazy? Stay here as long as you can."

True enough, an open boat could not escape swamping in that wild sea. Meanwhile the *Annie Laurie* jerked and lunged to loose herself from the trap. Her bow seemed to be free. She had been caught well up under her stern and moved at the turn of her wheel as if she were balanced upon a pivot. They set her as well as they could before the wind and waited for the goring rock on which they were impaled to precipitate action. The captain went back to rouse Annie. He found her dressed. She listened quietly and strapped herself with a life-preserver while he secured money and papers in an oil-skin belt. They were about to step on deck when a splintering crash sent them back. The floor of the cabin tilted upward. The ship seemed to be settling upon its haunch. Captain Slade threw open the door and perceived the bow and forecastle, with his men clinging to the rigging, riding away in the gale. The ship had parted in two.

A rat-in-the-corner rage shook Slade until his teeth chattered. He threw his cap upon the floor. He wept between curses in that futile way which is so terrible in men. Annie would have comforted him. She tried to reach him with a restraining hand. He turned upon her.

"You —— you ——!" he wailed. She fell back at the vile word. "You got me into this! *You!* Drunk in a saloon! And I go to hell for that!"

She cowered as much beneath shame as under the descending blow; for there are grades and grades of self-respect.

"Please—Jim! The boys were with me. It—it couldn't have been so bad. The boys would take care of me."

"Yes, they took care of you, all right! My God, yes! Leave it to them to take care of you!"

A dreadful groaning of timbers interrupted them and sobered their minds. Slade found an axe. With desperate energy he attacked the remaining mast. It fell, trailing rope and rigging across the deck. They secured it over the side and waited. The fragment of ship appeared to be settling lower even as the breakers reduced it piecemeal. It was just daybreak when Slade said "Now!" and they swung themselves upon the bobbing spar. The icy water stiffened their clothing. They would probably perish with cold, but it was their only chance. Loosed from the wreck, the spar drifted out, dipped in breakers, followed a rocky shore, and gently washed up in the lee of sheltering woods. They had stranded upon an island.

In their perilous passage toward the land they had discerned the white tower of a lighthouse. They hastened toward it. In a little while it came into view. Silent, deserted, its red-brick dwelling nevertheless gave out warm promise of shelter and perhaps food. They broke open a window and found all that they hoped. The keeper had but recently departed so the very walls gave out the cheer of habitation. It was the work of a moment to kindle fire in the kitchen. Wood and coal were at hand, dishes and furniture in place, everything stood ready for return in the spring. The two castaways gave themselves up to the reviving

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heat and received back what had so nearly been wrested from them—the boon of life.

They looked at each other curiously, these two, when their drenched garments had been spread to dry, and their own shivering bodies wrapped in the light-keeper's warm blankets. A feeling of newness, of past things washed away, possessed them. They seemed to have experienced a baptism (as indeed they had) of such cleansing power that the new day became a New Beginning. Annie lifted her long hair to dry. She settled herself to the blaze and closed her eyes. In a few minutes she was sound asleep. Captain Slade replenished the fire and explored the kitchen. He found some old garments hanging in a corner which hampered activity less than his blanket, so lost no time effecting a change of covering. The cupboard yielded him joy. He tried the pump, found it in working order, and began to get breakfast. Biscuits, bacon, coffee, with a gravy of bacon-fat and flour, compounded with genius and seasoning, evolved under his hand. When the clean dishes had been laid upon the oilcloth-covered table and the coffee had bubbled over the pot, Annie opened her eyes.

"Just in time," Slade announced.

She smiled out of the blanket-folds.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"That's more than I know," he replied, "but we can't be far from Keweenaw Bay. This might be Huron Island."

"I hope the boys had good luck," she sighed.

"They'll be picked up somewhere," he assured her, "if they don't freeze to death. Come and eat. We'll have to stay here until some one looks for us. Good thing we don't have to starve."

They breakfasted, resumed their dryest clothing, and began the investigation of the lighthouse. Slade looked for the "oil-room," or office, where oil and weather records were kept, in the hope of identifying their location. He found the little room, furnished with a long desk and brass reservoirs of oil. A case of books, with a medicine-chest on top, lined against the wall. He pulled open a drawer of the desk and drew out a wide book. A white square pasted in the middle of the cover bore the legend:

DAILY RECORD OF
MARL ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE
FOR THE YEAR 19—

Marl Island! His head reeled as he read. He pulled out the journal. It bore similar inscription. He went through letter-files. There could be no doubt. They had landed upon Marl Island, forty-five miles from land. Marl Island Light, the loneliest lighthouse upon the lakes, would be their home until——

"Until spring," he concluded, after he had made Annie understand. "The boys will never know where we are. We'll have to stay here until navigation opens."

"And starve?" Annie's eyes were wide with terror.

"We'll find out pretty quick," he promised as they continued research.

I am rather sorry that I cannot starve them a little. It might have made a better story. But truth compels me to relate what they found. The storeroom immediately reassured them. Beans, peas, corn-meal, rice, flour, dried fruit—the keepers of Marl Island took no chances with provisions. Long bars of yellow soap—they could keep clean at all events. There were pyramids of canned goods, pails of lard, and sacks of sugar. Strips of bacon and shoulders of ham hung from the ceiling. They descended into the cellar. I cannot deprive them even of potatoes, for a binful greeted them at once. A barrel of salt meat, half a barrel of kraut, and some boxes of sand were arranged on one side. The sand puzzled them until they dug into it, when carrots and beets came into view. Evidently Marl Island had a kitchen garden. All the necessaries in abundant variety seemed to be here. Butter, eggs, and milk were lacking, of course, although there might be condensed milk among the canned goods. They felt very rich after observing their possessions.

"I guess we'll live till spring," Slade laughed. "Think we can, eh?"

"I—think so," answered Annie uncertainly, for other complications, now that the food problem had been disposed of, crowded upon her mind.

So began the new life; the life they must weave into the tissue of experience

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Drawn by H. J. Soulen.

"You got me into this! *You!*"—Page 331.

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until spring. A three days' storm set in, accompanied by the usual snow, which gave them time to become acquainted with their new home before exploring the island. They rummaged everything, becoming more and more impressed with the foresight of isolated man. They found that a well-kept, well-stocked lighthouse could be a most pleasant place, even in winter and forty-five miles from land. From the tower windows not a sign of the *Annie Laurie* could be seen. She had broken up completely on the reef. Perhaps they would find some wreckage later.

As soon as the weather cleared they set out to walk around the island. It was a small island, not more than two miles in circumference, and well wooded. A good deal of driftwood piled the south beach.

"Come to think of it, Annie," Slade said, "I must see about wood. We're going to need some before long."

"It will give him something to do," thought Annie. Already she had begun to fear she knew not what.

The lighthouse proved to be the only inhabited spot on the island. They were glad to see it curving into view. Quite an area of cleared ground surrounded it, and they easily made out the garden. Also they discovered chicken-houses and a cow-stable. Clearly the light-keepers knew how to solve the problem of butter and eggs. But bossy and biddy had departed for the winter, so they could only mourn their absence.

"Those fellows aren't so bad off, after all!" Slade declared. "They get good pay, and they can just about raise their living if they farm a little. Seems to be good land around here."

The problem of adequate winter clothing embarrassed them until they found an old sea-chest under one of the beds. It was nearly filled with huge skeins of yarn. A half-finished sweater lay on top with needles attached. Annie regarded this as the greatest find of all.

"I can knit," she told Slade. "I can finish this sweater and make another like it. I can knit caps and socks."

"Then, for Pete's sake, go to it!" Slade replied. "I'll have to put gunny sacks on my feet if I don't get new socks soon."

Annie began knitting industriously that very day. Slade sharpened an axe and tackled the wood. She prepared the meals and kept the house in the same scrupulous order that existed before their coming. Instinct warned her to neglect nothing that might make their life more livable. She carefully varied her meals, employing all her cooking art to that end. She hoped—and she feared—for she realized that all might not be well for her on this lonely island, caged with a man who had never shown her reverence and who blamed her for this bad turn in his affairs. She dreaded the day when she would have to fight his depressed mood. She thought of it often and nerved herself—armed herself—as well as she could for the encounter.

Apparently her fears were groundless, for Slade was so well satisfied with their fortunate situation that he gave no thought to repining. His outdoor work kept him busy and the novelty of his position still interested him. He ate Annie's meals in cheerful good humor, approved her housekeeping, and made no unkind reference to the past. He watched her one evening manipulating the knitting-needles.

"Queer how you know how to knit," he observed. "Where did you learn?"

"I learned a long time ago," she told him. "The Good Shepherd sisters made me learn. I used to knit for the little ones. I was raised in a foundling home."

He remembered that in all the years of their association he had never inquired into her youth. She had been willing to sail with him and he had taken her as she came. During the winter she went her own way. He gave her little thought, for she always returned to her job in the spring. He had some vague idea that she sought out relatives, but her remark about the foundling home contradicted that. A curiosity concerning her took hold of him. He asked her to tell him more.

"I have no father or mother," she began. "None who ever owned me. I must have been a homely kid, for no one ever adopted me. I grew up with the sisters until I was fourteen. They were pretty good to me, although they made me work. I had plenty of company with the other children and I never knew any other home. So I suppose I was happy.

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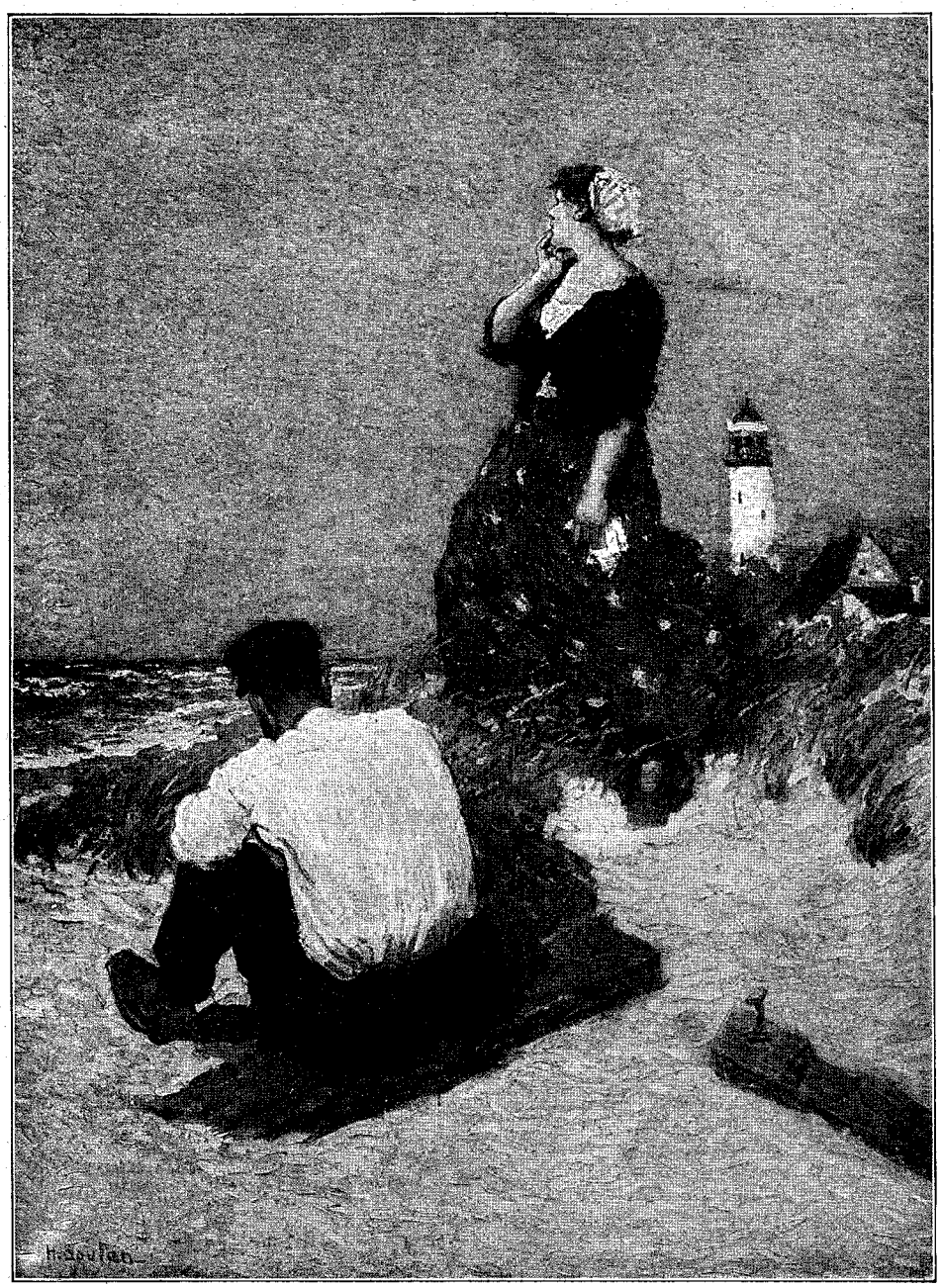

Drawn by H. J. Soulen.

There was nothing to do save watch for the expected boat.—Page 339.

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"Then the sisters had a chance to place me in the country. They try to find good homes, and this one seemed just right. I would be with good people, they said, so I went out there. Good!" She made a wry face. "That was the trouble. They were too good. They didn't believe in dancing, card-playing, singing, smiling, or fun of any kind. And I was the only young person on the place. I didn't have a whole lot to do, so I got pretty lonesome. I wanted to have a good time. It's born in me, I suppose. They couldn't see it that way and tried to make me read when I wanted to be out with the young folks. I wanted to go to a picnic one afternoon. It was Sunday, so they said no. I watched my chance and ran away.

"That was the beginning. I couldn't stand their ways and at last I ran away for good. I picked up work easy enough, mostly around hotels and restaurants. I waited table. I learned to cook. Oh, I can't tell you everything I did during those years, but I lived and had a pretty good time too. There was no one to care what I did, so I got pretty reckless sometimes, I guess. That is about all until I went sailing. You know the rest."

Slade listened to the poor little story. He smoked absently for a time while Annie's needles slipped under her hands.

"Annie," he said at last, "what made you always come back to my boat?"

"I don't know," she replied. "Because I wanted to, I suppose. I'm like that."

Slade emptied the bowl of his pipe.

"Not much chance," he mused. "You're not to blame, Annie; you're not to blame."

Annie watched him reach for the tobacco-jar that had been partly filled when they arrived. Slade filled his pipe and observed that he could scrape bottom. Annie shivered with the fear that settled upon her heart.

A protracted storm period set in. Wind and snow and cold wrapped the lighthouse about for two long weeks. The great lake roared in their ears day and night. What Annie lived through in that time can only be imagined, for the tobacco-jar ran out, and the nervous irritability of an undisciplined man embittered by loss is not a thing to be lightly exorcised away.

She fought down her own loneliness in trying to keep him amused. She took great pains with her person, doing all in her power to make herself attractive. She could not afford to offend. She planned little surprises to break the monotony of the day. She ransacked the house to find interesting material. In the garret she found a broken phonograph and a box of dusty records. She wept when she found they could not be played. She tinkered with the mechanism awhile, then gave it up as hopeless. Still, it might do to interest him for a time; so she brought the broken machine down and turned it over to him.

The result was most happy. He took it apart, found the spring intact, and set about repairing it. For a long time he could not find the trouble, but so convinced was he that nothing could be radically wrong that he hopefully kept at it until he solved the puzzle. Some little, necessary part had been lost, and this he crudely replaced according to his own contriving. It did the work, and Slade rejoiced in it with an artist's joy. Annie brought out the records and they listened once more to old favorites of lighter days. Ragtime melodies, reminiscent of dance-halls, set Annie's feet to tapping. Slade roared over the coon songs and recalled certain swashbuckling minstrel days of his own. Annie began to breathe easier and to hope the weather would clear, for she had another little scheme in mind. So far she had quite successfully diverted his mood. He had been restless, it is true, and had craved tobacco and lamented his present situation, but not once had he given way to rage against Annie. He seemed to regard her with a mild surprise, as if he had never known her before. She wondered a little at this, but had no time to meditate upon it. She was not yet ready to recognize the change that had begun to take place in herself.

One morning the sun rose upon a quiet and dazzling world. No wind, no sleet, no storm; only blue lake and blue sky with white island and white tower in its midst. Oh, the blue of the lake in winter! Not the smooth blue of summer, catching the light in its sheen, but the blue of rumpled velvet, rich and dark. A blue of passionate depth, such as one sees in angry

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eyes drenched with tears. Islands of white cloud floated in the swimming blue above. Blue and white, blue and white! And one blazing, golden eye!

Annie walked down to the landing. It was as she thought it would be. A mound of ice covered the dock. Every rock and boulder wore an icy cap. Icebergs had begun to form in the lake at several points. She walked toward the sheltered beach where they had made shore. A sheet of ice spread before her for some little distance out. It looked safe. She tested it carefully by chopping holes at intervals. It proved to be several inches thick. She knew that later in the winter the diameter of their island would be increased many times by the ice rim around it, and she well knew the possibilities under that rim of frozen ice. She hurried back to the house.

"Jim," she said, "what day is to-morrow?"

Slade consulted the almanac.

"Let me see—to-day is Tuesday—the twenty-third—to-morrow the twenty-fourth—the twenty-fifth—Christmas! Are we so near Christmas already?"

"Yes, indeed! and, Jim, wouldn't it be fine if we could get some fresh fish? There's quite a sheet of ice on the lee side of the island and if we could set some hooks we might get one."

Slade considered the idea feasible. Annie produced the hooks, which she had found and kept back until this occasion, and taking some fat pork for bait they set out. Annie walked gayly ahead, sporting with the drifts, for her world wore a bright aspect to-day. With the wood and fishing to keep him busy out of doors, she could hope for a measure of tranquillity that would give her time to prepare for the bad moments sure to come.

The saint of Christmas remembered them. A good-sized trout investigated their hooks, closed his greedy mouth over the bait, and thus ended a rapacious career. They held quite a jubilee over him next day. Annie made special preparations and decorated the living-room. Slade entered into her spirit, brought in great loads of wood, and followed her about, assisting her where he could. She rejoiced in the fulness of strength that had come to her. Slade haunted the kitchen where she worked, and she saw to it that he worked too. She even began to feel a dominance over him. The fear that had spurred her to effort retreated a little. She felt more sure of herself. She had succeeded thus far. Might she not succeed till the end?

So it was a very merry Christmas indeed that they spent within the old lighthouse. Annie had insisted upon festive attire. She put Slade's clothes in order, transformed her own wardrobe as well as she could, and helped him trim his hair and beard. When the baked trout appeared upon the table and all was ready for the Christmas feast she laid a package beside his plate. He opened it and found a pair of wonderfully knitted gloves—the work of her hands. He held them a moment, then looked over to where she sat, pink-cheeked, across the table. He rose awkwardly and went around to her chair. Then he did an unprecedented thing. He put his arm around her and very gently kissed her.

"You're a good girl, Annie," he said brokenly. "You're a good girl. I'm sorry I've got no present for you."

But Annie rubbed her face against his coat and laughed a little and cried a little, and told him to never mind. For she had her Christmas present.

Annie's task became easier after this; but she could not relax her routine of cheerfulness for a moment. Shortly after New Year's a bad cold laid hold upon her. She battled for a time with all the distressing symptoms of grip, then gave in to the demand of her bursting head and aching bones. She read the directions in the medicine-chest, dosed herself with cold tablets, and let herself go. A change became apparent immediately. Slade prepared his own meals and cursed the dreary kitchen in so doing. He was kind enough to Annie, but he resented the change in atmosphere. He missed something—something that had made life worth living during the past weeks. Annie realized now how much she had accomplished in keeping him contented so long. She prayed that the incubus of cold might lift, so she could become her normal self. Slade kept the fire roaring in the room where she lay upon the couch,

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wrapped in a blanket. He wandered restlessly in and out, cut a little wood, attended to his hooks, and tried to divert himself. But a black mood grew upon him in spite of all. He threw himself dejectedly into a chair beside Annie.

"Oh, hell!" he began wearily. "A man might as well be dead."

She sighed, for she felt what was coming.

"I had every damn cent in that boat," he offered moodily.

"Oh, it's not so bad," she ventured. "Can't you handle a boat for some one else?"

"Not after this. I'll have some music to face for taking out that crew after navigation closed."

She could say nothing after that. He brooded in his chair until late. The fear she had kept at bay so long returned to snarl at her. She joined desperate will to struggling nature and resolved to bestir herself next day. The emergency frightened her. What could she do? She bethought herself of his mechanical ingenuity. But she could recall nothing he might become interested in as he had the phonograph. What he needed now was something sharper than mere interest. It must be something to compel action; something to stimulate hope. Before she slept it came to her—a heaven-sent inspiration, yet so obvious that she wondered why it never had occurred to her before. So do all great things dawn upon the mind of man.

The next day she felt better, and she glowed with eagerness to confide her inspired idea to Slade. After breakfast she asked him if he had ever looked over the fog-signals. They occupied a building near the shore.

"Not any more than to get out some coal," he told her. The coal-bunkers had been easy of access.

"Do you think you could make them work?" she asked him. "I know they run by steam. If you could figure them out and get them going, maybe some one would hear. That sound carries a long way."

"By George!" Slade bounded to his feet. "Why couldn't I? I don't know a blamed thing about them, but a fellow might try."

He hurried down to the signals and made a careful investigation. The array of polished brass rather alarmed him.

"Expect this has all got to be cleaned," he commented. "Well, here goes."

He filled the boiler, kindled a fire in the furnace, and watched the steam-gauge. Annie left him to set her house in order. Before dinner was well under way a long, triumphant blast announced that the unknown had been conquered once more. She gave thanks for the inspiration that might prove to be deliverance for them both, then ran out to congratulate Slade. She found him shovelling coal with the happiest and grimiest grin of many a day. It would be hard to tell whether hope or success accounted for his satisfaction, so mixed were his emotions at the result of his work. All day long the fog-horns boomed their message to the far-off land. The wind favored them. Surely some one, somewhere, would hear and come to them.

Slade kept the fog-signals sounding for three days. Hope completed Annie's recovery. She made everything ready for the moment of rescue. Slade cleaned machinery and polished brass until no fault could be found with the signals upon which lives would depend. But the fourth day died without sign, and the next; and the next. By the end of the week they knew that no one would come. Slade suffered keenly from the reaction. Annie was in despair. She could not suggest the toil of the signals so soon after their disappointment. But Slade himself found the way out.

"Wonder if the light would be seen," he said. "It can't be anything but a lamp. Think I'll try to light up to-night. Some fisherman might see it."

Happily it was a fixed, white light, so he had no trouble understanding it. Here again the polished brass astounded him. He removed the cover from the beautiful prismatic lens and tested the glittering mechanism inside. He worked reverently, with careful fingers, until the burners gave out their clear cylinder of flame. Then he removed the shades from the plate-glass windows and found himself in fairyland. Every glass became a mirror against the night to reflect in endless vista the glory of the lighted lens.

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And far through the darkness pierced the powerful rays from their tower of salvation and beacon of hope.

The days wore on. Every clear night the light burned, and every day of favoring wind the fog-horns called. A routine of work ensued which made the days of forced idleness welcome. Annie found the lighthouse library a charm against dark moments. She diligently read the books, then reread them aloud to Slade. When the stories ran out she began upon the more formidable volumes. It was better to read about George Washington than to discuss their troubles; better to repeat measured verse than sit in moody silence. At last she entered upon a travel series that aroused enthusiasm in Slade. True accounts they were of exploration and discovery: Du Chaillu in Africa; Cortez in Mexico; the Arctic explorers seeking the pole. He would listen for hours to the narrative, then call for it again to refresh himself upon forgotten points. He evinced keen interest in whatever was personal and true. The most highly colored romantic fiction could not stir him like authentic achievement, however obscure.

There came a day in March when something new breathed upon the little island. It was the first warmth of spring. The snow melted upon the roof. Little streams trickled from the eaves. The piled-up snow beside the shovelled path sank into the languid state preceding thaw. On that day Slade and Annie realized that their waiting would soon be over. In a few weeks—a very few—navigation would open. Perhaps the time could better be counted by days. If the spring advanced steadily, the first of April might set them free. Not later than the middle of April would they be forced to stay, and it was now the second week of March. They were glad, of course; but they no longer panted eagerly to leave. And it was a significant fact that from then on they burned the light and fired the fog-horns no more.

The routine of their life together had taken hold of them. They had pursued it steadily to shut out troubling thoughts. Now the time had come when certain situations must be faced. Why was it so hard? Annie did not try to analyze. As the days counted off she watched the break-up of the ice with numbness in her heart. She had been happy here. From her first victory over the untamed spirit of the man she had risen to a height of purpose and self-control which made her truly another person. She could not go back to the old life. She had attained a dignity which craved respect. She did not know what to do. Old habit and old associations are strong. She loved the lakes, she felt at home among the rough men. Ah, well, she would not think about it any more. Perhaps it mattered very little what became of her. There was no one to care.

Slade appeared to be doing some wistful thinking himself. His own prospects were not cheering.

"I'm getting old," he told Annie one day. "I'm not the man I was ten years ago."

"You're not much over forty," she said.

"Forty-six," he replied. "It's a poor time to begin over again."

"And I am thirty-seven," she answered. Then a long silence fell between them.

Bare ground lay in patches around the lighthouse. The smell of damp earth rose. When spring comes in the North it comes with a rush. In the sheltered places among the trees trailed waxy arbutus bloom.

"Look for them any day now," Slade informed Annie.

There was nothing to do save watch for the expected boat. Slade and Annie spent hours together wandering about the island. It seemed that they could not bear to be apart. They must have been too old, or hardened, or reprobate to understand what was happening to them, for the very bluebirds laughed in their faces at their ignorance. So they continued to sigh and be miserable, and seek what solace they could in each other's company.

"What are you going to do?" Slade would ask Annie concerning her plans.

"I don't know," was always the listless reply.

Then one day he knew. But he had to put his arm around Annie to tell her. And so, at length, she knew too.

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"I have no more boat," he said. "You can't go sailing with me. How would a partnership strike you? I've never spliced before, but if you're willing we'll try it together, Annie—for the rest of our lives."

"What—what do you mean?" questioned poor Annie. She had to be sure.

"I want you to marry me," he explained. "Do you think you can stand it?"

"Oh, Jim!" she cried, "I have always been happiest with you."

"Was that why you always came back to my boat?" he asked.

"Yes," she confessed. And he was satisfied.

In due time the smoke upon the horizon appeared. They watched it spread until it resolved itself into a tug which anchored as near the island as it dared. A small boat put out and two men rowed toward them. One wore the second keeper's uniform. The other, a very young man, appeared to be his son.

"The castaways of the *Annie Laurie*, I'll bet a hat," the keeper greeted them. "Old Swanson wasn't so wrong, after all. Did you cut the fog-horns loose any last winter?"

They related their experience upon the island.

"Then he was right. He was the head keeper. Poor fellow, he died three days ago. Sick all winter and swore he could hear those fog-horns on every northwest wind. Wanted us to go out and see about it. We thought he was bugs."

"How about my crew?" inquired Slade.

"They were picked up by a tug," the keeper told them. "They got the tug to turn back and circle around Huron Island, but could find no trace of the *Annie Laurie*. Had no idea you were so far out."

The time had come to go. They thanked the keeper for the bounty they had enjoyed in his absence, and hoped he would find nothing carelessly used or needlessly disturbed. They offered to compensate him for their food and shelter. He refused.

"It's what we're here for," he said. "I'd like to keep you the rest of the year. We need another man, but I'll bet I couldn't hold you here for any money after the winter you put in."

"Oh, I—don't—know," said Slade uncertainly, and looked at Annie. "What do you mean by that?" Annie came closer.

"I mean that three men stay here all summer—two keepers and an assistant. Swanson died, and I am first keeper now. My son Otto is assistant. We need a second keeper and I couldn't bring one out. If you care for the job I'll sign your application, and I think you can get it fixed up at the custom-house in Marquette right away."

Slade considered. Should he enter the service? It might be the best thing he could do. The other man appeared to read his thoughts.

"It's a good chance," he urged. "After you've been here awhile you can qualify for a lighthouse of your own. You might have this one if you like it. I've made application for a shore light and expect a change."

"I'll try for it," Slade decided. "That is—are you willing, Annie?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I could be so happy here."

The tug landed them in Marquette. With their little store of money divided between them they betook themselves different ways, agreeing to meet later. Annie gave herself up to the delight of shopping. She had a whole wardrobe to replenish and she did justice to the opportunity. Clothes had so often been a stumbling-block and a weakness that she experienced a righteous joy in buying under necessity; nevertheless, she did not forget the respect due a certain impending high event and purchased accordingly.

A very radiant and blushingly girlish Annie encountered Slade at the time agreed upon. Her pretty spring finery had its destined effect for Slade stared at her with all his heart in his eyes. He held out some legal-looking papers which she took from him. But it was not the keeper's commission that made her break down and cry. It was the paper stamped with the seal of the county clerk and bearing the word "License"; for it meant that the old days of license and untoward living had come to an end.

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SNAP-SHOTS IN FRANCE

By Paul van Dyke
Director American University Union, Paris

A LITTLE dining-room of the hotel in a city not far from the line—the building across the way disembowelled by a shell, the windows of the café boarded up or filled with muslin, four very young officers whose shoulder-bars were absolutely untarnished, dining at a table. Across the room two boys in khaki, without bars, dining together because discipline kept them from the others. After dinner, standing for an instant by the table as the officers pass out, "Hello, Jack! Hello, Bill! How goes it?" On the street outside a rigid salute, and "Yes, sir."

A boy of nineteen in a crowded room of a hospital, with a machine-gun bullet through both legs, propped up on pillows, smoking a cigarette while I sit on the edge of the cot. "Oh, those damned Germans can't fight. Our platoon started out with sixty men in Belleau Wood. After a while there were only fifteen of us left, and our last officer got a bullet in the chest. 'Boys,' he said before he passed out, 'get back to the second line the best way you can; I am done for.' We started back, and suddenly thirty Germans rushed out of the woods in front of us. I thought it was all over with us until I saw they had no rifles, and their helmets off. They put up their hands, crying: '*Camarade.*' We thought we had better split up, so I took three with me. One of them could talk pretty good United States, and he said: 'I have been trying for more than a year to surrender, but this is the first good chance I have had.' When we came to the open field one of the other Germans jabbered to me, pointing off to the left and saying, 'Boom boom!' but I didn't know what he meant, and I wouldn't stop to listen to him, but started across. When we got out into the middle they opened on us with a machine-gun on the left. I got a bullet through the leg. It didn't hurt me much, but felt as if somebody had given me a kick in the shin. I kept on and got another kick in the other leg. Then I dropped down on my hands and knees and began to crawl toward the other side of the field, where I could see our boys lying down and shooting at the edge of the woods. The three Boches got on their hands and knees, too, and crawled along with me. When we got behind our line I tried to stand up—my legs hadn't begun to hurt yet—but I fell down, and our boys said to me, 'How are you going to get back to the dressing-station?' and I said: 'These Boches will take me back.' Our boys said, 'Can you trust them?' and I said: 'If they stood by me out in the field, they will stand by me now.' So one of them took me by each arm, and the other helped behind, and we made a couple of miles back to the dugout. My leg was hurting pretty bad by this time. When we got into it there was an American there, wounded and shell-shocked, and out of his head. He jumped up and tried to kill the Boches. I could not do anything, but the surgeon threw him down and sat on him until he got quiet. All the time the surgeon was fixing my legs one of the Boches helped me, and he kept looking at me as if he was sorry for me, for it hurt pretty bad, and then they put me into the ambulance and they all nodded good-by to me. I'd like to know what became of those Boches."

Three khaki uniforms meet under the shadow of a church. "Y. M. C. A., where is your joint here? We want to get something to eat."

"I don't know, boys; I just blew in last night, missed my connection, and got hung up overnight. I saw a good-looking restaurant just off the square back there."

"Suppose we can find it? Why the devil do they build these streets so narrow and winding?"

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There follows a three minutes' explanation of the effect of the existence of a circle of wall on the building of towns in the fifteenth century——

"Thank you, not much like Texarkana! But say, sir, that main place with the gilded iron gates at the four corners is some public square." (One of the most noted monuments in the world of the eighteenth century.)

"Yes, boys, not much like Texarkana, is it?"

"No, I guess Texarkana isn't in the same class—well, so long, sir, we got to find something to eat. Much obliged."

A military salute tempered by a smile, and the group of three disperses.

Here is one on papier jougle from the French machine which cannot be transferred to an English plate:

"J'ai rencontré hier mon ancien valet de chambre qui était en uniforme. Je lui ai dit: 'Eh bien, Jacques, il paraît que les Américains sont épatants.'

"'Mon Dieu! Oui, Monsieur, ils sont même plus épatants que nous!'"

Here is a little negative taken with a French machine and repeated on kodak paper: "I had a letter from my son the other day, overflowing with joy. He was next to an American battalion, just off the railroad, and attacked by the Boches. They couldn't stop the Boches by their fire, so when they were close to their lines he saw the American officers spring up and leap over the little breastwork behind which they were lying. The whole battalion was with them in an instant, and they ran forward into the open field to meet the Boches, man to man, with the bayonet. All that was left of the attacking force ran back to the woods like rabbits."

Here is a self-portrait of a gallant little gentleman who refused the chance of a commission and went into the ranks, "because he wanted to learn the game from the bottom up." He sleeps in a soldier's grave, but when he was in hospital, recovering from gas, he wrote: "I had a few burns on my body, and my eyes were very bad for a few days, but I feel fine now, and it is certainly a great relief to be where I can enjoy the beauty of France in the springtime, without crawling along like a worm and camouflaging myself like a Mexican sand-lizard—not to mention the joy of a real bath after nearly two months of Christian Science baths. You see, a canteen supply of water a day doesn't allow for many plunges."

The major lay on his back with his wounded leg arranged in an easy position. "Well, I never was much on prayer-meetings, but I led one about a week ago."

"How's that?"

"Oh, when I got hit I knew I was knocked out. So I dragged myself under a tree and lay flat behind the trunk, to get some shelter from the machine-guns that were sweeping the ground like a dozen brooms. After a good while a man crawled up to me and tried to stop the bleeding, and he wouldn't keep down flat, no matter what I said, and then he got it through the chest, and fell on top of me, and after a little while he rolled off and lay beside me. I couldn't bandage him, and so I got over on my side, put my arm across him, and kept the hand pressed against his wound to stop the blood anyway. The shells were falling all around us like hailstones in a storm. He was a very young lad and he began to quiver all over, and he called out, 'Oh, major, major, what shall we do?' and I said: 'Boy, we can't do much. Pray to God, boy, pray like you never prayed before.' And he said, 'Major, I ain't used to praying,' and so I began to say the Lord's Prayer, and he said it after me, and we just lay there saying the Lord's Prayer together while I was trying to hold his wound with my hand and stop the blood. I don't know exactly what happened after that, but I kept hearing the shells going over us and hitting the branches of the tree. We lay there, I guess, all day. It must have been nearly night when the stretcher-bearers came up and got us both. I never heard whether he lived or died, but he must have been pretty nearly gone by that time, for I was pretty nearly gone myself.

A captain walking about among the flower-beds of a hospital court. He

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limped on a stick held in his left hand, and his right arm, in a wire cage, hung in a sling. It had been many days since he had shaved, but the beard on his chin was not very heavy.

"Well, captain, you got it pretty bad. What was it, shell or machine-gun?"

"Both."

"What regiment?"

"—— Infantry. We fought with the Marines in Belleau Wood."

"How did you take your company forward? In skirmish line, I suppose."

"Yes, at five-yard intervals, and it was hard to keep the line because we ran into very thick brush, and the men often had to lump up and form again on the other side of the thickets. Some of them wanted to go ahead too fast, but considering the difficult circumstances, they dressed pretty well on me in the centre, and my lieutenants and sergeants were on the job. The Boches had a lot of repeating rifles up in the trees, worked by two men, but as soon as we got behind them they were ready to climb down, because they couldn't swing all the way around."

"How about the food?"

"Pretty tough. They gave us two days' emergency rations, bacon and hard bread, and we went ahead so fast we had to make it last four days. We ate our bacon raw. We didn't dare to make a fire, because if we did the Germans would shell the smoke. The worst was the water. We sent a man back with a bunch of canteens swung on a pole, but he got into shell-fire, and came back to us with a lot of canteens half-filled, and a lot of them lost. But we cleaned up the woods in our front and licked the Germans, and we can do it again."

It was a beautiful summer day when I left the hot air of the highroad, filled with the fine white dust ground up by unnumbered three-ton trucks, for the beautiful beech-woods behind the headquarters of the —— division. Deeper and deeper I plunged into the coolness, watching the sunlight that filtered through the green roof, high above my head, to dapple the purple shadows with golden spots, or to bring out the dull red of the slim, straight trunks of the plantations of pine. The hours passed in a half-dream of rest and beauty, thousands of miles from my past life and a universe away from the terrible present. And then suddenly I awoke to realize that the crash of an occasional gun was nearer than it ought to be to a man who had no business in the front line, and no order to enter it. So I started back. But which way? I knew the lines curved around me in a horseshoe, but which way was the opening between the heels? An hour passed and I could only guess where I was, for now even the occasional guns were silent. Suddenly there rose over the top of the hill a khaki cap. I ran around the shoulder and saw an American officer riding slowly along a wood road. A waving of the arms and a shout and he halted. When I got up to him I asked: "Which way do I go for ——?"

"Back along this road," he said, eying me the while intently and curiously. My coat was off so that he could not see what I was, and my appearance there certainly demanded explanation. "I am Doctor Paul van Dyke, of Princeton University, and"—the captain was springing from the saddle on the side away from me, and I had visions of a revolver coming around the horse's head, with an order to show my papers. Instead it was an outstretched hand. "Well, this is luck. Ever since you came over the hill I have been wondering where I had seen your face before. I used to be in your class eight years ago. It's a long way to Princeton. How in thunder did you get here, alone, close to the lines and just behind my battery?"

A snap-shot taken by a non-com. A company marching by files on each side of the road not far from the Marne. A mounted French officer appears around the turn and rides up to the captain, who checks the advance of his patrols and his column by signals. In somewhat broken English the French officer says: "Why do you go ahead on this road? You are going toward death."

"Well, I guess that is what we came to meet, wasn't it?"

"But there is a strong line ahead of you, and it is the Prussian Guard."

"The Prussian Guard? What the hell is that?"

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A salute, a wave or two of the arm, and the column moves on.

The nightly war council was meeting in Room No. —, of Ward X, of Red Cross Hospital No. —. The West Point major, with a bullet through his knee, lay flat. The ex-lawyer major of the O. R. C., whose scalp was cut to pieces by shell fragments, sat up in the other bed with his head propped against the pillows and his brilliant eyes shining out under the heavy white bandages. The lieutenant, with a downy mustache and one arm in a sling, perched on the table; the school-teacher captain, from Idaho, reclined across the foot of the major's bed, with his heavily wrapped foot resting comfortably on his stacked crutches, and the Y. M. C. A. man, who was trying to get over trench dysentery, lounged across the chair. The turbaned major was speaking in his deliberate, judicial way. "My men didn't take many prisoners between the Marne and the Vesle. You see the first day we got into the fight there was a machine-gun in a little patch of woods that was off by itself. It got a good many of us before we found out where it was. But I had some pretty good shots in my battalion, and not long after we had spotted it they crept around a bit and one of them climbed up into a tree, and the machine-gun stopped firing altogether. Soon after two Germans dashed out of the woods, one after the other, the first one waving a red flag. They ran across a piece of open field into the thicket where the machine-gun was, and came out carrying a wounded man. Then they went back and brought another. My men didn't fire a shot at them, and they cheered the end of the second trip. But the next day when our advance was over we were counter-attacked in the afternoon, and had to fall back from the German line we had taken. Toward evening our chaplain came to me and said: 'Major, I hear there are twelve wounded men in a dugout up there where we fell back. Give me stretchers and bearers, and I will go and get them.' So I said: 'If you heard there were twelve there will be more before you get there. I will give you fifteen stretchers and thirty bearers.'

"He worked around a long way through the woods and found fourteen wounded men in the dugout. He formed a line of his stretcher-bearers and started back across the field. As soon as he got well out into the open the Germans opened on him with all they had, and I didn't expect a man to escape, but they came in on the run and got off with a couple more slightly wounded. After that I noticed my men didn't bring in prisoners; perhaps the Boches quit surrendering."

The West Point major said: "Humph!" The Y. M. C. A. man said: "Perhaps!" The young lieutenant had opened his mouth for some less vague remarks when the night nurse shoved open the door. "It is nearly ten o'clock," she said, and the war council broke up.

Taken by a Red Cross nurse from the lower Mississippi, with an accent as soft and smooth as the current of the great river on whose banks she was born.

"Well, boy" (this to a six-foot colored infantryman), "what you doing here so far from home?"

A sudden gleam of ivory which seemed to run all the way around his head.

"Well, ma'am, you see, this fool nigger always did have more curiosity than good sense."

The captain was a very ardent trout-fisherman, and even amid the hardships and horrors of war he was always talking about the pleasures of following the brooks of Vermont and New Hampshire in springtime. He was standing by the roadside after the Argonne drive, watching some detachments of prisoners go by. First came a stalwart little bunch of powerfully built Bavarians, and after them crawled feebly a file of worn-out old men of the Landwehr and slender, white-faced lads of the last class called to the colors. The captain watched a moment in silence, then his lip curled in scorn, and as he swung on his heel to walk away: "Oh, hell," he said, "they ought to throw them back under six inches."

We could see the shells breaking into thin wisps of brown smoke above the top of the high ridge in front when we got out of our car and started along and across

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the little depression between us and its rather steep back slope. We got up onto it and moved along the lines of our supporting infantry, crouched in little holes they had scratched into the bank close to the top. As we passed along behind them they turned and looked at us with a very active curiosity. None of them spoke a word, but every eye said: "What the hell are you doing here?" This passing curiosity was quite evidently a much stronger force in their minds than the prospect of going forward in a short time under a possible German barrage. We climbed the steep bank and passed in front of them till we came up level with our foremost guns, a battery of 75's. One of the staff-officers with me said to the other, "It is just as well not to stay too close to these guns," and we moved ahead and to the right, some three hundred yards each way. Just where the other slope of the hill began to lead down from the top of the long flat ridge there was a convenient hole about four feet deep, evidently dug for an observer's post. We got into it and waited. The two men on either side of me attentively consulted their wrist-watches and bade me watch the opposite hills across the Vesle, where the German guns were. I heard the distant whirring of motors and turned to see three aeroplanes moving toward us on the right. "Are those Germans?" I asked. "Perhaps," said my comrades as they crouched into the hole until their steel helmets were level with the top. Just at this moment a bird rose into the air from the grass close beside us, and as it climbed straight upward I recognized that it was a skylark. "The show is beginning," said the major, and the lark began to sing almost above our heads. The next instant the battery of 75's on our left opened, and a shell from a heavier battery half a mile behind us went screaming over us, but the brave little songster kept on singing, and while from all around us the great chorus of our guns grew and swelled, I could hear his clear, tinkling notes ringing through the enormous din as the vibrant voice of the soprano carries through the orchestra and the great chorus. Nor did he sink down into silence until the crash of guns seemed almost to rock the very sky.

EVER THE WIDE WORLD OVER

By Elizabeth Herrick
Author of "After All," "The Unit," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES N. SARKA

THE gypsy came to him out of the morning, dazzling, like the sun in his eyes. He saw her first as his eyes swept up from his easel toward The Three Sisters etched cleanly against the azure sky-line—a glittering triplet of golden snow. She stood motionless between firs, a hand on each as on the posts of a gateway, and gave back his look with piercing intentness.

To his artist's eyes the life it lacked came suddenly into his picture. He understood his past depression, his dissatisfaction with his work—it had wanted the *living* beauty that had just come into it to warm and enliven its everlasting snows.

"Don't move!" he called, and fell to his brush.

The gypsy stood motionless. But her lips parted and a smile played in dazzling radiance across them. Overhead a bird burst into song. At her feet gambolled a chipmunk. Both went into the picture, and the still mountain scenery became suddenly alive with the life of the frisking squirrel and singing bird, the intenser life of the still figure with the dazzling face.

He dropped his brush with a breath of relief.

"There! I've got you! You may move now!"

The gypsy's hands dropped. She came toward him over the carpet of bluebells

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and stood beside him. As he looked into her face, for the first time with a man's perception of its rare woman's beauty, she looked at the picture, peering over his elbow.

"Oh!" thrilled the soft Romany voice. "You've made me a picture, brother!"

Over Cambourne's elate mood passed again the breath of dissatisfaction. He looked from the beautiful, vivid face, with the warmth of sunlight, the shadows of dusk in its marvellous coloring, to its painted likeness, and felt the finiteness of genius.

"No," he said reverently, "God made you that!"

Under the bloom in her dark cheek the gypsy blushed. Over the dusky rounded throat, into the rippling dusky hair ran the rich color. Then, with a laugh, she lifted her beautiful shoulders under the gay-colored blouse and shrugged off embarrassment.

"A pity you should be a Gorgio, brother, when you talk such beautiful Romany!" And with daring camaraderie she laid her brown hand on the sleeve of his coat and stroked it wheedlingly.

"Beautiful Romany!" she repeated, then, with an upward flash of her eyes, so swift and sudden and luring that Cam-

"Don't move!" he called, and fell to his brush.—Page 345.

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bourne's own winced from the witching light of it, "I should love to hear you speak more, brother!"

"I don't know any Romany!" He was moving away. But the gypsy kept pace with him, her hand still on his sleeve.

"Ah, but you've stolen the thought out of the black language! You need not be ashamed of it, brother. It is good for a woman to hear."

Cambourne stopped trying to evade her and resorted to strategy to get his coat-sleeve out of her fingers.

"If you're going to stay, won't you sit down? I'll fold my coat for a seat."

"Oh, I'll fare on presently." But when he seated himself on the grass and began gathering his belongings she sat down beside him and, elbows on her knees, peered into his face.

"Are you a great painter?"

"Not unless you've made me one. You came in from nowhere most opportunely."

The gypsy, her chin in the hollows of her slim brown hands, looked up at her image with naïve admiration.

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"A picture is always prettier with a woman in it," she commented. "Has it taken you many years, brother, to find that out?"

Cambourne looked at her sharply, then his glance relaxed. Here now at his hand was another picture with a woman in it—the gypsy studying her likeness with delighted eyes. He was already retouching it when, on another of those swift, bewildering uplifts, the girl's eyes fared again to his. They were gypsy eyes, dark and deep with the fathomless history of her race, free and haughty with centuries of unrestraint, but into them flickered a mischievous glimmer almost sophisticated, a sudden daring lure of the world worldly.

"Don't you want to paint me again, brother?"

The brilliant face was very near. The wonderful eyes drew him. Cambourne forgot all at once the wide distance between them. His senses tingling, he picked up the challenge the gypsy flung him.

"Yes," he said boldly. "Will you come here to-morrow at the same hour?—or as near as you know it?"

The gypsy arched her black brows.

"I shall know it, never fear! We gypsies go by the sun. It is better than a watch, brother. It never stops!"

With the quip and a trill of sweetly mocking laughter she sprang up and disappeared among the firs. From away in the woods the song that she lifted came witchingly back:

> "Out of the wildwood the Romany girl—
> Truth he loved her dearly!
> The Gorgio rye shook a troubled head,
> 'Lov'st thou me sincerely?'"

Cambourne stood like one enchanted, his pulses set to an accelerated pace, a queer something in his throat that impeded his breath. It was as if all at once he wanted something he had never known, and the dear unknown want and yearning made laughter and tears both catch in his voice.

"The devil! One would think me bewitched—by a gypsy girl!"

Yet for all his self-scorn he looked eagerly around at a leafy rustling, hoping to catch between the trees the flirt of her scarlet skirt. But the sound was only a red squirrel leaping from bough to bough. So strangely had she come, so mysteriously gone that, he told himself, he might almost think her a dream, except for his picture. But she glowed there with a truth and vividness of portraiture he had not dreamed he possessed. He wondered if she would come back. He ought, he supposed, to have crossed her palm with silver—there's no other way of making good a gypsy's word. But his pang of disappointment on the reflection was entirely disproportionate to the lost chance of painting her again. There was something beyond her striking beauty—a subtle lure that spoke from the musical voice, from the witching eyes, that might, Cambourne recognized disquietedly, draw a man far.

Nevertheless, his uneasiness did not keep him from the trysting-place next morning. He came an hour before the time he had set that, if her timepiece were the sun, he might not miss her. But she appeared on the appointed minute between the tree-trunks where he had seen her first.

"I am not going to work now," he said when he saw her. She dropped her arms and came forward, with naïve surprise.

"I thought the Gorgio gentleman wished to paint me again."

"So I do, by and by. But I want to talk to you first. I believe you are a witch."

The gypsy's nod had a hint of black magic.

"My clock is better than yours. You have been here an hour."

"I wanted to catch the morning light on the mountains."

The gypsy's glance of amused contempt swept from him to the tree-tops.

"A pity!" she confided aloft, with her inimitable shrug. "A Romany rye would lie better or he would not lie at all. Do you paint mountains, brother, peering among trees?"

Cambourne tried to laugh off chagrin.

"Now I know you are a witch! How else could you know that?"

"A gypsy girl may look at a Gorgio, brother," she said demurely. "And I was among the trees myself. But what were you seeking there?—something you had lost?"

Cambourne flung caution to the winds.

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"I was watching for you. I was afraid you might not come."

"Ah, well, that was nice of you." The gypsy seemed pleased. "But why were you afraid?"

"Because I wanted to paint you again."

The gypsy flashed a few steps away.

"Then, why don't you paint me?"

Perfunctorily Cambourne took up a brush.

"I am going to. Please stand where I saw you yesterday. In the same pose, if you will."

The gypsy's glance searched him, but she went docilely. Cambourne began painting. But an inexplicable rapid beating of his pulses made his hand unsteady. After a few unskilful strokes he laid down his brush.

"That's all. You may go."

But, as yesterday, instead of going, she tripped over the bluebells and stood beside him.

"It is beautiful," she approved. "You must be a wonderful painter."

Cambourne looked sharply for satire, but the gypsy's untutored face was candid as a child's.

"It is you who are wonderful," he conceded. "I've not done you justice. To-morrow, perhaps——"

Slowly the girl shook her head.

"To-morrow never comes, brother. It is always to-day."

"But you will be here, will you not—in the same spot?"

Again that slow shake of the gypsy's head.

"When to-morrow is to-day, I will be far on the trail."

"But when shall I see you again?"

The gypsy shrugged.

"Who knows? But I'll leave my patteran on some tree-trunk that you may know the way I pass."

Cambourne was on one knee, packing his box. He looked up suddenly into the beautiful near face and forgot all but its lure.

"Does that mean that you want me to follow?"

"That's as you take it, brother! It is deep Romanee!"

Then, before he could speak, she had dropped on her knees beside him and reached a wheedling hand.

"Let me read your fortune before I go, brother! Maybe 'twill tell you where we're to meet again."

Half reluctantly he gave his hand. She settled herself on her heels, her slender fingers bending his back, and peered into his palm.

"I see here a wonderful fortune, much good and some evil. I see that my brother's hand has painted many pictures, but the world has not known them because"—a mischievous glimmer shot from under the dusky fringe of the lowered eyelids—"my brother has painted mountains instead of women. And mountains leave the heart cold. So my brother is poor, but"—her voice thrilled mysteriously. She bent lower, and Cambourne, mysteriously thrilled, too, in spite of himself, leaning nearer, their heads touched over his palm—"I see a change coming. I see rugs of great thickness and wonderful colors on the floor of my brother's room where now there is nothing but a bearskin." Cambourne startled, but the gypsy droned unconsciously on. "And I see chairs inlaid with pearl for the beautiful Gorgio ladies to sit upon, and wonderful carved chests and many luxuries. For Fortune is on her way to my brother. But first he must pass through evil—losing what he loves and cannot find again, and finding that which he can no longer love." She paused, brows knitted, lips tightly compressed, and shook her head ominously. Her musical voice passed into the fawning "dukkerin" whine. "My brother must not blame me. I but tell what I see. And I see that my brother will not marry the fair woman to whom his troth has been given—the fair tall woman with sunlight in her hair, for a dark woman with hair as black as the wing of night will come between them."

With a sharp ejaculation Cambourne tried to draw away his hand, but the gypsy's slim, shapely fingers, despite their light touch, clung to it firmly.

"A dark woman," she insisted, "who will make my brother's fortune. Does not," she soothed, "my brother wish his fortune to be made? But at first he will not know the dark woman for his love. Yet wherever he goes, in this country or over seas, it is her face that he will carry

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with him. So he will keep a true trail and find his true love and great fortune at the end of it. That is all, brother!" Her eyes flashed upward, a golden sparkle in their midnight depths, into his flushed, incredulous, yet only half-offended face. "Will you give me a silver bit, brother," she wheedled, "for the beautiful fortune I've told you?"

Cambourne gave her the money, but as he handed it to her:

"I believe you know more of me than I do of you," he said uneasily.

The gypsy bit the silver to test it.

"Ay," she said, pocketing the dollar, "or how could I tell your fortune, brother? An old Romany mother taught me, who was as wise as a witch."

"I think you are a witch yourself. How else could you know about the bear-skin rug and the fair woman I am to marry?"

"But it is the dark woman you are to marry," cried the gypsy; then, under his amused glance, her rich color flared. "I did not say she was a Romany," she protested, and her eyes dropped to the ground to lift the next instant in dangerous coquetry. "For all that she may be a Romany, brother," she flashed at him defiantly.

She was more beautiful than ever, more subtly alluring, but the "dukkerin" had had its effect upon Cambourne.

"God forbid!" he said quickly. The gypsy's cheeks stung, but she held herself proudly.

"A Romany rye," she said, in a voice of disdain, "would not have spoken so to a Gorgio lady," and went from him over the bluebells into the spring woods. Their misty green lost her, but her voice reached back, mockingly yet sweetly, in a song that had a ring of challenge:

"Into the wildwood the Romany girl,
Over the rise and the hollow;
Into the wildwood the Gorgio rye,
Bound by her spell to follow—

Follow her near and follow her far,
Over the land and the water—
Over the world to the end of the world—
Follow the witch's daughter!"

When the song had died in the distance Cambourne went penitently home. The next morning he started East, carrying with him the picture he had painted and, as the witch had prophesied, the face of the dark woman. In another point, too, the fortune-teller scored. The picture he had painted of her sold for a price that, to Cambourne, seemed affluence. Better, it brought him orders. His mountain-peaks had left the world cold, but the world's heart warmed to his beautiful women—though none of them, a fellow artist pointed out, had the *esprit* of his gypsy.

"I've been tryin' to dope it out," said that wise one dubbed "Sophy" for his philosophical drift, "and I get it this way. What gives that picture its soul is the fact that in it you found your own. You'd been mooning the world over after mountain-peaks, when what you wanted was a woman. You found her, ergo, the big thing was done. But what phases me is that Juliet"—Cambourne's fiancée—"wasn't the woman. In a story, she would have been, you know!"

"This is life!" Cambourne retorted, but he winced. It occurred to him that Juliet might be wondering the same. That she was, came out shortly. Cambourne was exhibiting his portrait of Henrietta Grayce to Miss Grayce's friends and his own. Miss Grayce was the dark type, and the flesh tones of the portrait recalled to some critics the gypsy. The petulant beauty scouted the likeness.

"It's not much of a compliment," she scorned, "to be thought like a gypsy!"

"The compliment is to the gypsy!" said the philosopher adroitly. Afterward he shamelessly recanted. Everybody had gone except himself, Cambourne's fiancée, and her friend. "Sophy," at ease on a teakwood chest, munched a caviare sandwich reminiscently.

"The conceited little fool!" he articulated between bites. "Why, there's only one woman in New York can hold a candle to your gypsy. If I hadn't known you were West, I'd have thought she posed for you."

Juliet's tea splashed on the mahogany. But Cambourne went on spreading sandwiches indifferently.

"Who's that, 'Sophy'?" he inquired.

"Sophy" strengthened himself for revelation by another sandwich.

"Well, it's old man Hicks's daughter.

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"I see a change coming . . . Fortune is on her way to my brother."—Page 349.

There! I knew you'd laugh! But she's got just such hair and eyes."

Cambourne gave a snort of derision. "Old man Hicks" was his landlord, a silent, sinister old codger, who went about collecting his own rents, and incidentally squeezing the soul out of genius. The idea of his daughter posing for Cambourne's gypsy had the grotesque disproportion of caricature.

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"No. To relieve your laboring mind, 'Sophy,' I'll confide to you Miss Hicks wasn't my model."

"May one inquire who *was* your model?" Juliet asked, in a voice that she tried to make casual. "I've often wondered."

Cambourne trimmed the edges of the sandwich with elaborate care. It sounded absurd to admit that he didn't know. He appended a sort of excuse.

"She came out of the woods just as in the picture and went back into them."

Juliet made no comment. She offered "Sophy" another cup of tea.

"I once knew a gypsy," reminiscenced Miss Hiller's friend. "But she wasn't like Mr. Cambourne's gypsy. She had stunning gowns. Her people owned a water-power or something. They were real gypsies, though, and went caravaning in summer. She had blue eyes."

"A blue-eyed gypsy," "Sophy" said pensively, "is like a pink forget-me-not—something to be remembered. Well, the type brought Cammy luck all right—set his feet on the highroad to fortune. I'm sittin' on a chest from a Buddhist monastery, and my feet are sunk in a priceless Persian carpet over the precise spot where, memory recalls, his mangy old bearskin used to repose."

Cambourne startled. Juliet gave him a curious glance.

"Do you think she was really a gypsy?"

Cambourne essayed a laugh.

"I'm not sure she wasn't a witch!"

"I don't believe there was any girl at all!" triumphed Miss Hiller's friend, with an air of acumen.

The painter's smile faded.

"Oh, yes, there was a girl. But I don't know who she was, nor whence she came, nor whither she went."

"You sound like a fairy-story, Mr. Cambourne," murmured the friend.

"And you didn't ask her name?" put the philosopher incredulously.

"I never thought of it."

"Was she really as beautiful as you have painted her?" Juliet asked, with obvious reluctance.

There was silence. Cambourne's look drifted away from her face. Into it came a curious exaltation.

"More beautiful," he said at last, almost with reverence.

The subject lapsed, or rather, Juliet turned it, with a little more tea on the table and a jest at her awkwardness.

Cambourne came back to the moment.

"I ought to have warned you that teapot doesn't pour. I bought it for its spout!"

"Well, you got what you paid for," the philosopher conceded, "but the thing belongs on a junk-heap. The idea of askin' a nice girl to pour tea out of a fat-bellied pot with a two-inch spout. Speakin' of antiques——"

And the talk drifted further.

A day or two later Juliet brought it back. She dropped in at the studio with some garden roses.

"They're Madame Edouard Herriots. The bed is a riot of color. I've been imaging your gypsy among them—the brilliant tints with the tones of her skin would be perfectly marvellous. Which reminds me to ask"—she led up to her question with studied insouciance—"have you never painted her again?"

"No!"

"But perhaps you couldn't from memory?"

Almost deliberately Cambourne cut her suspense. Oh, yes, he could. It was a face one didn't forget.

She drew quicker breath and returned to the roses. But under the smooth flow of her talk and laughter was a current of unrest. She went shortly.

"Why under heaven was I led to do that?" he angrily asked himself. And, suddenly, against the gray corridor wall glimmered his answer, the face of the gypsy, laughter-rippled, alight with arch triumph. After that he made little effort to tear down the wall of reserve which had begun to build between Juliet and himself, perhaps because the higher it grew the nearer to his desire looked the wonderful gypsy face. Accordingly he welcomed "Sophy's" suggestion that a man who could "do somethin' with figures" would find a great field waiting for him over in France—"somethin', you know, of the Meissonier sort"—and made the modest conviction his excuse to Juliet. But he was somewhat staggered by her answer.

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"I have never believed your gypsy the best you could do."

Piqued for his gypsy, he visited the Metropolitan the day before he sailed.

Posed in front of the picture, his hands deep in his sagging pockets, his landlord stood absorbed. On Cambourne's speaking to him, he turned with his silent laugh.

"So! You're not yet on your wild-goose chase, Mr. Cambourne? When do you sail?"

Cambourne told him to-morrow. The old man struck his hands together in a heat of contempt.

"The fool and his folly! Why go to Europe when you can paint women like that? Are there not still women here?"

Cambourne's brows lifted whimsically. What was a painter to do, when he had painted all of the beauties?

"You have not painted them all," his landlord said with significance. "There is my daughter. I will pay you well—even ten thousand dollars for a portrait like that!"

So would a good many others! But:

"A picture like that is not painted every day, Mr. Hicks, because one does not find every day such a woman to paint."

"And do you expect," Mr. Hicks was sarcastic, "to find her in France?"

He was going to France to paint battles, not women, Cambourne explained.

His landlord laid a hand on his sleeve.

"Mark you!" he said. "It will take many pictures of battles to pay your rent. The world sickens of carnage—this reddening the good brown earth with men's blood. But I do not believe you will bring back a battle-picture. You will come home with the face of a woman. How do I know? I do not know, except as I read it there in your picture."

With a nod half friendly, half menacing, he went. Cambourne heard from him further in Paris.

Old Hicks, "Sophy" wrote, would let the rent run. At first he had "balked, but I sent him to the Metropolitan. 'Go look,' I said, 'on the face of genius!' He came back convinced—'not by the face of genius, but the face of a woman.' He added that he'd offered you ten thousand dollars for a portrait of his daughter. I told him that I thought at first you *had* painted her, the gypsy was so like. He almost snapped his fingers in my face. 'Like her!' he said, 'as a firefly is to a star, as a candle-flame is to the sun! He has painted well the woman he has painted, but if he should paint my daughter, he would have a picture!' Better leave the Meissonier stunt to the movie-actors and come home and paint the incomparable Miss Hicks.

"P. S. Miss Hicks and I will meet you on the pier. Her father introduced me to her yesterday. Jove! her eyes laugh at and mock you all the time her lips sweetly smile. We talked about you. 'Dad wants Mr. Cambourne to paint me,' she said, with an adorable shrug. 'But I'm told he preferred to paint bleeding heroes. Now I'd rather paint a pretty girl, wouldn't you, Mr. Wentworth?' She looked up at me then, kind of sudden, and—well, I'm a seasoned veteran, Cammy, but I went weak in the knees. I won't say I didn't flop down on them, for I heard myself saying sort of foolishly that if I were an artist, I'd rather paint her than anything on God's green earth. 'Now, that's very nice of you, Mr. Wentworth,' she said, with a smile. 'When you *are* an artist, you shall paint me!' I ought to have been offended, but, by George, I was in heaven! Well, so long, Meissonier! Good luck to your battle-piece, and peace to your pieces if they rest in France."

Juliet's letter curiously supplemented.

"I have met Miss Hicks—your landlord's beautiful daughter, you remember," she wrote at the end. "Mr. Wentworth introduced us at a studio tea. She is charming, but not in the way of your gypsy. She is very sophisticated. Since he met Miss Hicks, Mr. Wentworth has a new theory. He avers that your gypsy is that curious emanation of genius akin to the poet's dream—an artist's vision. 'She *never was*, you know, so how could Cammy see her? He couldn't see what never was, you know!'"

Cambourne, travelling to the front, smiled over both letters, but Juliet's postscript gave him pause. What if the gypsy were only a vision?—a vision surely as she had shone out to him against the gray background of corridor wall—a vision certainly as she had laughed with soft

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triumph out of that unseen wall so surely rising between the letter's writer and himself. Why not, then, a vision in the beginning, in those deep and misty woods? —so strangely and mysteriously had she come out of them, from nowhere into here—so strangely, so mysteriously gone back. . . .

His train ran into firing just then, and Cambourne forgot "Sophy's" theory and his own problem of solution. With the advent of martial excitement and the rapid succession, on the front, of martial events, theory and solution alike faded into the indistinctness of dreams. Heart and soul saturated with history in making, his eyes strained and hurt with its glory and agony, Cambourne set to work in grim earnest.

But he did not paint his battle-picture. Watching a movement of troops through the shrubbery screen that masked a battery above the shot-shattered tiles of Soissons, he made an involuntary movement that swayed the branches about him. Instantly a German lookout marked it, and, a minute later, a German shell marked it, too, spreading death and scrap-iron where, a minute before, had been living men and powerful guns. The first German shell went high, but only so little that the battery commander turned curtly to Cambourne:

"They have our range. Monsieur should retire!"

Cambourne went—not just in time, for a fragment of the shell that demolished the battery struck him down. He heard the whining drone of it, then its jangling explosion. He had a confused glimpse of a world gone muddy orange—then clearer vision of a red trickle between the white stones with which the artillerymen had edged the paths that led now to their sepulchre. Then pain and a dreadful numbing faintness that clutched at his heart got the upper hand of life. He swooned away out of it. He found himself, he could not guess how long after, alone beside a red pool into which the trickle ran. The shells still whined and droned, but now they passed overhead. No one came near him. He fell again into merciful oblivion.

It was dark when his eyes reopened, yet not dark, for stars shone overhead, and a full moon looked down. The undisturbed serenity of the heavens bred in his mind a curious awe—the survival of traditional religion. Over the human protest of his shocked soul came a sense of resignation—the consciousness of finite will crushed and subordinated to unseen infinite ends.

"Thy will be done!" he prayed aloud into the tumult, and out of it, bringing into the reeking atmosphere a woods smell and the breath of wild flowers, a voice answered, almost in his ear:

"No, brother! You should pray the prayer Romany-wise. 'Thy will be done by *men* here upon earth as it is done in heaven!'" And suddenly he knew that his head rested on a woman's knees, and that a face bent above him that some witchery of the moonlight flickering over it transformed into a beautiful fantasy of some face that he had seen before. "Do not insult your Maker by believing this red horror his. If men were doing his will, these French fields would be sown with grain, not blood. Do not let this run away from thy soul!—But you are hurt! Ah, I see!" The touch of the slender brown fingers on the blood-soaked cloth had marvellous healing. "That is bad, brother! Oh, that is very bad!" The gypsy's voice winced as if the pain were her own. The face that looked into his melted with tenderness. From those wet, yearning eyes Cambourne felt the rain on his cheek. He struggled to rise. Gently, the slender brown hands held him back.

"Lie quietly, brother! They will come for you soon."

Exhausted, he lay as she bade, looking up at her wonderingly.

"How came you here?"

The gypsy answered with intimate simplicity.

"I followed my brother."

"But how did you know I had come to France?"

The gypsy laughed softly. In that place of sepulchre her laugh, pulsing with life, was pleasant to hear.

"That is a witch's secret. Not for naught have I straight hair that curls at the ends, which my grandmother says is the sure sign of a witch!"

Pouring wine from a flask into a cup, she

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held the cup to his lips. Its metal flashed under the moon like the purest silver—loot, perhaps, from some ruined château.

"Drink," she bade, with charming imperiousness, and, as he obeyed: "May not a gypsy girl have a real brother?" she asked him demurely.

and the wine, could have lain there forever, looking up in her face.

"Won't you tell me your name—since you know mine?" he begged.

The gypsy's smile had an alloy of mockery.

"My name is Marili."

The touch of the slender brown fingers on the blood-soaked cloth had marvellous healing.—Page 354.

Cambourne's cheeks burned.

"But what is your brother doing in France?" he asked, to hide his chagrin. The gypsy looked at him mischievously.

"What are *you* doing in France, Mr. Cambourne?" Then, at his startle, she bit truant lips.

"A gypsy picks up a deal about folks to tell their true fortunes with." She peered into the woods anxiously. "Why do they not come?"

But Cambourne, revived by her touch

"Marili—a beautiful name!"

"It is the same as my grandmother's."

"And what is your brother's?"

"It is the same as his grandfather's."

Cambourne was nonplussed.

"But I saw you in America," he began again.

"Yes. But we are English gypsies—an old gypsy family out of Yorkshire. You wouldn't think, now, would you, a poor gypsy girl could have an ancestry and be proud of it? But I have my

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grandmother's taffeta wedding-dress laid by against my own wedding—unless I should marry a Gorgio!"—the beautiful moonlit face rippled into laughter—"and her silver jug and a dozen spoons. I told you when last we met that when to-morrow was to-day we should follow the trail. We went East, then war came and we crossed to England. My father was too old to fight, but he said: 'If you wish, we will follow your brother! When a rye's a Rom, anywhere's home!'"

"But how did you get through the lines?"

The gypsy gave her old nonchalant shrug.

"A hedge of thorn or a hedge of steel is all one to a gypsy! But what brought you to France, Mr. Cambourne? Were you following your—*brother?*" Cambourne's sick pulses leaped. He lifted both hands and brought her face down to his.

"You said that I would follow you."

But the gypsy repudiated her prophecy.

"Did I say that?" And before his lips could meet hers she had pulled herself free. "I remember now, brother!" she said, from safe distance. "I said you would follow a dark woman. I but hinted she might be a Romany. And you said: 'God forbid!'"

"But I say now—God grant! Marili, forgive me! Come back! Marili! Marili! Come back!"

She was gone. Cambourne dropped his futile beseeching arms and lay alone with the dead.

A shell burst with lurid glare somewhere near—near enough to shock, but not injure. As he lay half-stunned, the jangling musical quality of the explosion blended, in his confused brain, with that subtle music of her voice like silver strings plucked by a giant hand.

"Lift him gently, brothers! He is terribly hurt!"

But he could not see her, though he felt himself lifted. The pain of the stirred wound overcame him, and he fainted again. When he revived the stars were no longer above him, but a billowing sea of smoke-grimed canvas. From ahead came the steady, rhythmic beat of horses' hoofs. An old gypsy woman, bright-eyed and straight as a pine-tree, sat by the bunk on which he lay and fed him broth with a silver spoon. But she would have nothing to say to him, only muttered to herself ungraciously in Romany.

The hell of sound was behind them, but little by little it seemed to fall away, and only the beat of the horses' hoofs go on monotonously, like the pelting of rain on the road. Then that, too, fell away, and he wakened to consciousness in a house with four standing walls and a roof, in a bedroom, with curtains to the windows and a pot of mignonette on the sill. The polite Frenchwoman, who stirred at his movement, looked blank when he spoke of gypsies.

Two men in a touring-car had brought him, she said, but they were not gypsies. Monsieur was doing well, très bien, so why trouble himself?

Cambourne continued to do well, so far as his fleshly wound went, not so well as to the wound in his heart. For no sooner had he found again that wonderful dark woman who had so mysteriously—and tantalizingly—crossed his path, than he had lost her, even if she were not—uncertainty teased him—a vision. But woman or vision, her face was always before him, though before him now as it had looked into his on the battle-field. During his convalescence he began to put it on canvas.

He finished it on a golden September day, with his room windows open to the cordial wine of the air, and had just signed it when his landlady entered with his letters. She gazed at the gypsy with filling eyes.

"It is good that she has found him at last—the poor stroller!" she said, and wiped away sympathetic tears. "Ah, bien!—love is ever the same the world over."

In a flash Cambourne's title came to him. As he painted it in bold strokes on the back of the canvas, a smile grew on his lips.

"Then you do not think, madame, the wounded soldier her brother?"

Madame gave him an incredulous look.

"But no!" she scoffed. "A woman does not give such a look to a brother, monsieur!"

When madame had gone, Cambourne stood long before his picture, more than an artist's elation in the triumphant rapture of his eyes.

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But his letters, when reluctantly he opened them, damped exaltation. Juliet wrote inspirationally of the picture he was supposedly painting—that "red glory of battle." He laid down her letter with a sharp stab of conscience and took up "Sophy's." Et tu, Brute! For that philosopher had been thinking of the gypsy again. Since Cammy hadn't painted Miss Hicks and didn't know whom he had painted, the conclusion was obvious. He hadn't painted anybody. "It's just your ideal woman, and you've gone like that what-d'ye-call-him Greek fellow, and fallen in love with it!"—to the distraction of talent and, "Sophy" disturbingly hinted, the distress of a sweet girl too good for the painter. "I'll not say she's pining away, but there's something—a still, brooding sort of look in her face that isn't of happiness. Don't be a fool! Get that vagrant gypsy love that follows a trail nowhere, like the vagrant gypsy you've imaged, out of your system, and come home and be married."

Cambourne winced over the words. He *didn't* know whom he had painted in the Washington woods—and what did he know of the gypsy of the battle-field beyond the mystery of her name? Was he, in reality, following "a vagrant gypsy love" on a "trail that led nowhere"—except away from the normal happiness that belonged to him with the girl he was to marry?

But again, witchingly, through his mind flitted the gypsy's disclaimer:

"But it is the dark woman you are to marry!" And again the luring eyes lifted to his. . . . Woman or illusion of a woman, she had this reality—she had come between Juliet and himself!

Nevertheless he did not tell Juliet the truth on his arrival. He left the picture to tell her. She saw it first at its studio exhibition.

"Why, it's his gypsy again!" said "Sophy" on the crest of the instant, murmurous wave of appreciation. Then he sank his voice for Juliet's ear. "Only there never *was* any gypsy, you know! Same flowin' style and feelin' for color—detail's good—trees shot all to splinters—heap of scrap-iron over there where a battery was. Queer settin' for romance, but he's got the romance in it all right. But of course there never *was* any gypsy!" he harped.

"Oh, yes, there was a gypsy," said Juliet conclusively, her eyes on the marvellous face. "Don't you read it under his title?—'Ever the Wide World Over!'"

"Oh, that means," the philosopher elucidated, "that love is just the same on a battle-field as in a parlor—just the same in a gypsy as in you or Miss Hicks."

Juliet's smile was tinged with faint irony.

"At any rate, it is a great picture," she said, and moved away, proudly and graciously, among Cambourne's guests.

But that night she wrote to him:

"However I might wish, I cannot blind myself to the meaning of this second gypsy picture with the old, old story in both the man's and the woman's faces. You did not bring back from the battle-fields of France what I hoped you would bring, but the face of your fallen soldier shows that you believe you have brought back something better. May you be right, and believe me, though no longer your promised wife, the most sincere of your friends,

"JULIET HILLER."

The letter brought him to her next day with the candid reoffer of his hand, and so much of his heart as he could give. After all, the gypsy might be, as "Sophy" thought, only a vision. "And I'm not sure, Juliet, that you should let a vision come between us."

Juliet saw with clear eyes.

"But it *is* between us and you have shown that it is your ideal of the woman you could love. We would never be happy—I would be jealous, perhaps, of a shadow, and you would always be looking for the woman you dreamed of, and not finding her in me. If you are right, you will find your gypsy herself again somewhere. And if Mr. Wentworth is right, you will find her some time in some other woman whom you will love as you could never love me. And so, I won't bid you good-by, but Godspeed."

Cambourne accepted his dismissal, but for the next months he moped in his studio. The freedom that a year ago he would have welcomed seemed now but mockery—the freedom one has to follow

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a will-o'-the-wisp. The necessity for work—his second gypsy picture shared the common fate of masterpieces: it was still unsold—failed to drive him to it. During his absence a new portrait-painter had achieved metropolitan distinction and absorbed his clientele. If the wolf was not already at the door, he was—we quote "Sophy":

"Slinkin' in old Hicks's shoes in the passage," while Cambourne borrowed of his friends and lived on credit. But credit and the patience of friends alike have an end. Cambourne reached it one black day in December.

"If the fellers could see you beginnin' anythin'!" complained "Sophy," who had just "touched" a friend vainly for genius's necessity.

But it's not probable genius would have "begun anything" even then if its landlord had not, at the psychological moment, tightened the screws. Mr. Hicks was impersonal and importunate.

A man who borrowed and never paid was a man of dishonor. A man who had not paid his rent had borrowed of his landlord. What had the painter to offer?

The painter had nothing but intentions, at which Mr. Hicks snapped his fingers. But he had a suggestion.

"Among my people, when we can't pay the money we've borrowed, we work it out. I suppose you would be above that—hey, Mr. Painter?"

"No, I'm not above it," Cambourne forced himself to say. Then a grim humor twisted his lips. "Do you want your house painted, Mr. Hicks?"

The old man's glance pierced him, suspicioning satire in covert.

"No—my daughter!" he said dryly.

"All right! I'll do it," Cambourne agreed curtly, but with the promise he felt the ebb of his art set in.

"Next, the butcher's, the baker's, the candlestick-maker's daughters, I suppose," he confided bitterly to "Sophy." "Then I'll be doing beauties for the cigarette market!"

But the philosopher found cheer in the outlook.

"It ain't so bad! You'll be doin' somethin' besides mopin', anyway. Ever see Miss Hicks? No, I remember you haven't. She's a beauty."

"So I infer from her father!"

"Well, the old top ain't bad-lookin', if he'd get his hair cut."

"I mean, my landlord stated that his daughter was beautiful. 'It requires a great artist,' he said, 'to paint her.' So he came to me! Also, I owe him money. Reputation plus obligation. Damn! To be hung in the Metropolitan yesterday and paint Miss Hicks to-morrow! But I'll bleed him! By the Lord in heaven! he'll pay for his portrait! It's in the contract that, if the picture does her justice he's to pay what I ask over and above the rent up to ten thousand. By Jupiter, I'll make her a beauty, if she's got a nose like an apple-woman's, and eyes like a china doll's!"

"That's the spirit!" "Sophy" clapped him hilariously on the shoulder. "But when you get the money," he lapsed into sudden seriousness and whirled his friend round to look into his eyes, "don't squander it in wild-goose chases, old man!"

A slow red flamed on the artist's cheekbones.

"Are you a mind-reader or a wizard, 'Sophy'?" he tried to put with a laugh.

"Neither. I've been through the mill. I never found her, but—well, I've not done anything since. Smoke that in your pipe, son, then condescend to Miss Hicks!"

Cambourne did smoke over it, with the reflection that poor "Sophy" wouldn't have made much of a painter, anyway. With himself, now, the case was different. Accordingly, it was without undue condescension that Cambourne ascended the Hicks steps. He had a sneer for the newly Florentine front door, but in the subdued richness of the interior the sneer left his face. There were works of art, too. He thought he saw a Turner in the farther drawing-room, and crossed the room to make sure. What if his landlord turned out a collector? Evidently he knew a thing or two about pictures. Cambourne's interest stirred.

Out of the drawing-room a conservatory opened, dark-foliaged trees, straight and tall, along its aisle like the trees in a wood. Cambourne's artist eye seized on the vista. Why not paint Miss Hicks there, coming, like his gypsy, out from among the trees. It would please the old man!

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The butler returned.

"Miss Hicks will see you at once, sir."

Cambourne turned back reluctantly.

. . . A gypsy came into the room, dazzling, like the sun in his eyes. She stood motionless a moment between the pillars of the doorway, a hand upon each, as on the posts of a gate, and gave back his look with piercing intentness.

"Marili!" he stammered—or was she a dream? But she came on into the room, a palpable vision, for she laid her hand—brown, slim, elegant—on his sleeve.

"Marili!" she repeated, with her low, musical laugh. "Did I not tell you a true fortune, brother?"

"Marili!" he said again, incredulously.

The gypsy gave her amused little shrug.

"Why not, brother? I'm homing now. Do you not want to paint me again?"

But Cambourne was like a man stunned.

"You mean you live here—with the Hickses?"

"Where else should I live, brother? We Hickses have been gypsies ever since the world began!" Then, at his involuntary glance around him: "Is it the Gorgio law, brother, that a gypsy must be poor?"

"But your brother," he put hastily. "You left him in France?"

She laughed at him slyly.

"No. My brother was wounded. We followed him home. But if you want to paint me, Mr. Cambourne, you must pretend to begin. I hear grandmother coming. She is very old and deep, my grandmother, and she does not approve of the picture; but my father saw one you had painted of a poor gypsy girl which reminded him of me—only, he said, I was much more beautiful in my gypsy dress—poor love-blind dad!—and that if you would paint me so, he would make your fortune. So you must make me a picture, brother!" She came close and lifted her face, dazzling, bewildering in its radiant beauty.

"What do you want me to say?"
"What is in your heart, brother!"—Page 360.

As in the wood, Cambourne answered her reverently.

"God made you that!" and would have said more, but the gypsy lifted her finger.

"'Sh! My grandmother!" she breathed, as an old woman entered, bright-eyed and straight as a pine-tree, for all her years. Marili turned deferentially.

"This is the Gorgio rye, grandmother, who has come to paint my picture."

The beldame vouchsafed him a witch-like glance of sharp suspicion, and spoke to her granddaughter in a querulous tone:

"Why will you have your picture painted? Don't you know it will steal the blood from your face?"

"It is the way of most painters to put more into it! But I'll take good care, grandmother!"

"Never trust a Gorgio, child!" The crone's tone was hostile.

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"For shame, grandmother! He has eaten bread in the black tents!"

"Ay, but that does not give him the black blood!" grumbled the crone. "When a Romany girl marries a Gorgio, she forgets her blood in the house of the Gentile."

Cambourne, watching Marili, saw the rich blood stream in her face. His own leaped in his heart.

"But I'm not like to marry the Gorgio, grandmother. I once suggested to the Gorgio rye that he might marry a Romany, and he said, 'God forbid!'"

"But he said later, 'God grant!' You surely remember that, Marili!"

But the gypsy had turned half away. She stood plucking to pieces a rose in a vase.

"I forget many things," she said distantly, "that I don't wish to remember."

"Then you wish—not to remember that?" Cambourne's voice shook. The gypsy shot him a glance from under her drooped lids.

"I wish not to be reminded!" Then under the jetty fringes glittered a golden sparkle. "A pity, brother, to talk so much Gorgiee, when you can speak such beautiful Romany!"

Her tone seemed subtly to beckon. Bewildered, Cambourne strained after.

"What do you want me to say?"

"What is in your heart, brother!"

There was just one thing in his heart, the old, old phrase that is common to all tongues. He spoke it with passion:

"I love you, Marili!"

The gypsy raised rapturous eyes between laughter and tears.

"Now," she said, "that is beautiful Romany!"

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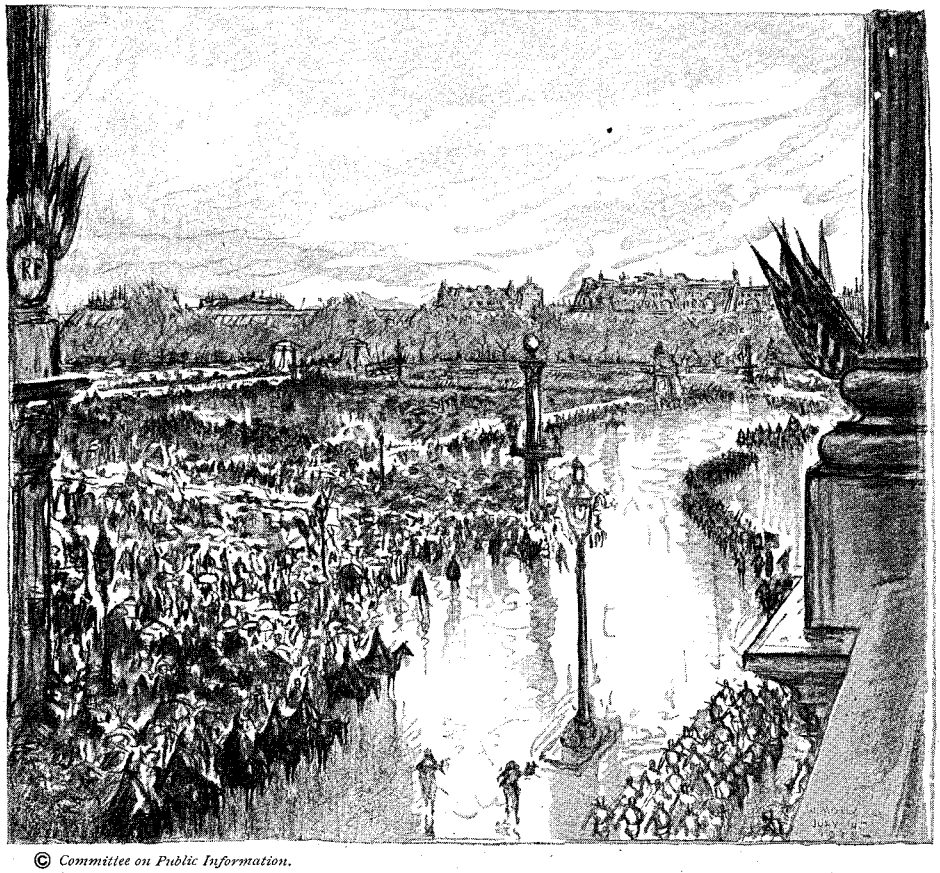

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American troops marching through the Place de la Concorde, Paris, July 14, 1918.
Drawn by Captain Wallace Morgan.

A SELECTION OF WAR DRAWINGS BY THE OFFICIAL ARTISTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY

CAPTAINS GEORGE HARDING, J. ANDRÉ SMITH, HARRY E. TOWNSEND, W. J. DUNCAN, W. J. AYLWARD, WALLACE MORGAN, *and* ERNEST PEIXOTTO

THESE officers and Captain Harvey Dunn (whose work was not shown in the recent exhibition and we regret is not represented in this group) were commissioned captains in the Engineers' Reserve Corps of the army. Each artist has sent back many drawings (of which we can present only an example) which will be preserved in the archives of the War Department.

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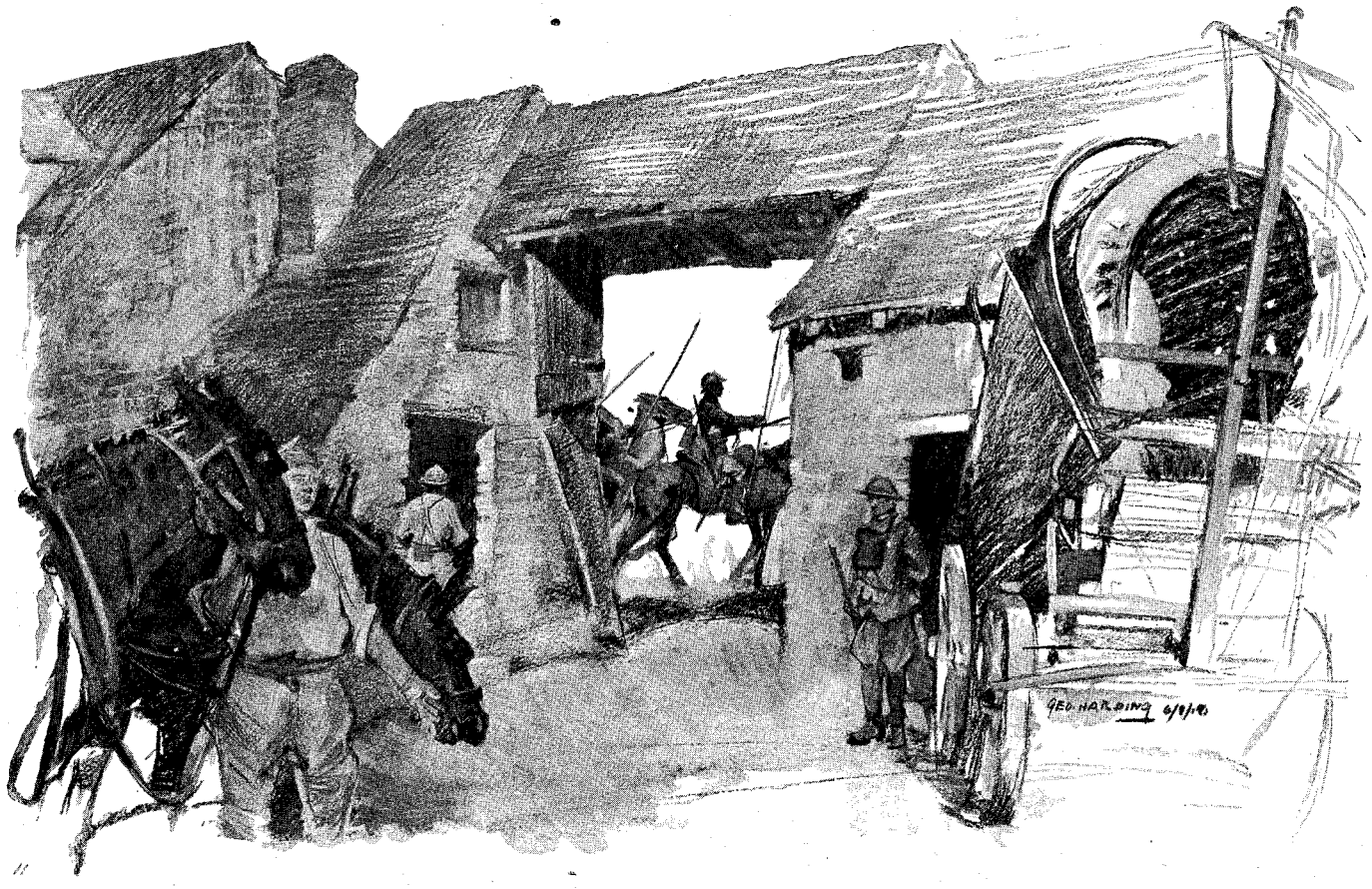

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American ration-train headquarters in a farmyard; vicinity Château-Thierry.
Drawn by Captain George Harding.

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Refugees from Château-Thierry section,
Drawn by Captain Harry E. Townsend.

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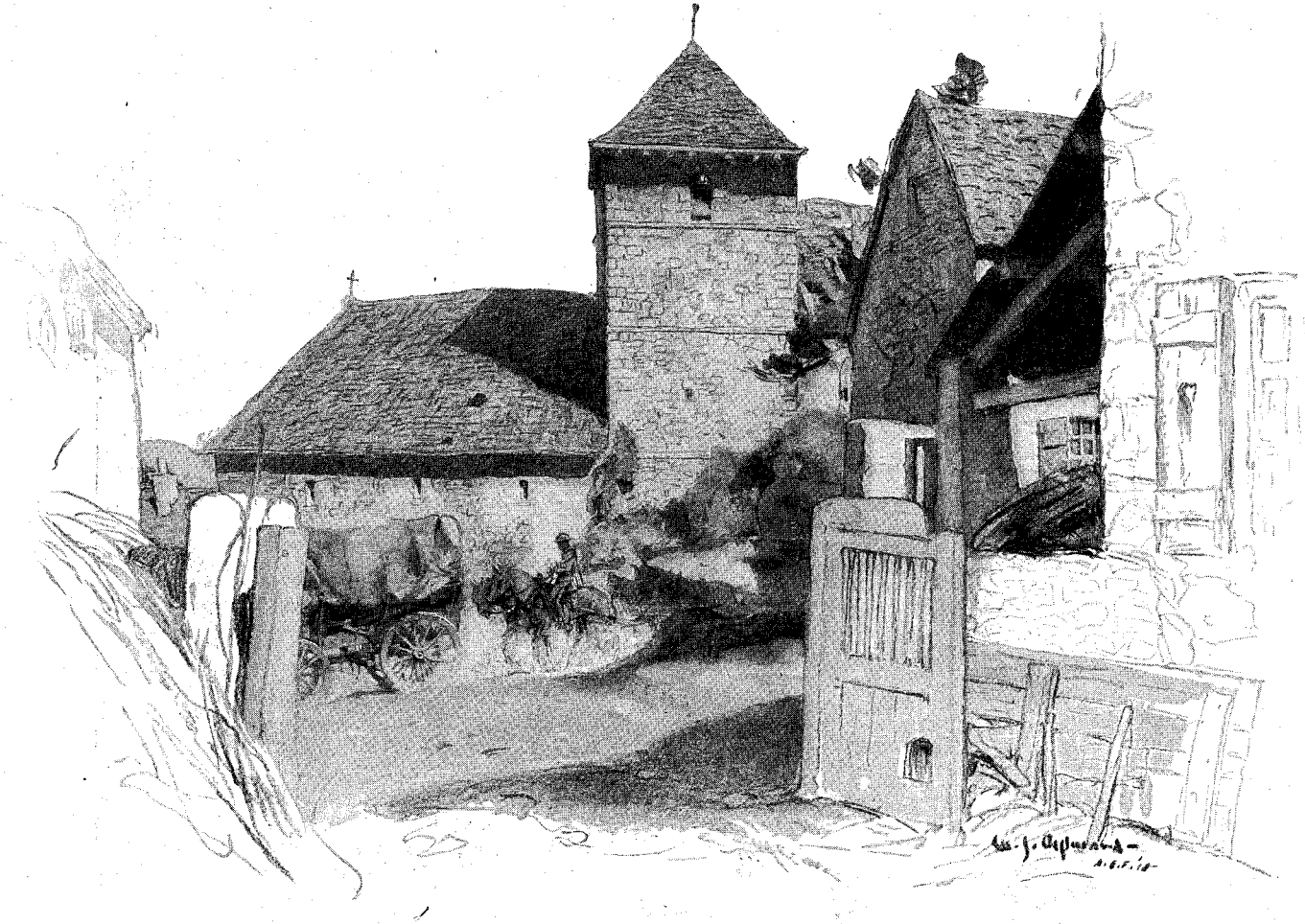

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Wagon-train at Viffort, July, 1918.
Drawn by Captain W. J. Aylward.

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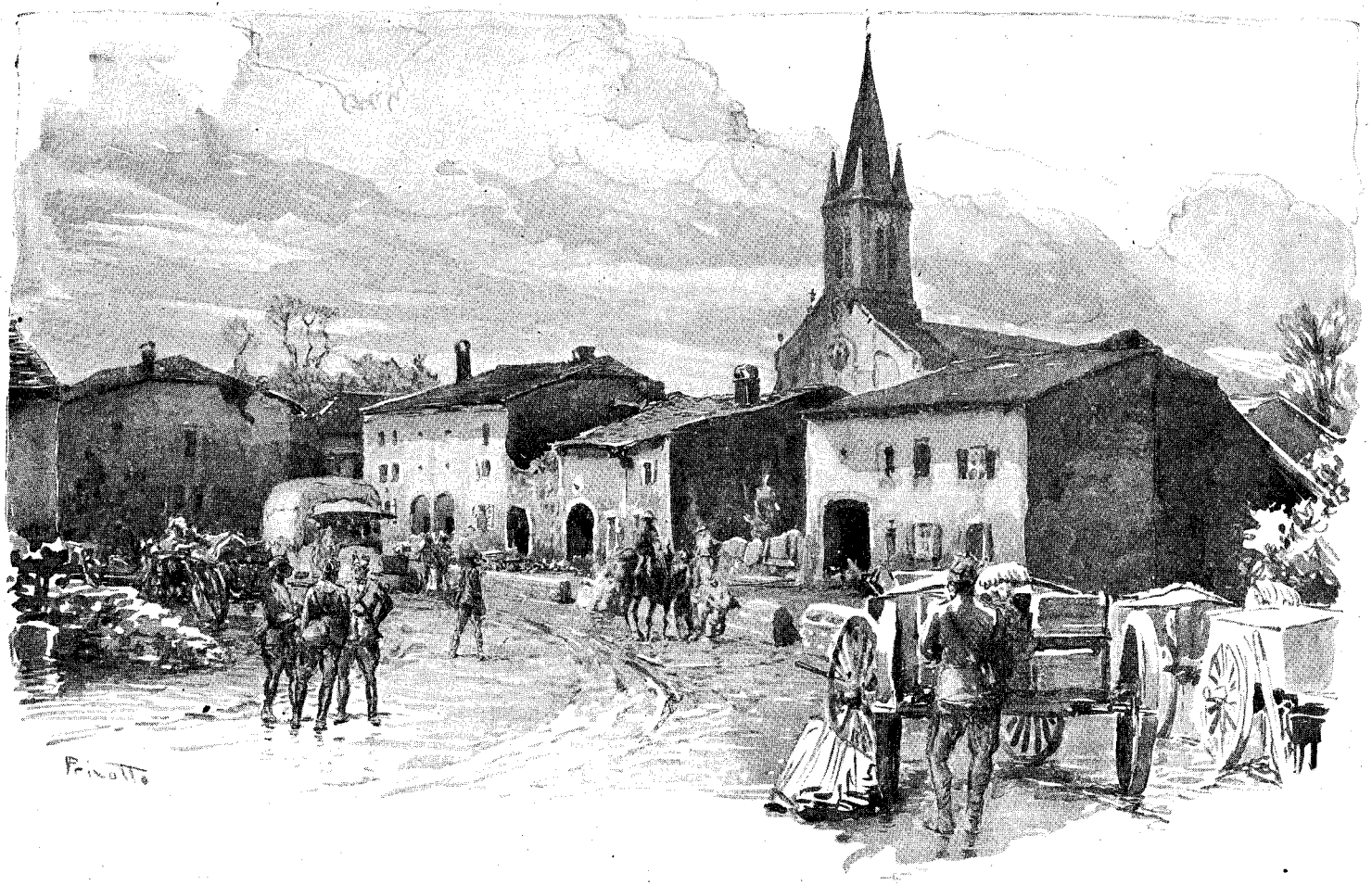

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Neufmaisons, a typical village of the Lorraine front in which the American troops were billeted.
Drawn by Captain Ernest Peixotto.

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Supply-trains on the Paris-Metz road during the battle of Belleau Wood.
Drawn by Captain Wallace Morgan.

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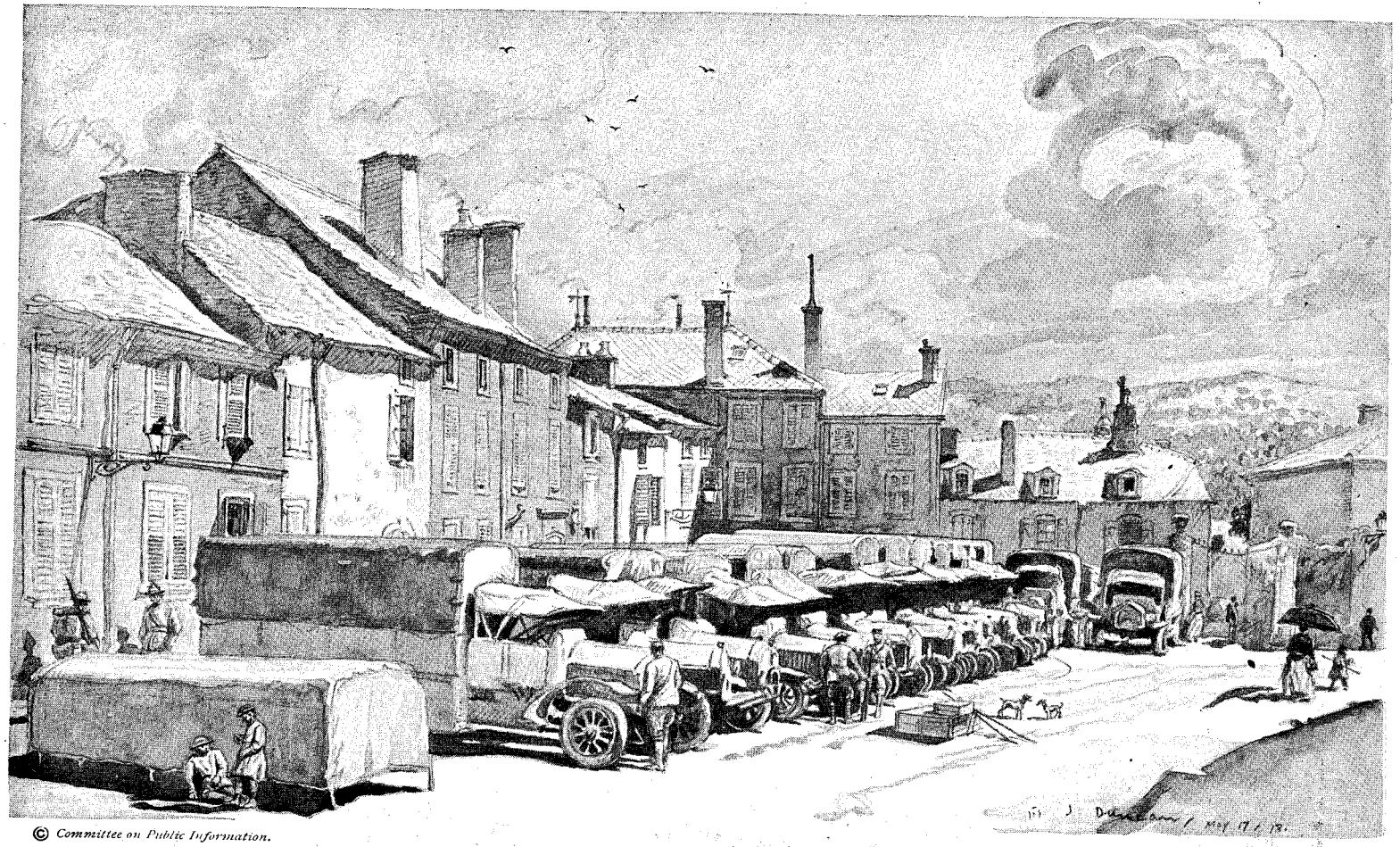

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French auto-trucks and ambulances parked in the Place Carrière, Neufchâteau, awaiting a call from the front.
Drawn by Captain W. J. Duncan.

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Inside the church at Badonviller.
Drawn by Captain J. André Smith.

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WHAT THE RUSSIAN SITUATION MEANS TO AMERICA

By W. C. Huntington
Commercial Attaché to the American Embassy, Petrograd

IN June of 1916 I arrived in Petrograd, whither I had been sent by the United States Department of Commerce, as commercial attaché to the American embassy. The warm welcome which I received from Ambassador Francis, who as a business man of long experience was deeply interested in developing our commercial relations with Russia, heartened me and made my desire still keener to know Russian economic conditions thoroughly and to correctly interpret to American business men the opportunities for their capital, enterprise, and goods which Russia afforded.

I little knew what events were in store: that the young Chicagoan who sat opposite to me as my secretary would shortly become an officer in American expeditionary forces in Russia; that the whole structure of the bureaucracy in the government ministries and of Russian commercial and industrial life, with which it was my task to cultivate and build up friendly relationships, would presently be swept aside. I had come to Russia to aid in construction—to promote commerce—I did not dream that I was chiefly to witness destruction in a great political and social laboratory where vivisection would be practised with a vengeance.

In the months that followed I had opportunity to visit most of the commercial centres of European Russia, from Archangel, on the White Sea, to Odessa, on the Black, and Petrograd, on the Baltic, to Baku, on the Caspian. March and April of 1918 were spent in Siberia, chiefly in Irkutsk.

June in 1916 was the period of the "White Nights" in Petrograd, when the sun is down only from half past nine in the evening until two in the morning, but the sky, viewed from the bank of the wide Neva, filled the whole night through with a succession of wonderful and indescribable hues. The signs of war were, however, everywhere at hand, and the relatively underdeveloped apparatus of industry and transportation heavily overloaded by war demands; society in Petrograd was quite changed from the normal with fathers and sons at the front and daughters in the hospitals. The casualties were very great, a fact which the careless and forgetful seem not to remember now. On Russian Christmas Day (thirteen days after our own) a colonel in one of the Guards regiments, who was the husband of the lady from whom I had rented my furnished apartment, called upon me, and, standing before the fireplace, said: "Yes, we of the Guards are responsible for the killing of Rasputin, and we do not care who knows it—they won't do anything about it—and if the Empress doesn't mend her ways I'll not be responsible for her either." On New Year's Day the entire diplomatic corps were taken from the private station in Petrograd in an imperial train to Tsarskoe Selo. There, in the great Catharine ballroom of the palace, with a Turkey-red carpet on the floor, and the ceiling painted with goddesses and cupids, brilliantly illuminated with lights and mirrors along the wall, we were presented by our ambassador, like the young men of all the other foreign missions, to his Imperial Majesty, Nicholas the Second, who seemed a quiet, courteous man of small stature with a weak but kindly face.

Within two months the Czar had abdicated, the only line of executive authority in Russia was broken, and the struggle for democracy was on. As the months passed we in Petrograd watched Russia go from one tyranny, through the gamut of revolutionary experiments, to a worse tyranny. The untrained Russian people—whom a geographical and historical tragedy of isolation, vastness, and

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tyranny, had divided into a "lower nine-tenths," relatively illiterate, underfed, and poor, separated by a wide chasm from the "upper one-tenth," versatile, outwardly western European, but, because denied participation in government, theoretical and lacking experience and initiative—could not find and hold democratic equilibrium, but rushed on toward anarchy, to end in Bolshevism.

Bolshevism, the vulture which feeds on anarchy of mind and hunger of belly, settled down on the body of a prostrate and exhausted people. Promising peace, land, and bread, it has fulfilled none of these promises, and is an utter failure. The cause of its failure is absolute immorality. Not five per cent of the people of Russia are to-day behind it. It has betrayed the true Russian revolution, and is devoid of any moral force whatever. Lest I be thought overconservative, let me add that it is not for its hodgepodge radical programme *on paper* that I denounce Bolshevism as immoral. Some features of that programme are debatable—most are pure folly—but it is for its conscienceless and violent method in cramming this programme down people's throats, for its absolute lack of any principle except the principle of any means to *my* end. Bolshevism in its conceit attempts to serve both God and Mammon, receiving the Kaiser's money freely while insisting that it is working to overthrow him.

And now, what is the present state of the country after a year of Bolshevik rule? It would require more space than is available here to take this subject up in detail. Following are, however, the main features:

To begin with, the whole social and political structure as we know it has been turned upside down. The former governing elements are now at the bottom, undergoing persecution, and the lowest elements are at the top, trying to govern by terror. The Bolshevik government was never very firm, but there was a brief period when it enjoyed a sort of authority in various parts of the country. Now that Bolshevism is no longer recognized by the masses as their movement, the real authority of the central Bolshevik government does not extend beyond Moscow. There is practically entire absence of production, and the country has exhausted its stocks.

The local soviets go their own way, obeying when they please and opposing the central authority when it suits them. As a matter of fact the central authority, having founded its power on demagogy, is not able to issue any orders of a constructive or restraining kind.

Many so-called "bourgeois" have been invited by the Bolsheviks to accept positions in their ministries. One of my friends, who was an engineer of ability, quite neutral in politics, accepted a position as chief of a department in one of the Commissariats, after having consulted with the members of the All-Russian Association of Engineers, to which he belonged. He was well treated by the members of the Bolshevik government, who promised him their full support. Just as soon, however, as he wished to initiate certain reforms in personnel in his office, agitators amongst the staff threatened the authorities with a strike, and the latter gave in. Finding it impossible to accomplish anything, my engineer friend resigned.

As indicative of the same anarchy, the case may be cited of the official American party leaving Russia. We arrived in Petrograd with our passports properly viséed by the Bolshevik central authority. "The Commune of the North," which is the name of the terroristic government in Petrograd, refused to recognize the visé on our passports, and we were held on the side-track in the Finland Station for four days.

The Bolshevik tyranny is more terrible than anything the imperial régime ever dreamed of. It is useless to recount instances here, because the activities of the Extraordinary Committee for Combating the Counter-Revolution are too well known through the newspapers.

A representative of the Bolshevik Foreign Office told Ambassador Francis one day in Vologda that the educated classes of Russia were falsely educated and, therefore, must be annihilated. This policy is being put into effect with an intensity which is only limited by lack of organization and time.

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The banking and credit system is smashed. The banks have all become agencies of the People's Bank of the Russian Republic. Accounts have been confiscated, the books are in a terrible condition, no one has any idea of the solvency of the banks, although they must be in many cases ruined several times over. They are merely agencies for the paying out of paper money, chiefly for the uses of "government departments," and for paying labor in the factories. This money never returns and there is no circulation.

As for newspapers, there are none except the Bolshevik organs. They are, of course, purely propaganda sheets, badly run, where every industrial difficulty in America or England is described as a nation-wide strike about to usher in a social revolution in these countries. The front pages of the papers are filled with vitriolic articles urging the people to wipe out the "bourgeois," who continue to exist somehow and co-operate with the Czecho-Slovaks and the imperialistic Allies against the true will of the people!

The railways continue to run where fighting does not prevent this, and on the line from Moscow to Petrograd there were even International sleeping-cars. There is very little movement of freight. The trains are few, and conditions grow worse from day to day because of the wearing out of locomotives and cars which cannot be replaced. Side-tracks and roundhouse yards are filled with locomotives needing comparatively slight repairs to make them useful, but which repairs cannot be executed for the lack of material and willing labor. That the railroads run at all is due to the good habits, inertia, and the necessity of earning money of the employees, but beyond all these, their good-will. The majority of the enginemen, firemen, and trainmen have not been Bolsheviks, and their Central Union fought the Bolshevik authority until it was overcome by superior force, whereupon an artificial union was created in its place, with a safe majority of Bolshevik votes. These train-operating men and the station-masters and their assistants have kept some sort of traffic going in the face of unbelievable anarchy. Locomotive enginemen and station-masters have had pistols pointed at their heads, and been forced to run trains out of schedule at the behest of Red Guards detachments. Trains have been held up at station after station by local authorities, so called, while the passengers were robbed of any food which they might be carrying. Altogether, I think the railway employees, who are virtually running the roads these days, because there is no higher personnel, deserve great credit, and should be reckoned with in any scheme to extend aid to and rebuild Russia.

As to town life, this is essentially "bourgeois" life, and every effort has been made to destroy it, but up to September 1st it hung on in the larger centres with a remarkable pertinacity; that is to say, there were still one or two theatres in Moscow; the tram-cars running, if very badly; there was a modicum of "izvozchiks," or cabmen, with run-down horses. Shops were mostly open, but had little to sell. All staple articles had been consumed long since. The shelves were literally empty as soon as one passed the door. From day to day goods would appear in the window, which had been kept in hiding, in the measure that the proprietor needed money for his personal life. Currency was very scarce and change hard to secure.

Most pitiful was the plight of the "Intelligentsia," whose savings had mostly been taken with the confiscation of the banks, and whose incomes were cut off. People of the greatest refinement, and who have been strugglers all their lives for liberal ideals, are living in cramped quarters without sufficient to eat, and with no hope for the future.

The factories are closing down one after another for lack of raw materials to work on. The great textile industry round about Moscow is nearly dead for lack of cotton.

The winter is adding to these horrors. There is an insufficiency of fuel in Petrograd and Moscow. The German scheme cut off Ukraine with its coal and grain, and the Caucasus with its petroleum. Conditions in Turkestan have been so bad that the cotton-crop there is very small, even if it could be transported. There is grain enough in western Siberia to alleviate the starvation in northern

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Russia could it be transported and afterward properly distributed.

No question is more often asked than: "When will Russia get on her feet?" "When will she have order and decent government?" By this I suppose the average American means: "When will there be democratic equilibrium so that the country may be properly regarded as a self-contained democracy able to stand alone?" The answer is clear—when the lower nine-tenths have received common-school education. This is going to take a generation or more even with the most intensive methods. It must be remembered that Russia is vast and that the processes which we are witnessing are historical processes, of which the unit of time is not months or years but generations. It should be noted, however, that the war has had a pronounced educative effect on hundreds of thousands of men who had never been away from their villages before but have now seen something of town life and, perhaps, even of the enemy countries. These men are undoubtedly having an influence in their villages. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that their minds have been filled with an extremely radical hodge-podge of ideas which are by no means yet digested and hardly to be called sound education for life.

Long before real democratic equilibrium is achieved, however, there must be, in the interest of the world, order and progress in Russia. Indeed, only in an atmosphere of order can education proceed. Such order can only be brought about by aid from without. Russia cannot save herself.

Another question is: "Why don't the people get together and put down the Bolsheviks?" Like the Insurrectionists, who were described by the driver of Nat Goodwin's jaunting-car in Ireland, they are against the tyranny and ready to strike, but unfortunately have not done so because they are afraid of the police! The lower nine-tenths are too amorphous, and they are like sheep without a shepherd, because the upper one-tenth are not fitted by history or training to be leaders. They lack energy and they lack cohesion. Several thousand officers, for instance, are arrested by the Bolsheviks on a trumped-up charge, and put into a riding academy, where they are held for days without sufficient water and food, or any bodily conveniences. The buildings are guarded by a few Red Guards with rifles. A little courage and decision would rush the door, strangle these guards barehanded and effect liberation of all inside, but it is not done. They would not know what to do after they got out. They will remain on the damp earth floor of the riding academy with a sort of passive courage awaiting whatever the Extraordinary Committee for Combating the Counter-Revolution has in store for them.

Russia cannot get on her feet alone. There will be no crystallization without a nucleus of foreigners from without. She is a problem demanding the highest statesmanship from the League of Nations. The awakened international social consciousness of the world cannot turn its back on Russia, even though it be a white man's burden, and, like forestry in that the full fruits of our work will be for our grandchildren. Humanitarianism and economic interests are both potent reasons for aiding Russia, but a still graver reason is to "make the world safe for democracy." It will not be safe as long as Russia goes on like a volcano, occasionally throwing hot lava on everything roundabout.

Order must be established in Russia, (1) to stamp out Bolshevism and its attendant tyranny and cruelty; (2) to feed and clothe a miserable people, and (3) to bridge over the long period of education, during which the country is preparing for full self-government. To produce such order the League of Nations must furnish active military and economic aid on the grandest scale ever known. In this work America should have the leading rôle, for several reasons. First, because we have not exhausted our resources of idealism, men, and materials. In this connection, a prominent British liberal told me in London that he believed we should have the chief task in helping Russia because the best brains in England have been sacrificed on the battle-field—to such an extent, he thought, that England might be worse governed in the coming years than she has been in the past. From a more practical standpoint, it is my personal experience that the Russian and Amer-

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ican temperaments are very compatible. We are free from entangling traditions, and we have invested relatively so little money in Russia that we can scarcely be accused of going there to collect debts, which is the accusation brought, however unfairly, against the British and the French.

In this connection I cannot forbear to say that Russia holds great economic and business possibilities for the future, but that it would be absolutely a false policy, and putting the cart before the horse, for any country to go into Russia with the prime object of "collecting debts." Such a course would only end in disaster and the debts would never be collected. If Russia is put on her feet and supported by the League of Nations, and her *productivity* restored and increased, she can pay her debts over a fair period of time without the slightest embarrassment, and while becoming wealthy herself.

Economic without military assistance is useless in a country so torn with strife and so completely anarchical as Russia. Russia cannot be conquered; her goodwill must be won; but, in this, potential force, under tactful leaders as the ultimate appeal in emergency, is vital. Why send an economic mission to Russia only to have them arrested or annihilated? Food alone will not produce permanent equilibrium. There was food in Samara, but as soon as the Czecho-Slovak nucleus was removed the backbone went out of the army which had been organized about it. In Archangel there is plenty of food, but now that the question of starvation has been solved the parties are already wrangling about the question of power. It must never be lost from view that Russia is the country of a tragedy, like Poland and Ireland, and that in these countries the *mentality of protest* is developed to a high degree. Mentality of protest is concerned with struggling—sometimes for generations—against an evil, and finishes by becoming so used to struggling that it has no plans for the time when its object has been reached.

Liberal men in America will hesitate, perhaps, to enter upon the far-reaching course of military and economic aid which must be furnished to save Russia. They fear the responsibility and the reproaches of Bolsheviks and similar people, who will call them tyrants and imperialists. Modern liberalism suffers a little from the mentality of protest itself. For years it found it possible to co-operate with radicalism toward the elimination of certain evils. The conclusion—at least of the first act—of this war has suddenly brought this about in the downfall of autocracy and the freeing of subject peoples. Now, what are we going to do about it? If one may be pardoned such an inaccurate term, I think the liberalism of protest of the past should go—to be replaced by the *executive* liberalism of the present.

With the example of the Russian liberal Kerensky before us, let us avoid his historical error—the inability to be consciously sure of his liberalism, to stand firm and cry "halt." He could not bring himself to make the great decision and oppose the Bolsheviks because he shared with them the mentality of protest and regarded them as fellow strugglers. He spared Bolsheviks' lives and sacrificed his country. The Bolsheviks undermined and engulfed him and his government, and since they have gotten the power have shown no such tenderness toward their opponents.

The restoration of Russia will be the the work of years, and we must be training the thousands of Americans who will be needed in it. The great lack in Russia is that of trained brains. There are simply too few brains to carry on the work which must be done. When several of my Allied colleagues in Moscow praised the objects of the co-operative movement to its leader, the moderate Socialist Berkenheim, in Moscow, he replied: "There is nothing wrong with the plan of our organization, but we haven't the people to run it"—"lyudei nyetu" (no people). There is everywhere this woeful lack of trained people, not only for the highest positions, but for all positions of responsibility. There are too few foremen, bookkeepers, clerks, office-boys, skilled mechanics—the people who do the daily work of life. The men in the economic and military units sent to Russia could, under a proper course of training, learn much of the language and life of the country, and be ultimately highly useful and indispensable in America's "Russian service."

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THE GYPSY TRAIL

By Julia M. Sloane

A FRIEND of mine once wrote an article on motoring in southern California for one of the smart Eastern magazines. In it she said that often a motor would be followed by a trailer loaded with a camp outfit. What was her surprise and amusement to read her own article later, dressed for company, so to speak. "A trailer goes ahead with the servants and outfit, so that when the motoring-party arrives on the scene all is in readiness for their comfort." Great care must be taken that the sensibilities of the elect should not be offended by the horrid thought that ladies and gentlemen actually do make their own camp at times! So the trailer has to go ahead, and that is just where the lure and magic of southern California slip through the fingers.

Most of us have a few drops at least of gypsy blood in us, and in this land of sunshine and the open road we all become vagabonds as far as our conventional upbringing will let us. When you know that it won't rain from May to October, and the country is full of the most lovely and picturesque spots, how can you help at least picnicking whenever you can?

Trains are becoming as obsolete in our family as the horse. We wish to take a trip; out purrs the motor, in goes the family lunch-box, a thermos bottle, and a motor-case of indispensables, and we are off. No fuss about missing the train, no baggage, no tickets, no cinders—just the open road.

I had heard that every one deteriorated in southern California, and after the first year I began earnestly searching my soul for signs of slackening. Perhaps my soul is naturally easy-going, for somehow I can't feel that the things we let slip matter so greatly.

This much I will admit. There is no deadlier drug habit than fresh air! The first summer on our Smiling Hilltop kind ladies used to invite me to tea-parties and card-parties, but I could never come indoors long enough to be anything but a trial to my partners at bridge, so now I don't even make believe I'm a polite member of society. Of course there are people who carry it further than I do, and can't be quite happy except in their bathing-suits. I'm not as bad as that. I can still enjoy the sea breezes and the colors and the sound of the waves with my clothes on. I don't even wear my bathing-suit to market, which is one of the customs of the place. It is a picturesque little village; half the houses are mere shacks, a kind of compromise between dwelling and bath houses, every one being much too thrifty to pay money to the Casino when they can drip freely on their own sitting-room floor without the least damage to the furnishings. Life for many consists largely of a prolonged bath and bask on the beach, with dinner at a cafeteria and a cold bite for supper at home or on the rocks. It is surely an easy life, and yet a great deal of earnest effort and strenuous thinking goes on too—women's clubs, even an "open forum," and there are many delightful people who live there all the year for the sake of the perfect climate. Also there are a few charming houses perched on the cliffs, most suggestive of Sorrento and Amalfi. An incident J—— is fond of telling gives the combined interests of the place. He was on his way to the post-office when he met two women in very scanty jersey bathing-suits, with legs bare, wearing, to be sure, law-fulfilling mackintoshes, but which, being unbuttoned, flapped so in the breeze that they were only a technical covering. The ladies were in earnest conversation as he passed. J—— heard one say: "I grant all you say about the charm of his style, but I consider his writing very superficial!"

It is a wonderful life for small boys. My sons are the loveliest shades of brown with cheeks of red, and in faded khaki and bare legs are as good an example of pro-

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tective coloring on the hillside as any zebra in a jungle. Quite naturally they view September and the long stockings of the city with dislike.

There is a place on the beach by the Coast Road between Pasadena and San Diego where we always have lunch on our journeys to and from town. Just after you leave the picturesque ruins of the Capistrano Mission in its sheltered valley you come out suddenly on the ocean, and the road runs by the sand for miles. With a salt breeze blowing in your face you can't resist the lunch-box long. With a stuffed egg in one hand and a sandwich in the other, Joedy, aged eight, observed on our last trip south: "This is the bright side of living." I agree with him.

One late afternoon a friend of ours was driving alone and offered a lift to two young men who were swinging along on foot. "Your price?" they asked. "A smile and a song," was the reply. So in they got, and those last fifty miles were gay. That is the sort of thing which fits so perfectly into the atmosphere of this land. Perhaps it is the orange-blossoms, perhaps it is that we have extra-sized moons, perhaps it is the old Spanish charm still lingering; all I know is that it is a land of glamour and romance. J—— said he was going to import a pair of nightingales. I said that if he did he'd have a lot to answer for.

Places are as different as people. The East, and by that I mean this country east of the Alleghanies, and not Iowa and Kansas, which are sometimes so described out here, has reached years of discretion and is set in its way. California has temperament and it is still very young and enthusiastic, and is having a lot of fun "growing up." I love the stone walls, huckleberry-pies, and johnny-cakes of Rhode Island, and I love the associations of my childhood and my family tree; but there is something in the air of this part of the world that enchants me. It is a certain "Why not?" that leads me into all sorts of delightful experiences. Conventionality does not hold us as tightly as it does in the East, and a certain tempting feeling of unlimited possibilities in life makes waking up in the morning a small adventure in itself. It isn't necessary to point out the dangers of an unlimited "Why not?" cult—they are too obvious. "Why not?" is a question that one's imagination asks, and imagination is one of the best spurs to action. I will give an example of what I mean: Last spring J—— suggested putting boxes with red crosses on the collars of Rags and Tags, the boys' twin Yorkshire terriers, and coaxing them to sit up on the back of the motor. I never had begged on a street corner, but I thought at once, "Why not?" The result was much money for the Red Cross, an increased knowledge of human nature for me, as well as some delightful new friends. I should never have had the courage to try it in—New York, let us say, I should have been afraid I'd be arrested.

At first to an Easterner the summer landscape seems dry and dusty, but after living here one grows to love the peculiar soft tones of tan and bisque, with bright shades of ice-plant for color, and by the sea the wonderful blues and greens of the water. No one can do justice to the glory of that. Sky-blue, sea-blue, the shimmer of peacocks' tails and the calm of that blue the old masters use for the robes of their madonnas, ever blend and ever change. Trees, there are few, the graceful silhouette of a eucalyptus against a golden sky, the clumps of live-oaks, and on the Coast Road to San Diego the Torrey pines, relics of a bygone age, growing in but one other place in the world, and more picturesque than any tree I ever saw. One swaying over a canyon is the photographer's joy. It has been posing for hundreds of years, and will still for centuries more, I have no doubt.

Were I trying to write a sort of sugar-coated guide-book I could make the reader's mouth water just as the menu of a Parisian restaurant does. The canyons through which we have wandered, the hills we have circled, Grossmont—that island in the air—Point Loma, the southern tip of the United States, and farther north the mountains and orange-groves—snow-capped Sierras looming above orchards of blooming peaches!

Even the names add to the fascination. The Cuyamaca Mountains, meaning the Hills of the Brave One. Sierra Madre,

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the Mother Mountains; even Tia Juana is euphonious, if you don't stop to translate it into the plebeian "Aunt Jane," and no names could be as lovely as the places themselves. So much beauty rather goes to one's head. For years in the East we had lived in rented houses, ugly rented houses, always near the station so that J—— could catch the 7.59 or the 8.17, on foot. To find ourselves on a smiling hilltop—our own hilltop, with "charmed magic casements opening on the foam"—seemed like a dream. After three years it still seems too good to be true.

They say that if you spend a year in southern California you will never be able to leave it. I don't know. We haven't tried. The only possible reason for going back would be that you aren't in the stirring heart of things here as you are in New York, and *The Times* is five days old when you get it. Your friends—they all come to you if you just wait a little. What amazes them always is to find that southern California has the most perfect summer climate in the world, if you keep near the sea. No rain—many are the umbrellas I have gently extracted from the reluctant hands of doubting visitors; no heat such as we know it in the East. We have an out-of-doors dining-room, and it is only two or three times in summer that it is warm enough to have our meals there. In the cities or the "back country" it is different. I have felt heat in Pasadena that made me feel in the same class with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, but never by the sea.

One result of all this fresh air is that we won't even go indoors to be amused. Hence the outdoor theatre. Why go to a play when it's so lovely outside? But to go to a play out-of-doors in an enchanting Greek theatre with a real moon rising above it—that's another matter! I shall never forget "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as given by the Theosophical Society at Point Loma. Strolling through the grounds with the mauve and amber domes of their temples dimly lit, I found myself murmuring: "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree." In a canyon by the sea we found a theatre. The setting was perfect, and the performance was worthy of it. Never have I seen that play so beautifully given, so artistically set and delightfully acted, though the parts were taken by students in the Theosophical School. After the last adorable little fairy had toddled off—I hope to bed—we heard a youth behind us observe: "These nuts sure can give a play." We echoed his sentiments.

I should make one exception to my statement that people won't go indoors to be amused. They go to the "movies"—I think they would risk their lives to see a new film almost as recklessly as the actors who make them. The most interesting part of the moving-picture business, however, is out-of-doors. You are walking down the street and notice an excitement ahead. Douglas Fairbanks is doing a little tight-rope walking on the telegraph-wires. A little farther on a large crowd indicates further thrills. Presently there is a splash, and Charley Chaplin has disappeared into a fountain with two policemen in pursuit. Once while we were motoring we came to a disused railway spur and were surprised to find a large and fussy engine getting up steam, while a crowd blocked the road for some distance. A lady in pink satin was chained to the rails—placed there by the villain, who was smoking cigarettes in the offing, waiting for his next cue. The lady in pink satin had made a little dugout for herself under the track, and as the locomotive thundered up she was to slip underneath—a job that the mines of Golconda would not have tempted me to try. Moving-picture actors have a very high order of courage. We could not stay for the dénouement, as we had a nervous old lady with us who firmly declined to witness any such hair-raising spectacle. I looked in the paper next morning for railway accidents to pink ladies, but could find nothing, so she probably pulled it off successfully.

Every year new theatres are built. We have seen Ruth St. Denis at the Organ Pavilion of the San Diego Exposition, and "Julius Cæsar" with an all-star cast in the hills back of Hollywood, where the space was unlimited and Cæsar's triumph included elephants and other beasts, loaned by the movies, and Brutus's camp

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spread over the hillside as it might actually have done long ago. There is a place in the back country near Escondido where, at the time of the harvest-moon, an Indian play with music is given every year. At Easter thousands of people go up Mount Rubidoux, near Riverside, for the sunrise service. Some celebrated singer usually takes part, and it is very lovely—quite unlike anything else.

So we have come to belong to what the French would call the school of "pleine air." I once knew an adorable little boy who expressed it better than I can:

"Sun callin' me, sky callin' me,
Comin' sun—comin' sky."

THE other day, in turning over an envelope of newspaper clippings collected by a friend who was keenly interested in the English language and in the futile attempts to control its future growth, I came across the once famous list of words and of usages which William Cullen Bryant drew up more than half a century ago to notify the staff of the evening newspaper he was then editing that he did not wish to see any of these words or usages in the journal he conducted. "The words in this list are to be avoided," he put at the head of his condemnatory catalogue. In his day this list had a wide reputation; it was known as Bryant's "Index Expurgatorius," and it was adopted in not a few other newspaper offices as an aid to the attaining of the pure English which we all of us strive to achieve. And yet in our day this list reads very curiously. It abides as an example of the powerlessness of any one man to affect in even the slightest degree the ability of the users of a language to make it what they unconsciously and instinctively want it to be.

Bryant's "Index Expurgatorius"

It cannot be denied that Bryant was unusually well equipped for the post of linguistic censor. He was himself a writer of nervous and masculine blank verse and of direct and vigorous prose. He knew English as it had fallen from the pen of its masters, the superbly imaginative poets of our language; and he was fairly familiar with several other tongues, ancient and modern. He had a healthy hatred of "tall talk" and "fine writing," and so we find him here insisting that "banquet" must not be used for "dinner" or "supper," "inaugurate" for "begin," or "devouring element" for "fire." He believed that those who undertook to write English would do well to be satisfied with English words and not to borrow needlessly from the French; and so he laid a ban upon "artiste," "cortège," "début," "employé," "rôle," and "tapis." He was a defender of ancient landmarks with a sharp preference for the legitimate word threatened by a verbal usurper; and so he required his contributors to use "lenity" and not "leniency" and "jeopard" and not "jeopardize."

Here we perceive at once that custom has overruled the scrupulous poet. There is no doubt that "lenity" and "jeopard" are good old words, better and simpler than the variations which have ousted them; but there is no doubt also that they seem to us in the twentieth century a little old-fashioned, not to call them pedantic or affected. The most conservative purist now uses "leniency" and "jeopardize" without hesitation. Nor will the most conservative purist now hesitate to call a woman writer an "authoress" and a woman writer of verse a "poetess," both of these newfangled words having made good their standing in our vocabulary, despite Bryant's disapproval. Half a dozen other nouns to which he objected would not now strike most of us as open to any objection, "humbug," "loafer," "raid," "reliable," "roughs," and "rowdies." These are all useful words and most of them are necessary; and, of course, it is simply because they were useful that they have been adopted, however disreputable they may have been when

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they were struggling for existence on the outskirts of the language.

Bryant also laid his interdict on "bogus" and on "taboo." Now, "bogus" is still uncertain in its welcome; it seems to be going out of use. "Taboo," on the other hand, has been elected to the language and has even been chosen by the anthropologists as a term of scientific precision. Among the other words which the American poet excommunicated are "collided," "donated," "lengthy," "located," "standpoint," and "talented"; and every one familiar with the history of English will find it easy to see why Bryant disapproved of them. To him they were abhorrent malformations, due to the linguistic ignorance of those who first employed them. But even if his objection is valid to-day, all these words, indefensible as they may be, are likely to come into wider and wider use, just as a countless host of their predecessors, words we employ every day, were once denounced as misbegotten vocables when they made their first appearance.

Verbal Taboos

WE might as well recognize, once for all, that Bryant was as powerless as Mrs. Partington and as King Canute. He could not sweep back the waves or compel them to obey him. In drawing up his list of verbal taboos he was often wise in his generation; but, after all, he was only declaring his own prejudices, even if these prejudices were justified. Orthodoxy was only his doxy, and heterodoxy was the other man's; and the other men have proved that they were in the majority. Words have their fates as well as books. The English language is not in a state of decay or disintegration or degeneration. It is in no danger of death or even of bankruptcy. It does not need a self-appointed guardian. It is competent to manage its own affairs; and that is just what it is doing, what it has always done, and what it always will do no matter how shrilly the purists may cry aloud and how violently the pedants may rage.

To say this is not to disparage or to discourage well-meant efforts, like those of Bryant, to discriminate between good and bad usage. It is well that there should be a watcher at the gate, ready to challenge verbal novelties and to demand that they show their credentials. The sentinel may not be wise and he may not be well informed; and the words and usages he rejects may succeed in getting their registration cards from some one else. Yet the sudden halting of the new arrival in the vocabulary may serve a good purpose if it is undertaken in a worthy spirit. All verbal novelties do not win acceptance at last. Sometimes their exclusion is due to the protests against them, although, of course, it is more often because they have not proved that they are really useful.

As Bryant was a gentleman and a scholar in the good old phrase, and as he was a man of delicate discrimination, we are not surprised to find that he preferred "gentlemen" to "gents" and "pantaloons" to "pants." Yet any one aware of the frequency with which mayhem has been practised upon English words cannot help wondering why "gents" and "pants" should seem to us intolerably vulgar, while we discover no taint of commonness in "cab" and in "mob," each of which is the result of a curtailing as violent. Perhaps it is because the original words of which "cab" and "mob" are surviving vestiges are no longer in general use to remind us of the truncation from which they have suffered, whereas gentlemen still wear pantaloons even if "gents" are content to go around in "pants." It is true that "pants" has got itself accepted—more or less—by the clothing trade, just as "casket" is the word which the undertaker finds more stately and more sonorous than "coffin." If I may call myself as a witness to testify on the same side as Bryant, I must confess that "casket" gives me the shivers; it makes me creep; and I shall refuse to be buried in one. In fact, if this is proposed to me after I have departed this life, I shall echo the cry of the dead man in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes—"I'd see myself alive again first!"

Where Bryant was carrying his personal prejudice a little too far was in his refusal to admit into the columns of the journal he conducted what he condemned as "Wall Street slang generally," instancing as words to be avoided "bulls," "bears," "long," "short," "flat," and "corner." It is evident that these words are not fairly to be stigmatized as slang. They are the technical terms of the money-market; and

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they are absolutely necessary to describe the business done on the exchange. A stock-broker who is seeking to depress the value of a stock is known as a "bear," and if we refuse to call him by this name, then we are forced to employ a roundabout phrase, which will waste time. Instead of the compact and clear statement that "the bears found themselves in a corner," we would have to assert that "the brokers who believed stocks to be too high, and who had therefore sold shares which were not in their possession, found themselves unable to fulfil their engagements to deliver these shares."

The users of language in the busy marts of trade, in the factory, and at the forge, will always take short cuts; and if the existing vocabulary does not supply them with the sharp word which is all-sufficient for their needs, they will make a word of their own on the spot, without asking permission. And who has a better right to do it? "Horseless vehicle" had a short shrift, and it was soon succeeded by "car." Perhaps "auto" will in time oust its parent, "automobile," as "taxi" has already ousted "taximeter cab" and as "movie" seems to be ousting "moving pictures." Life is swift in what the old lady indignantly described as "this so-called twentieth century"; we have no time to waste in the use of sesquipedalian phrases when we can curtail them or condense them or compact their meaning into a monosyllable which does the work with succinct directness. "Tank" seems to be a very inappropriate name for an armored tractor; but a tank it is now and a tank it will remain so long as it continues to be a necessary implement of modern warfare.

And when a thing has a name, there is no advantage in disputing its accuracy. Indeed, there is little advantage in disputing about words and usages, if the debate is characterized by the heat which all discussions about language are likely to generate. That very shrewd observer, the late Professor Lounsbury, described the ordinary linguistic controversy as "always earnest and generally bitter," and he declared that "it frequently ends with no other result than that of leaving a firm conviction in the mind of each disputant that the other is an ignoramus, if not an idiot, and a general impression on the part of the public that both are about right."

A CAT is master of that most subtle of the arts, reserve. Neither shyness nor bashfulness is his; humility dwells not in him, and modesty touches him with but ineffective fingers. For modesty connotes two factors: a slender confidence in self and an inner restraint from thrusting oneself forward. Neither belongs to the cat. In our own race only the Scotchmen have glorified reserve and made a national trait of reticence; for canniness implies the wisdom of withholding expression. The Scotchman has claimed and won honor for his limitation in expression. Not so the cat. Calumny has fallen upon him, and he is made to wear the adjectives "stealthy" and "selfish" and "treacherous." We are apt, in our large-minded way, to call reserve treachery when we do not understand it. And we never, in our large-minded way, will understand the cat. Though caution and wariness tingle on his whiskers, his half-closed eyes are focussed on some distant, unseen world, and enmesh his reserve with a sense of mystery. Inscrutability veils the expression of his eyes, something secret and occult vibrates in the atmosphere, and unseen forces which are at once close and remote baffle our perplexed and cumbrous understanding.

Reserve and the Cat

The reserve which is most irritating is that which we cannot understand. It is our subjective attitude which makes us interpret such reserve as obstinacy, stupidity, or perverseness, and which calls forth in us a spirit of allied exasperation and determination to shatter. For the human ego is a curious and demanding creature, which is, strangely enough, at the mercy of that which most quickly retreats before it. The incomprehensible touches the pride; so it is through the medium of vanity that the ego is conquered by the cold demeanor of aloofness. Cats either pique the curiosity of the imaginative or baffle and therefore madden the swift, logical thinker. There is a subtle connotation to be found in the comparative number of men and women who like cats. Even in the kindest of men, the insolent and independent deportment of a cat's tail arouses some spirit of vexation. If the Cat That Walked by His Lone had not waved his wild tail, the Iliad of Catdom might have been a different story.

One almost hesitates to say that it is a

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woman's love for little things which is the basis of her liking for cats. The appeal comes on what she feels to be his helplessness; of the independence which irritates the man she is scarcely conscious. In her, the kitten, a soft ball of fur, calls forth a tender and protective element which endures long after the cat has any particular desire for it. It is she who says: "Don't tease him." And to the woman, too, there is some unconscious or but dimly realized connection, some dream memory or dream hope, of the cat with the open hearth and singing kettle and quiet contentment of home.

Some people have an inherent and unreasoning fear of cats; some, units of gigmanity, are not affected in any way by the "little people"; and some say with no uncertain inflection that they "love dogs but can't see anything in cats." To this last class, so astigmatic in affection, I owed allegiance until I met and contemplated with more than a casual eye my friend, Moses.

The Hebraic dignity of Moses' name might have seemed belied when as a tiny kitten his carriage was more frivolous than sacerdotal, had it not been for the budding promise of his whiskers. But it must have been his own sense of fitness or the untaught ethics of inference which has prevented then and throughout his life from ever indulging in any porcine delicacy.

His mother was an Angora, and Moses' long, soft fur and his daintiness with food proclaimed him an aristocrat; from his father, a charming young Lothario, his heir gained his tiger markings and a certain robust vigor of personality. His nobility is apparent in the manner of his speech; no crude or boisterous expressions pass his lips, and his voice is rather a suggestion than an utterance. He does not often speak, but when he does, it is with delicate modulation and inflection. For the higher modes of intercourse he rises to higher planes, where his passivity and receptiveness are like finely adjusted instruments. For a cat seldom gives one the impression of inadequacy, and lack of words never hinders or makes faltering his expression. How different from my dog, whose striving for speech is sometimes poignantly pathetic.

Though outwardly Moses adjusts his life only to the vagaries of his own sweet will, inwardly he is a psychic creature, preyed upon by sudden anxieties of the spirit. His whiskers flicker with unseen apprehensions, and to all the hesitancies of the oversensitive he is heir. Although most cats like to look out on the world from some window, protected from chance insults of passing dogs, Moses prefers the pageantry of his own thoughts. Sometimes he philosophizes on the mystery of rain-drops, but for the most part his vision is an inner rather than an outer one. But if his interest in the material objects of life is casual, his concentration of thought on the shadows is intense. It is as though the significance of all things is concentrated in their reflection; that in the unsubstantial dwell the realities of life. Actuality touches him with but dream fingers, but in the unseen, and to us but vaguely sensed, he lives unmystified by mystery. Because of this, his entrance into a room is quiet but full of some unguessed significance. Although he plays the rôle of unobtrusive pet in the hearthside drama of the home, in our dim perception of the psychic he strides a very protagonist.

In the garden, too, Moses strolls with a regal nonchalance. No sense of loneliness assails him; he blinks in the sun and converses with beings of a different world. The lawns and shrubberies are but demarcations of his smaller domain. Here wander occasionally creatures from the house; and here under his strict supervision the gardener labors for his pleasure.

Not often does he seek the romance of the highway, for to such as he beauty and mystery lie close at home. He picks a careful way in the mottled shadow of the acanthus and finds a tremendous thrill of adventure in the murmur of their stately leaves. The atmosphere of the jungle creeps into his spirit, and in this wilderness of stalks and greenery the shadow-hand of heredity falls upon him. He likes also to lie under the low-branching pines and to look out upon sunflecked lawns. It is typical of his attitude toward life. For he is an observer rather than an actor; in his soul resides contemplation rather than argument. And he is a master in that seldom learned knowledge, so often called reserve, that certain events evolve without the entrance of the personal equation, and that not in voluble action but in quietness are learned the great things of the world.

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WAR MEMORIALS IN SCULPTURE

IS our promised "second awakening" in art to be made manifest in our coming war memorials? The question vitally concerns not only painters and sculptors, architects and manufacturers, but our general public as well, since in our monuments as in all else we shall have the art that we as a people deserve. The answer to the question depends largely on our attitude toward our experts in art; and that attitude will be an index of our progress in art since the Civil War.

"The trouble with you artists," growled a harassed chief of a department not wholly unjust in his injustice—"the trouble with you artists is, you come too late with your suggestions. The business men always get ahead of you." At present, however, many of our artists, roused by the war to a heightened sense of personal responsibility, are breaking the fetters of professional etiquette and are speaking their minds freely as to certain ineptitudes in our monumental art.

But no prophet needs to rise from the dead nor any artist be haled from his studio to remind us of that granite girdle of soldiers' monuments strung on one strong string all the way from Cape Ann to the Golden Gate. We are wrong if we comfortably conclude that these are sins of other years. A trade journal at my elbow shows at a glance that the industry still thrives. It is, therefore, right to explain just why we condemn those figures at everlasting parade-rest in the heart of our post-Grant period of American sculpture and still accept with joy the equally anonymous images on many a Gothic cathedral. For one thing, the difference is often that between death and life. Our commercialized granite soldier is not only stone but stock, a type of maddening monotony ground out by machinery, while the mediæval saints and imps are frequently creatures of infinite variety with some human nature in their veins. Again, the Chartres apostles and the guardians of the portal of Notre Dame de Paris keep their places where they are, as shapes of light and dark in a whole great structure, while our "bonhomme" perches on a pedestal in the open, thereby falsely declaring himself to be, in himself, a work of art. Is it not strange that any one could take granite, a noble material element, and the soul of a soldier, a noble spiritual element, and of the two botch up so poor an effigy? There would be no sacrilege in removing an image which so ill commemorates heroism. The sacrilege is in letting it stay. Will not some of our more wealthy or more liberal townships take the initiative and, with the courage of their convictions and exchequers, now banish ugly Civil War monuments which honor neither the quick nor the dead? It is true that these judicious removals demanded by the minds of new men are sometimes bitter to the hearts of the old, who alone can understand the sacredness of the old-time emotion. But though it is not given to the young to fathom deeps of feeling in the old, it is in the power of the veterans to share fully in the spirit of patriotism of our youth to-day. At Gettysburg as at Château-Thierry, *ducit amor patriæ*. Surely a joint memorial might be reared to honor the heroes of both wars, if space or funds were lacking for separate tributes.

To-day bronze as well as granite may bewray us. There are signs that even those who cry out against our absurd stone soldiers are about to commit in bronze sins almost as great. Before our army is demobilized, our communities from one Portland to the other are planning an army of bronze simulacra which will, perhaps, be as embarrassing to the coming generation as the cheap Civil War statues are to us. Our hearts being filled with love and gratitude for our heroes, the first few of these realistic bronzes that we shall see will not greatly offend, however mediocre their art. But after this bronze image has been repeated by the dozen, the score, the hundred, the thousand, its welcome, like that of its stone predecessor, will be worn out. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the realistic effigy of a soldier is a regrettable form of memorial. Still worse is the pretentious,

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overelaborate pile of granite and bronze which many a prosperous city is likely to erect in its zeal to outdo its neighbors. Great size may advertise material riches, together with spiritual poverty. Colossal snap-shots in bronze are not art, for art must transfigure as well as transcribe. The situation is perilous and calls for the best expert advice.

As first aid to those wishing to erect monuments, there are hundreds of art societies in our country, including some twenty municipal art commissions. Doubtless, the American Federation of Arts, made up of two hundred and twenty-eight affiliated chapters, will soon publish suggestions on the subject. Municipal art commissions do not, indeed, make monuments, though they may in some sort unmake them, their functions being generally advisory, with veto power. Since their members are men of light and leading in matters of art and of public welfare, their counsel will be disinterested. They will charge you, first of all, to choose a good site, and to suit your monument in style, scale, and subject to that site, and to get the best experts you can afford in making these vitally important decisions. Good sites are not found at every street corner, but persons who have made a lifelong study of sites can doubtless spy them out better than you or I, and are even able, by taking thought, to remodel poor sites into good ones. The laws of artistic fitness being based on common sense, your monument must neither obstruct traffic nor invite damage from it. And as we do not pour champagne into communion chalices, so we shall not put a frolicking little fountain into the centre of a majestic square; nor shall we pile Pelion on Ossa, in the shape of a triumphal arch or a gallant equestrian statue at the corner of a lane. Only a very great work of art, such as the Colleoni monument, may rise superior to the irony of site. It will be remembered that the quibbling Venetian senators accepted Colleoni's money bequest, yet obeyed the law by shunting off his lofty equestrian statue out of the great Piazza into the Campo of Peter and Paul, hard by the street of the Mendicants; from which we note that municipal art commissions are of ancient lineage and that the Venetian law, fantastic as we find it in Elizabethan comedy, had conservative ideas as to surcharging the Piazza of Saint Mark with monuments.

Even though the monument you have in mind is not of equestrian rank, and is, in fact, modest in aim, your advisers will hesitate to send you to a manufacturer of stock memorials in bronze, granite, or marble, because they know that while the best of these manufacturers manufacture exceedingly well (and this is high praise), they know also that business firms, with a natural bent for business rather than for art, do not possess the artist's full appreciation of beauty in design, but normally gravitate toward "popular," "effective" designs and toward designs calling for the least labor with the largest return. Here the shop protests, saying: "We have our own artists." But are these artists really men of talent and training, working freely as *creative* artists, or are they rather draftsmen or designers acting as feeders to a plant and working under the direction of the business head of a firm? A recent expert survey of one of our great cemeteries revealed the fact that out of all its monuments, simple or elaborate, erected within the last twenty-five years, those which were really beautiful were designed by sculptors or architects, or by both together, but not by the monument shop. Often the manufacturer, properly haunted by thoughts of revenue, will depend too much on the machine, avoiding handwork, always more costly, more variable, and less exact than machine work, yet more grateful to the inquiring human eye. Sometimes he finds that a joining or two in the wrong place in granite or marble work will save him material and labor. Sometimes the sum mentioned by him in an estimate kept low to catch the client cannot possibly permit him to enjoy both the virtue of good design and the reward of a fair profit. It is not the purpose here to stir up strife between artist and manufacturer. Each is already wise in the other's faults. Since each must have the other and the world must have both, the obvious need now as in the past is rather of more sympathy between the two; and the further education of our public in art and in craftsmanship will foster that sympathy. Paying for good craftsmanship is a step toward paying for good design, and paying for good design is a step toward getting it. An unhappy thrift will not be forced upon the manufacturer,

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and the artist-designer will create more freely and sanely.

Expert guidance has no wish to ride rough-shod over the ideas of those about to erect memorials. On the contrary, a full expression of these ideas is welcomed, not only in order to avoid misunderstandings, but also because persons who bring to a matter their profoundly felt personal emotions may, perhaps, have within them some vital yet unexpressed poetry of thought which the artist will do well to seek out. If this poetry is distinctly from the "literary" point of view, and cannot be interpreted within the natural bounds of bronze or marble, the sculptor must turn teacher and explain why his art can only summarize or suggest what the printing-press can set forth in abundant detail. (Poetry aside, I have heard a lady insist that in the portrait bust of her husband the mouth should be entirely covered by a mustache, while at the same time the lips should express the singular gentleness yet firmness of his character.) Monumental sculpture is misusing its powers when it plays the ape to the moving-picture show and depicts in endless realism of detail "accidents by flood and field." It was by consummate art in elimination, selection, and departure that the Greeks made the tale of the Parthenon frieze an epic in marble.

In place of memorial forms to be condemned or discouraged, expert knowledge has a rich variety of shapes to suggest; and as our sprightliest critic has somewhere said: "Without variety, as without vision, the people perish." A well by the wayside; a bell in a tower; a shrine in a grove or garden or church; a town clock; a beautifully designed bronze standard for a flagpole, either by itself or as an adjunct to a hall or a schoolhouse; the fountain in its myriad shapes of life and laughter; the inscribed stone seat under a stately village tree; the newly planted avenue of trees fitly inscribed; the boundary stone; a gateway or a church door; a sun-dial or even a bird bath; the monumental bridge; the water-gate; the triumphal arch—every one of these forms and many more, simple or magnificent, may well be made commemorative of the hour and its storied meanings. Some of those who died for us were young, blithe creatures; we would have their covering rest lightly upon them and their memorial, whatever and wherever it is, not without some sign of young joy upon it. And whether the monument be for youth or age, for the group or the individual, its true worth will be revealed, not in size, cost, or elaborateness, but in fitness, imaginative quality, spiritual content, and also, not to be forgotten, the well-educated workmanship of both artist and artisan.

Many of the sculptural forms just mentioned would not be of prohibitive cost even for small communities. With a larger sense of the value of beauty in civic improvements, perhaps we shall be able to turn into other channels our immemorial longing for the memorial portrait, from the "imperishable" bronze statue to the "imperishable" burnt-in china photograph now being advertised. "Imperishable" is a hypnotic word, dismaying, too, when we perceive that in memorial art the portrait is not always appropriate and is sometimes grotesque or inane. Better a good tablet than a bad portrait, since so simple a thing as a mere inscription may be made a thing of beauty. But the value of a fitly designed inscription, as thoroughly understood by many of our modern artists as by those amazing sculptors of the Italian Renaissance, is certainly slighted by our public and our manufacturers, if these are as well content with mechanical stock letters, evenly applied to a flat surface, as with lettering imaginatively shaped and spaced by an artist to fit special conditions of place, scale, lighting.

A new importance has of late been given to insignia, emblems, and medals. Remember, too, that the vast new symbolism of modern warfare is at hand, ready to be used for the first time in art. How Lionardo and Dürer and Rembrandt would have revelled in it! Already our painters and etchers are showing us greatness of line and color in airplanes, battleships, and in the stupendous enginery for creating weapons of war. The sculptor's advantage here is obviously less than the painter's; yet in the wide field of bas-relief, the lyric or dramatic side of sculpture, a whole new world of decorative motives is opened.

For the delight of complacent foreigners, every land has its characteristic aberrations in funeral art. We Americans in our travels enjoy feeling sorry about the Nightingale monument in Westminster Abbey, the bead

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wreaths at Père-Lachaise Cemetery, the Carrara marble derby hats in the Campo Santo at Genoa. Such lapses confirm us in our own good taste, and we forget that a modernist poet of the year 1918 thus describes an American grave:

> "And over it was a stone with a little cupola like,
> Enclosed with window glass,
> Making a kind of cabinet;
> And in the cabinet was a tintype—"

But what we need to note is that certain trivial tendencies, exposed alike by the Carrara "bowler" and the tintype in the cupola, always come frothing to the top during the high tide of post-bellum emotion. Beautiful and generous as that emotion is, it must not, if reason and good judgment can now prevail, be suffered to waste itself in "imperishable" futilities due to exploitation by unworthy or ignorant persons, whether artists or dealers. Only a large education in art and in honor can save us all from each other when monument time comes.

In the hope of bettering American design and craftsmanship, the Metropolitan Museum has created a department "devoted to the needs of manufacturers, dealers, designers, artisans, rendering accessible to them the resources of the collection *in terms of their own particular problems and requirements.*" May not the monument shop be benefited here and to the same end? Moreover, two million young men are returning to us, thousands upon thousands of them bringing home a strange, new knowledge of Old World beauty, especially that shrined within and without the French Gothic cathedrals. The wonders that books and museums have been trying to tell these lads they have now seen with their own eyes. We look to our returning American youth for help in raising our standards in taste. That help would be far greater if our government should find it possible to allow a specially chosen body of our young men to remain for a fixed period on French or Italian or Greek soil to study monuments of great art and great craftsmanship for the purpose of improving our national art. Unquestionably we have in France to-day hundreds of boys well fitted to do this in ways that could be strictly defined and supervised by responsible forces already at work. The sympathy of France is assured to us by her generous offer of her educational resources. This experiment on a broad scale and under government auspices would be an effort toward attaining the vital object pursued by our American Academy in Rome —an improvement in our American ideals in art. The Academy, to be sure, purposes to make thoroughly well-trained artists of its students, while the brief intensive study that might be provided by our government would not and could not have this aim; but our country needs knowers and lovers of art quite as much as professional artists. Our young men would take away from the Old World nothing that she might not willingly give in exchange for something else. From the ancient sources of Mediterranean culture, unexpectedly visited by fresh young eyes at an epic moment in the whole world's life, what a wealth of new creative energy might gush forth if, indeed, the eyes of strange youth are as Moses' rod or as the dawn-waking Memnon! Let no one say it cannot be. For we have learned of late that red tape is not always as red as it has been painted, that it is not always tied as cruelly tight as has been declared, and that when people enough care enough about what is bound up by it red tape parts as easily as the Red Sea, under the right touch.

Since post-Grant standards in memorial sculpture still survive, we may assume that our returning soldiers, for at least a generation, will have a voice in the matter of monuments. If even a very small percentage of these men could come back, not as artists but as fighting gospellers of art, expert opinion in art would be visibly supported and strengthened here. And until expert opinion in art is valued at its true worth in our democracy our best efforts in art may at times suffer delays and contempts due to the democratic absolutism of the unlearned. But when all is told our hopes in art to-day are more than our handicaps. Knowing our American sculptors and their gifts, we believe that in many superb instances their sculpture, in its beauty and its spiritual significance, will match with the heroism it is about to commemorate.

ADELINE ADAMS.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 23.

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GOVERNMENT PROTECTION OF FOREIGN INVESTMENTS

By Albert Breton

Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York

NOW that the war is practically over, the American people are already realizing that they will have a very vital economic question to answer, namely, What shall we do with our tremendously expanded productive capacity necessitated by the war?

There is but one solution to the problem—the extension of our existing foreign markets and the creation of new ones. But that cannot be accomplished as readily as it can be stated. This means that American manufacturers and exporters will have to meet the keenest possible competition.

COST of production, therefore, will be a more vital element than ever before in our industry. And cost of transportation, overland and oversea, will be equally as important in determining the extent of our foreign commerce. There will be need for more standardized mutiple production than in pre-war days, for co-operative buying and selling, for amalgamations, and for the elimination of economic waste and inefficiency.

Vital Factors

To mention only one factor which contributes materially to our high costs of production, it is estimated by an expert of the Department of Labor that $1,250,000,000 is lost annually to American manufacturers through preventable labor turnover.

There is urgent need also for redrafting on a more judicious basis our anticombination laws, and to amend our shipping statutes in order that our rapidly growing merchant marine may compete on more equal terms with British, Japanese, Scandinavian, and other foreign shipowners, whose freight rates are far below those possible for American owners, under existing regulations and restrictions.

If the American merchant marine is to fulfil its great promise, the government must relinquish control of the merchant shipping of the country; either government subsidies or discriminatory pooling in favor of American shipping should be adopted; there should be an effective co-ordination of rail, inland-waters, and ocean transportation facilities in conducting foreign trade, and through bills of lading from American producing points to foreign destinations should be adopted on a much larger scale than heretofore.

AND there is need, also, for a realization by the American people of the fact that if we are to hold our position of financial and industrial leadership we must become foreign investors.

Why We Must Invest Abroad

Before our participation in the war we bought back from Europe between $2,000,000,000 and $2,500,000,000 of American securities held abroad, and through private channels lent various belligerent governments probably $2,000,000,000. After we entered the conflict, we advanced the Allies approximately $8,000,000,000, in the form of loans, from the United States Government. So, Europe owes this country in excess of $10,000,000,000, upon which there will be an annual interest charge of about $500,000,000. When we consider that in addition there is an enormous trade balance in our favor and that Europeans no longer own our securities from which they derived a lucrative income, we can appreciate the serious financial problem which confronts not only those countries but likewise our own.

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We have an abundance of gold; in fact, we have a reserve amounting to more than one-third of the total gold coin and bullion of the world—far more than any nation ever before possessed. Therefore, we do not need Europe's gold in settlement of its indebtedness to us; and, for the purpose of curtailing whatever unavoidable inflation was incident to war, we do not want more gold.

We do not need Europe's products in anything like the quantity which would enable her to reduce materially the enormous credit balance in our favor. As a consequence, we must supply credits for the sale of American goods in Europe by the sale in America of foreign securities or by the establishment of foreign credits in large quantities. And the money due us in other countries will most probably have to be invested heavily in those countries.

The greater part of these prospective foreign investments will, of course, be placed through our banks, which, fortunately, have anticipated the economic and financial trend of post-war days and are branching out all over the world to render service commensurate with our new international position.

BUT if our banks are to afford the American people adequate foreign investment service they should have the support and co-operation of our government, and our investors in foreign securities should depend on the moral backing of our government to protect them.

Moral Support of Government Imperative

A committee on foreign securities has been formed in New York under the auspices of the Investment Bankers' Association. It consists of representatives of issuing houses, and will seek to protect the interests of those holding foreign securities. But the moral support of the government is absolutely essential to obtain the full protection needed by our foreign investors, who will be far greater in number than ever before and who will represent, directly or indirectly, practically every element in our body politic.

A policy of economic and financial imperialism on the part of the United States Government should not be advocated, far from it—for such a policy would inevitably lead soon or late to political imperialism, and that would be fatal not only to our government but also to the interest of our foreign investors. We cannot ask the government to give its moral support to those Americans or those promoters working under our flag who would seek, for selfish reasons, to exploit other peoples; but the government's moral support should be granted freely to our citizens legitimately engaged in developing the resources and industries of other countries by means of American capital and labor.

UPON any principle of morality which we would recognize we could not avoid the so-called opportunity even were our bankers, our business men, and the great body of our people so inclined. In other words, what is presented is an obligation rather than an opportunity. We have been caught up in world forces over which we have had no control and the position which we occupy is the result of the operation of fundamental economic laws to which we can oppose no barrier. Under the circumstances we can no more refuse to give to the needy nations the things which we have and to take in exchange their evidences of indebtedness than healthy soil can refuse to give life and sustenance to the tree that is planted in it.

A Duty Rather than an Opportunity

It is upon such a recognition of our obligations that we have passed from a country provincially independent in its attitude toward the difficulties and the attainments of others to one bound up with the purposes and hopes of all the rest, and our representatives now sit in council with theirs to determine what are to be the principles upon which a new international community shall be based and by what arrangements permanent peace and advantageous intercourse are to be preserved. And those American representatives will fail finally in all their plans unless they take cognizance of the fact that in some definite and unequivocal manner the rights of the American investors, who place at the disposal of other nations the means of rehabilitation, who enlarge the opportunities of those nations

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to exploit their resources for their own benefit and the benefit of the world at large, must be protected against the possible consequences of such political and social realignments as they sanction. Such a moral protection and official approval would not only put our foreign trade on a proper business basis but would lead also to unlimited impulses of humanity by the American people.

All indications now point to the establishment of many new nations in Europe and the Near East as a direct result of the war. As an indirect result, we may expect to have readjustments in China and Siberia. The apportionment of German colonies in Africa and the South Seas, the elimination of German influences in South America, and the situation in Mexico may each in turn conceivably raise questions that will be dealt with more or less in detail by the Peace Conference. Whatever the result of discussions as to self-determination, as to constitutions, as to internal affairs or external relations, as to leagues of nations or balances of power, certain it is that the financial and industrial power of America will be drawn upon eventually to bring order out of chaos. Political arrangements will not feed and clothe and shelter the distressed, or set them upon the way to recovered strength without that economic and friendly aid which we have the means and now feel under compulsion to give. Therefore, it is of the very essence of justice that those who propose, in behalf of all the nations, to secure freedom and promote prosperity for themselves and others, shall insure protection to those whose voluntary assistance may lead such proposals to yield something beyond mere existence. The people of America who understand the obligation that has been laid upon them will be very bitterly and rightly disappointed if, by any lack of foresight or appreciation, they are deprived of that government protection for their foreign investments which is to be accorded to their persons and their ideas, and should be embodied in the international settlement about to be adopted.

Granting that security of American trade in foreign lands as well as the profits and savings of our capital and our labor abroad may be in principle established through international agreement, there still remains the need of assurances at home. In no field of activity is it more necessary that all leading political parties should have a policy upon which all of our people can rely, not merely for a day or for the period of one administration, but permanently. A general understanding by all voting classes that our government believes in and intends to adhere to a policy of protection to investments made abroad would open up a field for just such a general participation in the flotation of safe and attractive foreign securities as has been stimulated by our Liberty Loan campaigns. No one will seriously contend that the whole power and influence of our government should upon every occasion be brought to the support of any foreign investment made by its citizens, but during the war our government has in such a way shown its ability to suppress or to guide the investments of its citizens in foreign securities as to suggest a programme for the future under which both the nation and the individual would be protected. By giving its approval to financing of foreign war loans the government has virtually guaranteed the protection of those who participated in them, and surely some similar arrangement could be worked out for peace times that would give assurances to legitimate enterprises.

There can be no doubt that the investing habit has been firmly established in this country. With only 300,000 bondholders of all classes at the beginning of the war and more than 20,000,000 now, there has been achieved a record full of inspiration for the future. Already the idea that the foreign obligations, held by the government against advances, might well be consolidated and converted into some form of long-term bonds to be sold in the open market, has been favorably received. Our banks are having no difficulty in obtaining a wide distribution for the notes and bonds issued by domestic corporations, and it looks as though those of duly approved foreign governments, municipalities, and private concerns will be taken similarly. Here is a tendency that should be fostered both for our own benefit and that of other countries. The failure on the part of our

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government to encourage it may be a grave mistake. Now is the time to act unless we prefer to overlook our present opportunities and let them drift to those who wisely knew how to take advantage of them before the war.

World Prosperity Necessary

FINALLY, if we have learned any lesson from this war, surely we have been awakened to the realization that no nation can live unto itself any more than a man can live unto himself. Whatever affects the prosperity or happiness of one nation affects in some degree the prosperity and happiness of other nations. And, therefore, it is to the benefit of all to help make each nation as prosperous as possible.

Prosperity and happiness, however, are not possible without stable government. There are many historical examples of that fact, but none is so impressive as the existing conditions in Russia and Germany, or, nearer-home, in Mexico. Compare Canada on our north with Mexico on our south, and the contrast between the results of stable government and continual internal turmoil is convincing enough. Then consider our relations with Canada and those with Mexico.

Does any thinking American believe that the United States Government should withhold its moral influence in the interests of stable government anywhere in the world on the theory that we are not our brother's keeper? May we not rely on our government for the judicious exercises of such influence? We entered the World War for the avowed purpose of making the world safe for democracy, but the world cannot be considered safe for democracy when anarchy or chaos prevails anywhere in the world. It will not be necessary to continue our military operations abroad, but our government can continue its moral and economic fight for world-wide peace, even after the adoption of the final peace terms. It is in this unselfish spirit, and not in behalf of "dollar diplomacy," that we should expect the United States Government to co-operate with and protect the interests of American foreign investors. There are few better means for rendering economic assistance to mankind; for American capital invested abroad is performing the invaluable service of helping other peoples to help themselves—and that is as truly humanitarian work, in a broad, practical sense, as it is good business. It is even a patriotic duty, if we wish our flag admired and respected on the commercial fields as it has been honored and victorious on the battle-fields of Europe.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE COURSE OF READJUSTMENT

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WHENEVER one economic epoch suddenly ends and another, governed by wholly opposite influences, suddenly begins, the public mind will at first be clear as to what the general movement of events must be. Then, almost immediately, a period of uncertainty and confusion follows. Many things happen which had been predicted, but they will often happen in an unexpected way and with unexpected immediate consequences. Other things which had been confidently looked for will not occur at all. The result, in that stage of the movement, is bound to be bewilderment, not unmixed with a feeling that all grasp on the actual movement of the day has been lost. At length, by slow degrees—though often through some one striking and significant event—the actual trend of the economic movement becomes plain to every one.

The Period of Uncertainty

This is invariably the character of the immediate sequel to a great financial panic. It is even more sure to mark the immediate aftermath to a great war, and we are now already in the period of perplexity, caused by the multitude of counteracting influences. Undoubtedly, when emerging from the abnormal and artificial conditions of war—during which not only will the pursuits of trade and industry, but the course of politics and legislation and the every-day habits of the people, have been turned from their ordinary channels—the first instinct of everybody is to get back as quickly as possible into the old way of doing things. The effort to do this, however, encounters immediate obstacles. On the face of things, the task would appear to consist merely of withdrawal from the exceptional conditions of war-time and readaptation of energies to the conditions of peace. But this is never a simple undertaking.

For instance, every one will be in agreement over the fact that the abnormally high war-time prices were the result of the war itself and of the peculiar war-time requirements, combined with the scarcity caused by blockades of some producing nations and by diversion, in other nations, of working men from production to army service. Everywhere the tendency will have been emphasized by the high cost of transportation, due both to curtailment of shipping facilities through the necessities of army transport and to curtailment of home railway facilities for the same reason.

All these particular influences could be counted on to cease in due course with the ending of the war. The insatiable demand for war munitions and for materials used in making them would decrease at once and with great rapidity. The blockade would presently be raised. The disbanded armies would go back to productive work; instead of a totally inadequate labor supply, there would very probably soon be more than could be immediately used, because the returning soldiers would find their old occupations partly filled by makeshift substitutes. Release of the army transports and cessation of the naval war would presently increase shipping facilities; the railway service would similarly revert to a normal footing. These are not only natural results of return from war to peace, they are results which every business man must have anticipated.

BUT the task of quickly adapting industrial plans and industrial activities to such altered conditions is surrounded with peculiar difficulties. The process of readjusting prices is itself extremely complex. The high prices will have called into active existence many

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manufacturing plants and many sources of raw material which, at a given point in the decline of prices, could no longer operate at a profit. The war-time rise in prices was not only a cause but very largely an effect of the war-time rise of wages; yet wages will not now come down in any fixed relation to the decline of prices. Prospective buyers of goods on the large scale will wait until they see how far down the process of automatic readjustment is likely to carry prices. The wage question, however, is a social as well as an industrial problem; in the present status of affairs, at home and abroad, it becomes even a political problem. In the matter of manufactured products, a higher labor cost will no doubt sooner or later be allowed for in prices for the goods. But in the matter of such industries as transportation, in which the price of such service is restricted and regulated by law, the solution is not so simple. It was therefore natural enough that the great railway systems and the street transportation lines should be the first to feel the awkward consequences of a permanently higher labor cost with no assurance of permanently higher charges for their service.

Complexities of the New Situation

In other words, the problem is complicated by the fact that certain economic changes of war-time will have apparently come to stay, and that the consequent status of affairs can therefore only be determined by experiment. The "transition period" brings the same trying uncertainty to the political situation also. The political problem differs on this occasion from the economic, and in a favorable way, in that a formal conference of the Allied nations had assembled to prescribe the general lines of political and territorial readjustment, whereas the economic situation had to find its own solution through the action of supply, demand, credit, and the markets. But, on the other hand, even the Paris Conference had only two means of controlling any state or people which should not choose to accept its decisions—moral suasion, possibly reached through compromise of conflicting claims, and exercise of coercion, whether political, military, or economic.

The task of the Paris Conference was by no means limited either to the assessment of the indemnity on Germany or even to the organization of a future League for Peace. It had to settle in some way such conflicting claims as those of the two Allies, Italy and Servia, for possession of the Dalmatian coast. It also had to make sure that in treating for peace with Germany it was dealing with a responsible government which would keep its pledges; and it had to solve the baffling problem of fixing relations with Russia; and Russia, although belonging on the basis of its war record in the ranks of the Allies, was ruled by a government whose hostility against all but the laboring classes made it the open antagonist of the Allied powers. The Russians were, through stress of circumstances, actually in conflict with the Allied forces.

EVEN supposing these purely political perplexities to be in some way adjusted, it would still remain to determine in what way the normal commercial and economic relations of the different states could be restored. The war had left them in an absolutely artificial state, which in the nature of things could not long continue. Our own trade with England, France, and Italy had for a year and a half, ever since our own entry into the war, been conducted on the basis of credit obligations for future payment, accepted by our government from those other governments, and England's export of war material to her European allies had been financed on a similar basis. To England, as a consequence of these operations, something like $7,500,000,000 was owed at the end of 1918 by the governments of her continental allies, and the United States had advanced to the British Government and to France, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Servia, and Greece no less than $8,500,000,000. Some permanent basis for arranging these enormous debts from governments to governments—a condition wholly unprecedented in the history of the world—would have to be determined on.

The Condition of International Trade

The whole foreign exchange market, through which, in times of peace, the mutual obligations of merchants in the

(Continued on page 52, *following*)

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Financial Situation, continued from page 390

different nations are settled, had ceased to operate in a normal way. In ordinary times, international bankers of a great money market conduct their business through drawing on one foreign market which is indebted to them and remitting the drafts to another foreign market to which they are indebted. But in this case New York had been precluded by its duty as an ally from drawing on London or Paris to pay Stockholm or Madrid or Japan.

Foreign exchange transactions were conducted with each country separately, and since the nominal rate of exchange with neutral Europe and Japan was running almost as heavily against New York as against London, we had protected our large gold holdings, only through arbitrary restrictions on the export of gold. The course of our own post-bellum trade with the outside world, especially with the recently neutral states, will serve in the eventual readjustment. But foreign trade is extricating itself only slowly from its abnormal war-time status. We are still sending goods only sparingly to these former non-belligerents. Of our very large shipments of food the bulk goes to our European allies, whose trade in-

Financial Situation, continued on page 54

Your Share in the Great Era of Prosperity

WITH the war ended, every historic precedent points to a great era of prosperity for the United States, in which every citizen should share.

The great lessons of thrift we have learned, both as a nation and as individuals, must not be forgotten. We should all continue to lay aside and invest a fixed portion of our income, in peace as in war. In selecting investments, safety rather than unduly large income yield should be the consideration of the prudent buyer.

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Financial Situation, continued from page 52

debtedness to the United States is already large, and it is not yet clear how even the grain-export movement of the year will adjust itself, when a war-time government edict has guaranteed to our farmers a price for wheat of the 1919 harvest which may turn out to be higher than other wheat-producing states of the outside world will ask.

Course of Events in America

UNDER such conditions, it was inevitable that the process of economic rehabilitation should be slow, obscure, and confused. In Europe, notably in Great Britain, it has been complicated by the outbreak of extensive strikes of industrial workers; in the nature of a protest against either continuance of war-time hours of labor and speeding-up of individual production, or adjustment of wages to the peace-time footing. Only in the United States has the industrial trend of things seemed to move on clearly intelligible lines. The first test of the new conditions was in prices of commodities, and in that direction events moved partly in accordance with production, partly otherwise. The expectation of the markets, as recently as 1916, was that industrial activity and the prices of commodities would decline precipitously on return of peace, with resultant chaos to trade and industry. Precedent pointed, on the whole, in the same direction. But there has been no such disorderly reaction.

Production of goods in many industries decreased rapidly on return of peace; a quite inevitable result of cancellation by the government of its orders for future delivery at the war-time prices, combined with the hesitation of ordinary commercial buyers to place orders until prices appeared to have run their course of readjustment. The steel and iron trade was perhaps bound up more intimately than any other with the contracts for war material; yet even so, that industry is nowadays, as always, fairly typical of the trend of affairs in industry at large. When the armistice was signed, the country's steel mills were turning out their products up to 90 per cent of average capacity. Toward the close of January they were working at only 70 per cent, and in the Eastern mills, according to the computation of the *Iron Age*, the average was barely 50 per cent. Along with this shrinkage in production, prices of iron and steel, and with them prices of such other commodities as copper and lead, had declined almost exactly 10 per cent. For finished steel the November price had been $47.50 per ton at Pittsburgh; the price of January was $43.50. Even the price of cotton, which had gone as high as 38¼ cents a pound during the speculative buying of last September, and which had already fallen to 31⅛ before November 11, was down to 25⅝ in January, and with it print cloths, the staple of the dry-goods trade, had been reduced from 11¾ cents a yard in November to 8¼ cents in January.

Prices and the Wages of Labor

YET the calculations of these various trades appeared to be based much more on belief that in this reduction of prices industry was following the shortest road to resumption of normal commercial business than on apprehension regarding financial consequences. The question of labor costs remained a difficult factor in the reckoning, and no large industry took any step toward general cutting down of wages. But in measurable degree, even the price of labor shared in the readjustment, and it did so automatically.

It was evident to the working man himself that the unprecedentedly high pay offered for skilled labor by the munitions factories and by industries under the pressure to make maximum deliveries to the government could not outlast the war. In these manufacturing establishments the wholly inevitable consequence of the sudden decrease in orders was reduction in the number of employees; which in turn led to application for work in other plants, and at wages nearer the normal level, by the working men thus released. Toward the close of January the British Government's shipping board made a sudden cut of nearly 70 per cent or more in rates for ocean transportation, a response not only to the complete removal of the risks of war on the ocean highway and to the gradual release of merchant ships from military service, but also to the continued production of new ships at the war-time pace. Naturally, this reduction struck off much of the abnormal profit which had been enjoyed by owners of ships bought three or four years ago. Yet, on the other hand, it removed an influence which had handicapped normal trade with foreign countries as heavily as war-time prices had handicapped resumption of normal trade at home.

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FROM the very general shifting of prices and trade activity to a lower level some interesting economic consequences followed. In the United States a progressive and hardly interrupted increase in the currency had accompanied the immense activity of our war-time industry. From $376,000,000, when the country went to war in April, 1917, outstanding Federal Reserve notes had increased by the end of 1918 to the sum of $2,446,500,000. In part, this huge increase was explainable by the im-

Financial Situation, continued on page 56

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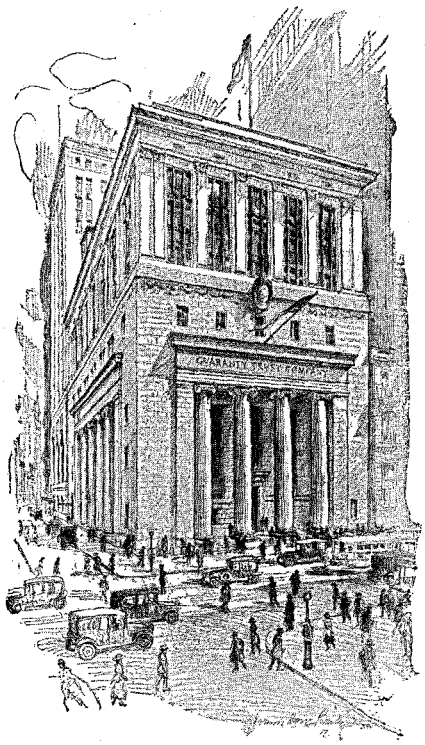

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Financial Situation, continued from page 54

pounding of the country's gold coin and certificates in the Federal Reserve banks, as a basis for its note circulation and as security for the reserves of private banks held by the central institutions. To the extent that this gold currency was withdrawn from the general circulation, new issues of Federal Reserve notes had to fill the void.

But quite aside from that sufficiently obvious cause, the increasing note issues reflected directly the increased requirements of the country's trade. That they did reflect it, and that the additions to the currency were called into existence by the trade activity, will be manifest to any one who considers that there is no motive for a bank to put out the notes except as its customers apply for them, and no motive for a customer to ask for them except a visible need for increased amounts of currency in the customer's own business. The reason why more currency was needed was no mystery. Higher prices for all necessaries of life had much to do with the demand; even the retail merchant had to keep more till money on hand. But higher wages, and pay-rolls expanded through an increasing number of employees in every active enterprise, had immediate and vital influence on the weekly requisitions made on their banks by business firms and corporations.

In this whole process was involved the much-mooted economic question (on which the economic experts have notoriously failed to agree with one another) as to whether or not the high prices of 1918 were a result of the greatly increased currency. It will be observed, from what I have set forth already, that the argument which assigns the high prices as the cause, not the effect, of the expanded Federal Reserve circulation, is at least as plausible as the argument which maintains the opposite conclusion. Be this as it may—and there will be abundant opportunity to review the controversy later in the "readjustment period"—it was evident from the first that, if the great expansion of the currency was a consequence of abnormally increased industrial activity, then sudden reduction of that activity would logically lead to reduction of the note circulation also. The law already provides for the automatic and comparatively rapid redemption and cancellation of Reserve notes; therefore, continuous increase in the outstanding total must depend on request for their reissue.

In this regard the reports of the Federal Reserve banks at the opening of this year were full of interest. During the full month of January, when the shrinkage in trade activity had begun to attract general attention, outstanding Federal Reserve notes were reduced by $218,-

Financial Situation, continued on page 58

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Financial Situation, continued from page 56

600,000. Now the largest reduction ever previously made in the history of the Reserve system, since its establishment at the end of 1914, was the $16,300,000 contraction which occurred in the opening weeks of 1918. It will be a matter of exceptional interest to see how far the process of reducing the note circulation will be carried during the present year, if the reaction in trade continues. The facts as they develop will provide a visible test of the elasticity which was claimed for the present banking system when the law was passed.

The Government and the Railways

ON the whole, it is possible to say that American trade and industry have been adapting themselves with unexpected composure to the new order. To this general fact there were two conspicuous exceptions. The great railway systems, taken over for government operation at the end of 1917, now embodied a problem of unusual complexity and magnitude. Along with them the fortunes of the street-railway enterprises, wherever the traditional 5-cent fare was continued under the public regulations, reached a very precarious position. In both, the root of the dilemma was the progressive and of late extremely rapid rise in wages and cost of material.

With the street railways the resultant situation was one in which great numbers of the companies were paying the working costs of 1918 while selling their services at the price of 1898, and in which some of the largest of them confronted bankruptcy. With the steam railways an aggregate increase of $784,000,000 in the annual wage scale, during 1918, had been counterbalanced by an increase of freight and passenger rates, introduced by the government through its autocratic war powers, which was estimated to amount eventually to $900,000,000 per annum. Whether this estimate is to be fulfilled or not, during the period in which the Federal Railway Administration retains control, the grave question arose on return of peace, what rates the private managements would be allowed to fix if the railways were to be handed back to them.

Under the Railway Control Law of last year it was provided that the government might continue to operate the country's railway system during one year and nine months after peace had been formally proclaimed. Supposing the peace treaty to be ratified in May of the present year, this would prolong the federal control until February, 1921. The Railway Administration, at the close of last year, asked Congress for a five-year extension of the time, on the ground that the new legislation necessary for the safe return of the

Financial Situation, continued on page 60

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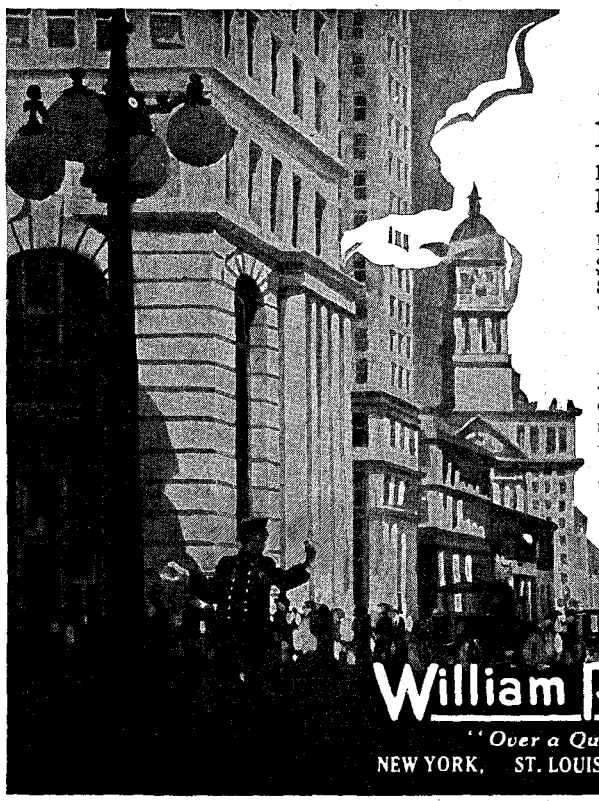

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Financial Situation, continued from page 58

properties to their private owners could not be enacted within the period prescribed by the present law. Opposing such extension, and asserting that all the requisite legislation could be easily enacted during the twenty-one months' interval, the Congressional committees set to work at once to start the machinery of legislative deliberation.

What the law should be which could adequately meet the present complicated status of the railway industry is a matter of controversy still in its earliest stages. That it will involve more intimate government regulation, more direct and prompt decision on the adjustment of railway rates to changing conditions, closer supervision by the government of railway security issues, and conceivably some form of federal co-operation with the companies in such financing, has at least been indicated. But in spite of all the perplexities which have surrounded the question up to the present hour, one fact of peculiar significance has at once emerged.

Public Opinion on Government Ownership

A YEAR ago, when the government first took over operation of the railways, it was the very general comment, even of railway managers, that the longer sequel to the experiment could mean only permanent government ownership and operation. The belief had its basis partly in the manifest difficulties which would arise in disentangling the altogether new relations which had arisen during federal control in railway finance and railway traffic, in the large loans made by the government to the roads, and in the shifting of business from one road to another.

But it was also based on the not at all illogical supposition that the far-reaching experiments in government control of industry under war necessities would of itself have created popular demand for continuance of the experiment on return of peace. That this had not been the result of last year's governmental operation of the roads was, however, very quickly manifest. The instant that the war was over, there arose from every quarter of the country protest against perpetuation of the system and demand for return of the railways, within a reasonable time, to private operation. For this unexpected result the great increase in railway rates during last year's public administration, coupled with reduction of many old-time conveniences enjoyed by travellers and shippers, was a partial explanation. But aside even from those considerations, it was evident that the twelve months of experiment had opened the eyes of the American public to the fact that, whatever might be said regarding dangers of competition between separate railways in the matter of carrying rates, there had been advantages, in their competition over facilities offered to the customers of the roads, which was bound to disappear under government monopoly, and which had, in fact, already disappeared.

Financial Situation, continued on page 62

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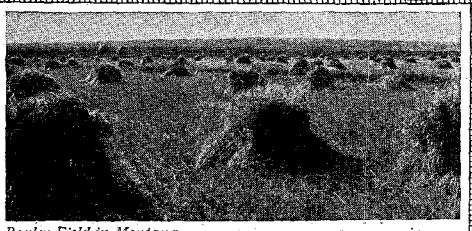

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Financial Situation, continued from page 60

How greatly the task of world-wide reconstruction would depend on the work of the Paris Conference was necessarily recognized from the start. But even in the initial stages of the conference it was easy to perceive that the possibility of restoring orderly international relations, whether political or economic, would be largely promoted or impeded by the immediate course of events in Germany. Before enduring peace conditions could be restored, or even the plan and policy of reparation formally decided, it was necessary to know whether, in the reaction from absolutism to anarchy, there would be left in Germany any responsible government with which the Allies could treat for peace.

Nowhere did the answer to that question seem at first to be in greater doubt than among the Germans themselves. Writing to a citizen of a country still at war with Germany, Walter Rathenau, head of a great German electric combination, pictured the future possibility of "the prosperous German cities desolate and abandoned, industrial life destroyed, the German spirit in science and art dead, and the Germans detached from their native soil and driven away by millions." Hans Delbrück, the cool and sane observer of past events in history and politics, asked in his own *Preussische Jahrbuch:* "What if we are closing an epoch, as antiquity ended, in the migration of the peoples? What if the age of high intellectual culture is now about to end? What if the striving for a new order ends in anarchy, and anarchy in barbarism?"

Course of Events in Germany

SUCH an attitude of despair, taken by such men, certainly did not promise well, and it was very largely in reliance on the paralyzing influence of this view of the situation that the anarchist group under Liebknecht undertook to seize Berlin, overthrow the provisional government, and prevent even the election by the German people of delegates to the national assembly. During two full weeks the success or failure of this attempt to Russianize Prussia seemed to hang in the balance. The rest of Germany, even while fighting insurgent mobs of their own, found time to denounce the German kingdom which, after having driven the other states of the Empire into this disastrous war, was now setting the example of social and political disorder. Count von Hertling, one of the later imperial chancellors, but himself a Bavarian, voiced the feeling of these other states by publicly predicting; and to a French newspaper correspondent, that "if present ideas follow their course, the name of Prussia will disappear from the map of Europe."

In fact, almost every sign pointed, at the opening of the year, to the political disintegration of what we have heretofore known as the German Empire—whether into separate units with differing governments or to Bolshevik states like the fragments of old Russia. Yet at just this point one of those unexpected turns in the course

Financial Situation, continued on page 64

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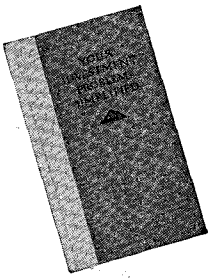

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Financial Situation, continued from page 62

of events which have so frequently marked the after-war period reversed the whole situation. The army upheld the government; the anarchists at Berlin were dispersed and their leaders shot by the exasperated people. On January 19, when the German people elected their national assembly, it was found that the provisional government had obtained an overshadowing advantage among the various parties, but with an even larger vote cast for the three conservative political organizations, and with a wholly negligible minority for the ultra-Socialists.

The Ebert government was assured continued power and dominance in the convention which was to frame a constitution, but only on condition that it joined forces with one or more of the other groups of delegates whose ideas were less radical than its own. With this accomplished the programme was set forth of what might be called the United States of Germany; made up of ten or twelve constituent states, four of them carved out of the old kingdom of Prussia, and with a national legislature of two houses, representing, like our own, the German people and the German states. So far the outcome was altogether reassuring for the political stability of Europe. The overthrow of German Bolshevism and the victory of political conservatism was the heaviest blow yet dealt to the anarchist régime at Petrograd.

Even so, the lasting qualities of the newly elected government were left to the crucial test of the imposing of the penalties on Germany. Precarious and experimental as such a government was bound in any case to be, an attempt by the Allies to carry out the programme advocated by all the English statesmen in the stress of their own election, and to assess on Germany the burden of paying all the expenses of the war, would infallibly have brought the anarchist party to the front again. But in this direction, also, sober instincts and prudent counsels had their way.

In plenary session the Paris Peace Conference decided that the commission on reparation and indemnity should "examine and report, first on the amount of reparation which the enemy countries ought to pay; second, on what they are capable of paying, and third, on the method, the form, and the time within which payment should be made." Here was at least a serious and statesmanlike way of approaching the immensely complicated problem.

But the problem itself remained. Until it is settled in its various aspects, neither political nor economic stability can return to Europe. While, moreover, the Peace Conference made extraordinary and wholly unexpected progress in its plan for a future League of Nations and in its handling of the various disputes as to the territorial readjustment after peace, no forward steps seemed possible in securing the return of sane and civilized government to Russia. Only once in modern history has a similar spectacle existed of an outlaw government in defiant control of a great European empire, with the neighbor states apparently

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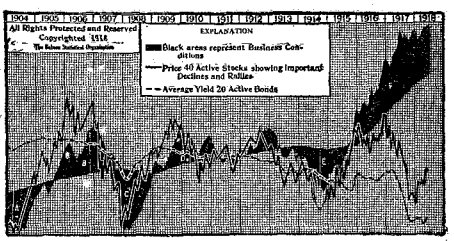
helpless to unseat it; and the French Terror of 1793, unlike the Russian Terror of 1919, was a phenomenon of the beginning, not of the end, of a great war.

Politically and economically, what we correctly enough describe as the "transition period" is necessarily obscure in its trend and tendencies, its own phenomena contradictory and not always easy to interpret, and with the exact conditions to which it is leading Europe and the world at large very much a matter of conjecture. At such a stage of political and economic reconstruction it is always difficult to avoid the converging of attention on the difficulties which arise and the obstacles, often unexpected, which are encountered. When the question has to be settled not only of political relations but of national currencies, of national debts, and of international trade, and when, in at least a considerable part of the world, the whole problem of the relationship of labor to capital is being reconsidered, a sense of groping in the dark is natural. Nevertheless, in the world as we know it, maintenance of orderly progress, whether in politics or industry, is so absolutely essential to the preservation of human happiness and security, that such a period can be only brief. As yet, the world is still in arms. We are living under a truce, not under a ratified peace. The real tendencies of the day ought to grow clearer when the war is permanently ended and the work of political and economic reconstruction begins in earnest.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THE STORY OF THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

VIII—The Broker and His Service

By William W. Craig

(This is the eighth of a series of short articles on the Stock Exchange appearing in the Investment Section of Scribner's Magazine.)

A MEMBER of the New York Stock Exchange stands as the agent between his customers and the market, filling buying and selling orders in close accord with the directions he receives. At the same time his duty and responsibility are by no means ended with this endeavor. While many participants in the security market know exactly what they want to buy and calculate for themselves the time to sell, there are many others who seek information before intrusting their money to stocks or bonds. The broker needs to be ready to supply what his customer asks for or have ready access to sources of information which will meet the demand.

The matter of advice also plays an important part in the broker's daily round. This has to do more particularly with investors than speculators, for a broker may safely advise his customer in respect to the worth of a certain security when he is able to support his judgment by reference to statistics which set forth facts about the stock or bond in question. The official reports on past earnings and the current state of income and physical condition of the property represented by a stock issue give him a basis for establishing a positive opinion. On the other hand, the likelihood of quotations going up or down is something which cannot usually be determined by tangible factors, and for this reason there are many brokers who decline to give advice when the request is made for a speculative "turn" in the market.

Numerous brokerage firms have built up elaborate statistical departments so that they may have ready at hand at all times information which customers seek. The others, whether members of the Stock Exchange or engaged in the outside market, are equipped with up-to-date statistics which describe in detail the past and present operations of the important corporations, and the data is always available to inquirers. The practice of supplementing the general information which may be derived from corporation reports with studies of particular properties has become an important factor in the brokerage business, and circular letters containing the facts derived from these studies are sent to customers regularly by many firms.

Competition for business has been the impelling force behind the efforts of brokers to expand the service they render to their clientele. This has been especially true since the growth of dealings in fractional amounts of stocks indicated a wider interest on the part of the public in securities. Time was when stocks and bonds were

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considered as presenting an appeal chiefly to persons whose incomes were larger than the average, the savings of the others going more generally into savings-banks than into securities. When interest in investments began to broaden and speculation in small lots of stock increased, the brokers found that much more would be required of them than the mere filling of orders.

Still, the proper execution of orders on the floor of the Exchange, on the Curb, or in the invisible market conducted by telephone is the primary element of service which the broker gives. There are houses which pride themselves on speed, and to this end have spent years in perfecting their organization in the office and the market-place. There are other firms which take more satisfaction in securing for the customer the best prices obtainable than in saving time, figured in seconds, from the moment the order is received until it is executed. Carelessness and delay have no place in a successful firm's methods, for these mean loss of business.

The process of filling an order and receiving or delivering the security involved contains numerous steps which have been simplified by practice and experience. Imagine a customer of a firm in Wall Street placing with the office manager an order to buy 100 shares of Southern Pacific at the lowest price obtainable. The order is written on a blank prepared for the purpose and handed to the telephone-operator, who immediately transmits it to the firm's clerk at a telephone-booth on the Stock Exchange floor. He writes it down and sends it to the firm's board member. The member quickly enters the crowd at the "post" where Southern Pacific is dealt in and buys 100 shares, either through a successful bid or at the price at which a broker with a selling order for 100 shares is offering the stock.

The record of the purchase and the price is sent by one of the ever-present messengers back to the telephone and reported to the office, where the customer, if he has remained, is informed of the price. Later during the day the firm and the firm which sold the shares exchange "tickets" which confirm the transaction. The buyer notes the purchase on the report of transactions made to the Stock Exchange Clearing House, the purpose being to notify the Clearing House that 100 shares of Southern Pacific is due for delivery.

Now, it is quite likely that the firm which sold the stock will not deliver the 100 shares to the buying firm. The Clearing House sees from a comparison of reports on the day's dealings that one firm, designated as A, sold 100 shares of Southern Pacific to another firm, called B, and this house also sold 100 shares of Southern Pacific to a firm nominated as C. The firm B bought and sold the same amount of stock and the transactions are eliminated by the Clearing House, the process leaving A with 100 shares of Southern Pacific to deliver to some one and C with 100 shares to receive from some one. The Clearing House next morning directs A to send the stock to C, although A sold the shares to B.

Continued on page 68.

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STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT: Reliable facts furnished investors regarding securities they hold or in which they contemplate investing.

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Continued from page 67

This is a rather crude illustration of the workings of the Clearing House, but it brings out the point that many deliveries which would actually be duplications are eliminated by the daily comparison of transactions.

The stock is delivered, under the Stock Exchange rule, not later than 2.15 o'clock on the day following the purchase. If the customer desires to pay for it in full and take the certificate away he notifies the broker when the purchase is made that he wants the stock transferred to his name. This usually requires several days, while the certificate is sent to the transfer office of the issuing corporation and a new one made out in its place. If the customer bought the shares partly on credit, the broker arranges the loan for him, which is the amount due on the purchase price above the margin deposited with the broker, and the stock is left with the firm as security for the loan.

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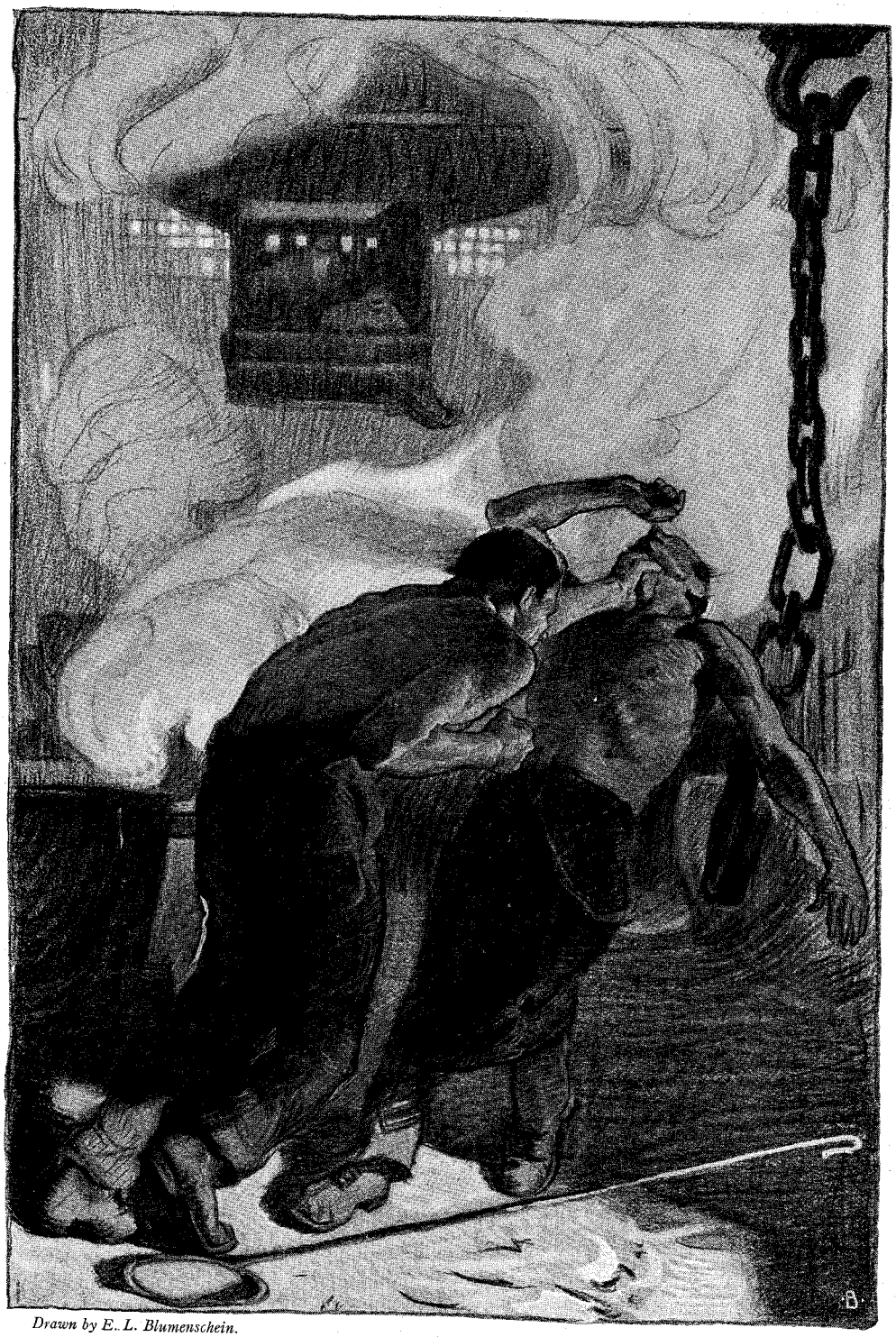

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein.

THE LIE WAS PASSED, A BLOW WAS STRUCK, AND THE LONG-EXPECTED FIGHT WAS ON.

—"The Open Hearth," page 433.

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